GOSPEL HYMNS

Consolidated,

Embracing Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4,

WITHOUT DUPLICATES.

PUBLISHED BY

The John Church Co.
74 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati,
19 East 16th Street, New York.

Biglow & Main,
76 East Ninth Street, New York,
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

May be ordered of Booksellers and Music Dealers.

For List of Editions and Prices, see Page 406.

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GOSPEL HYMNS

CONSOLIDATED,

EMBRACING VOLUMES

No. 1, 2, 3 AND 4,

WITHOUT DUPLICATES,

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Sankey

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PREFACE.

This collection embraces in one volume all the hymns and tunes, as used by D. L. Moody, and others, found in "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," (vol. 1,) "Gospel Hymns No. 2," compiled by P. P. Bliss and Ira D. Sankey, "Gospel Hymns No. 3," and "Gospel Hymns No. 4," by Ira D. Sankey, James McGranahan and George C. Stebbins.

The hymns from No. 2, No. 3 and No. 4, have been *renumbered* in consecutive order; all duplicates omitted.

We are sure that "**Gospel Hymns Consolidated,**" will prove acceptable and helpful to all who desire a large collection of favorite Gospel Songs.

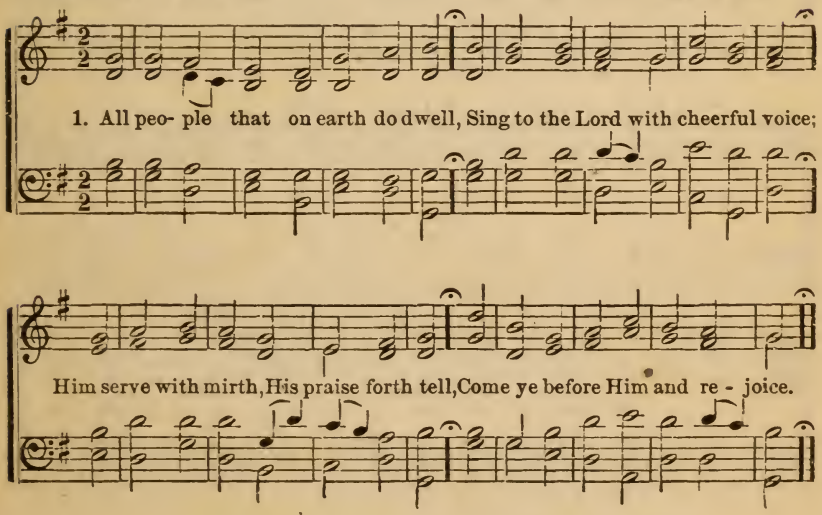
THE PUBLISHERS

GOSPEL HYMNS CONSOLIDATED.

No. 1. Old Hundred. L. M.

"Come before His presence with singing.—PSA. 100: 2.

REV. WM. KETHE, 1561. G. FRANC, 1545.



2

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

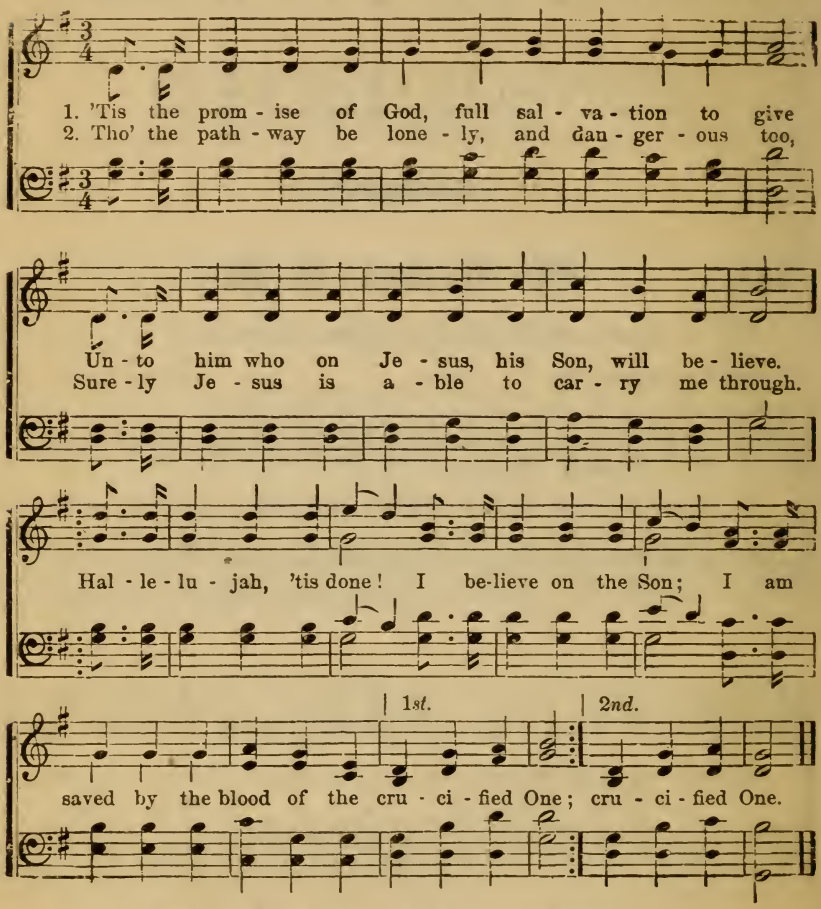
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. THOS. [illegible] 1697.

No. 2. Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

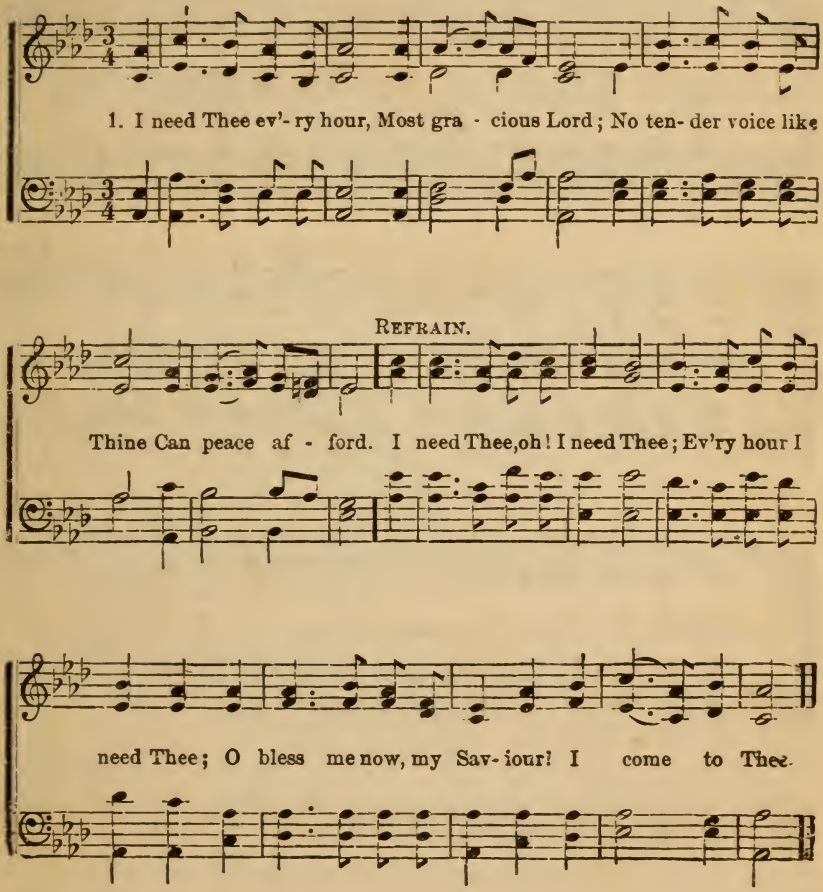
5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

No. 3. I Need Thee Every Hour.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—*Ref.*

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—*Ref.*

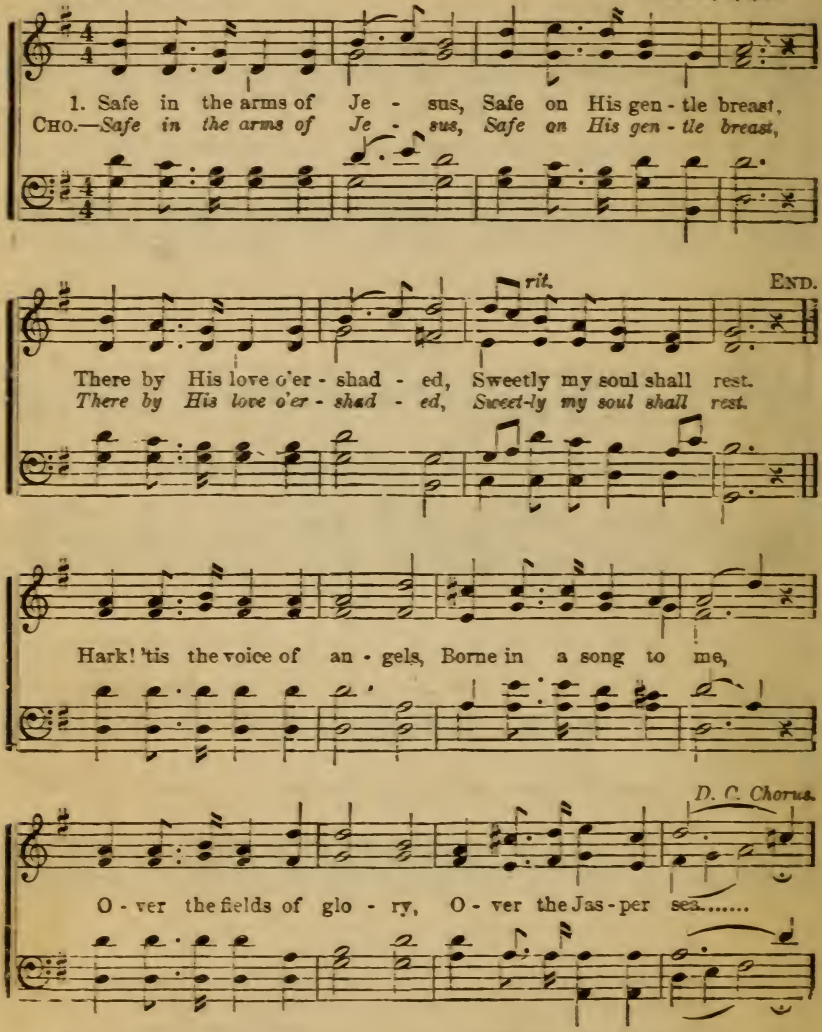
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—*Ref.*

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.—*Ref.*

No. 4. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33: 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per



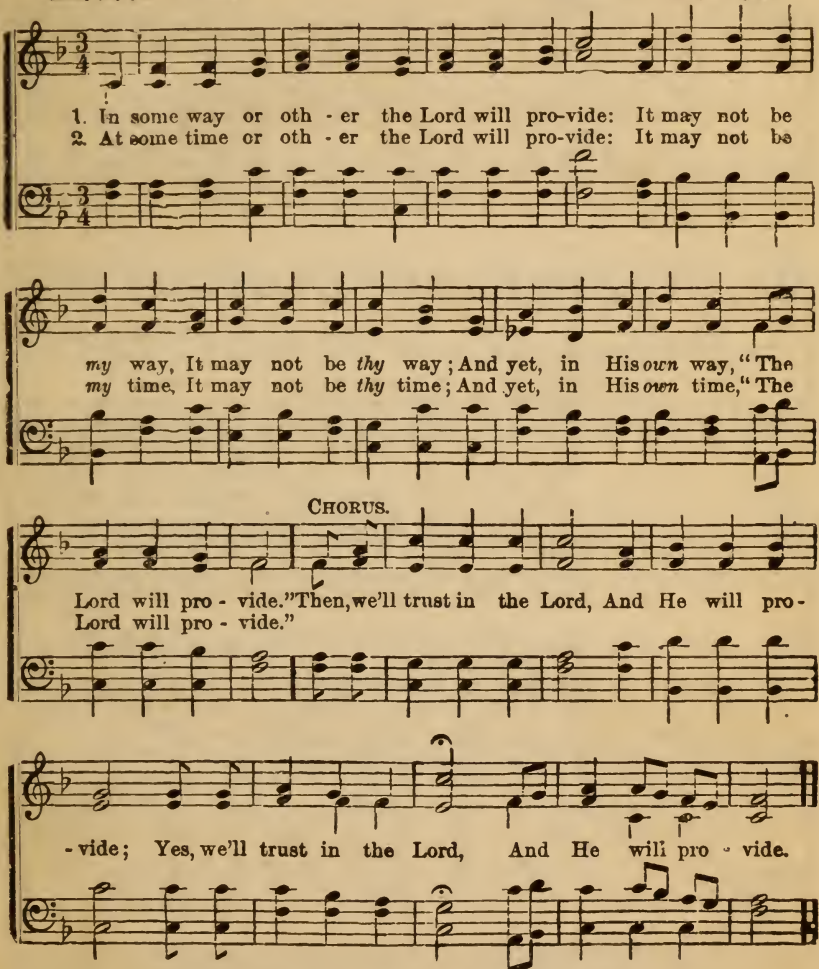
2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears:
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—*Cho*

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—*Cho*

No. 5 The Lord will Provide.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5. 7.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



3 Despond then no longer: the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken:
"The Lord will provide."

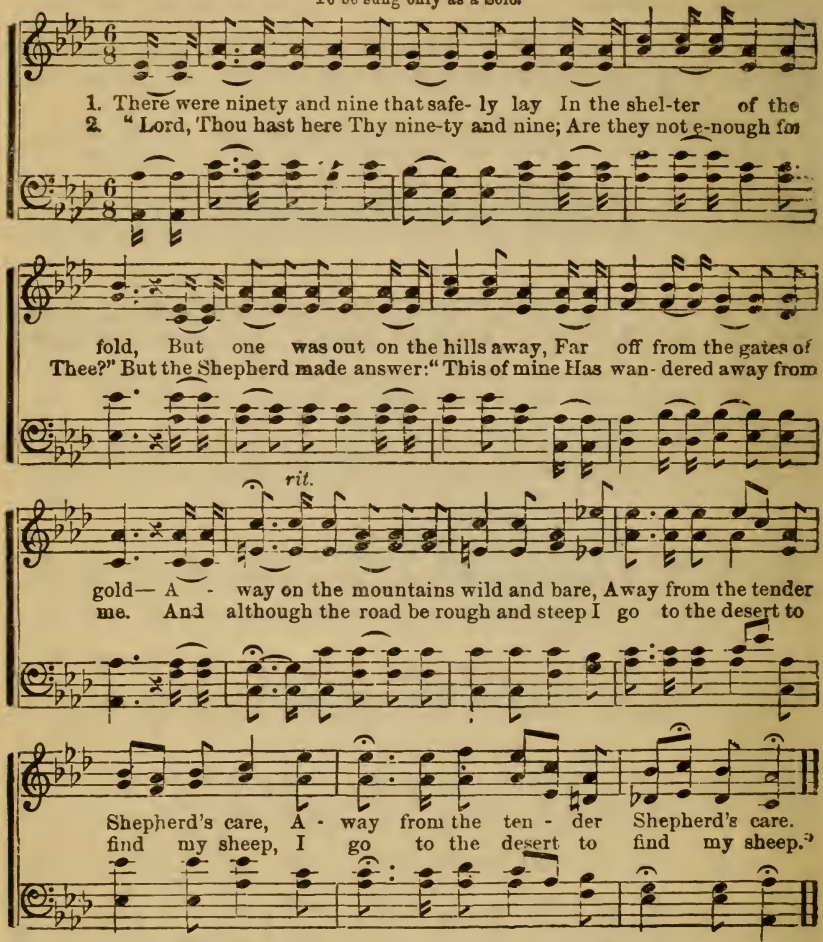
4 March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

No. 6. The Ninety and Nine.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

To be sung only as a Solo.



3

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

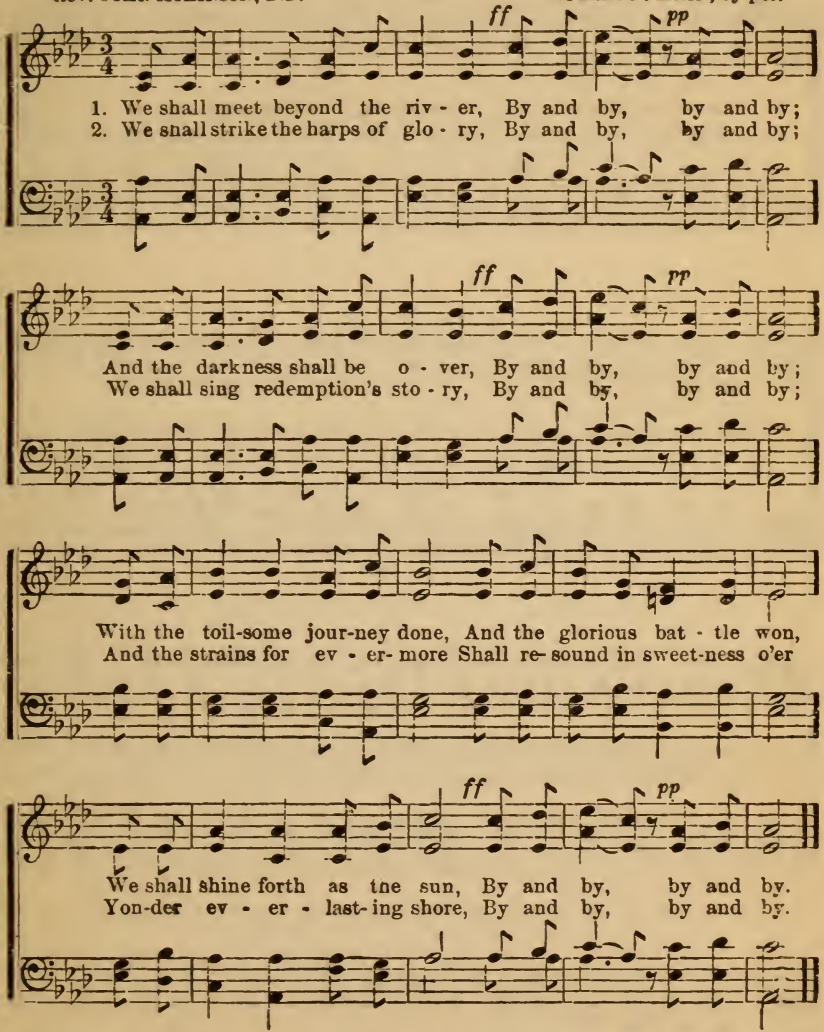
5

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

No. 7. We Shall Meet By and By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH 30: 10.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON, D.D. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



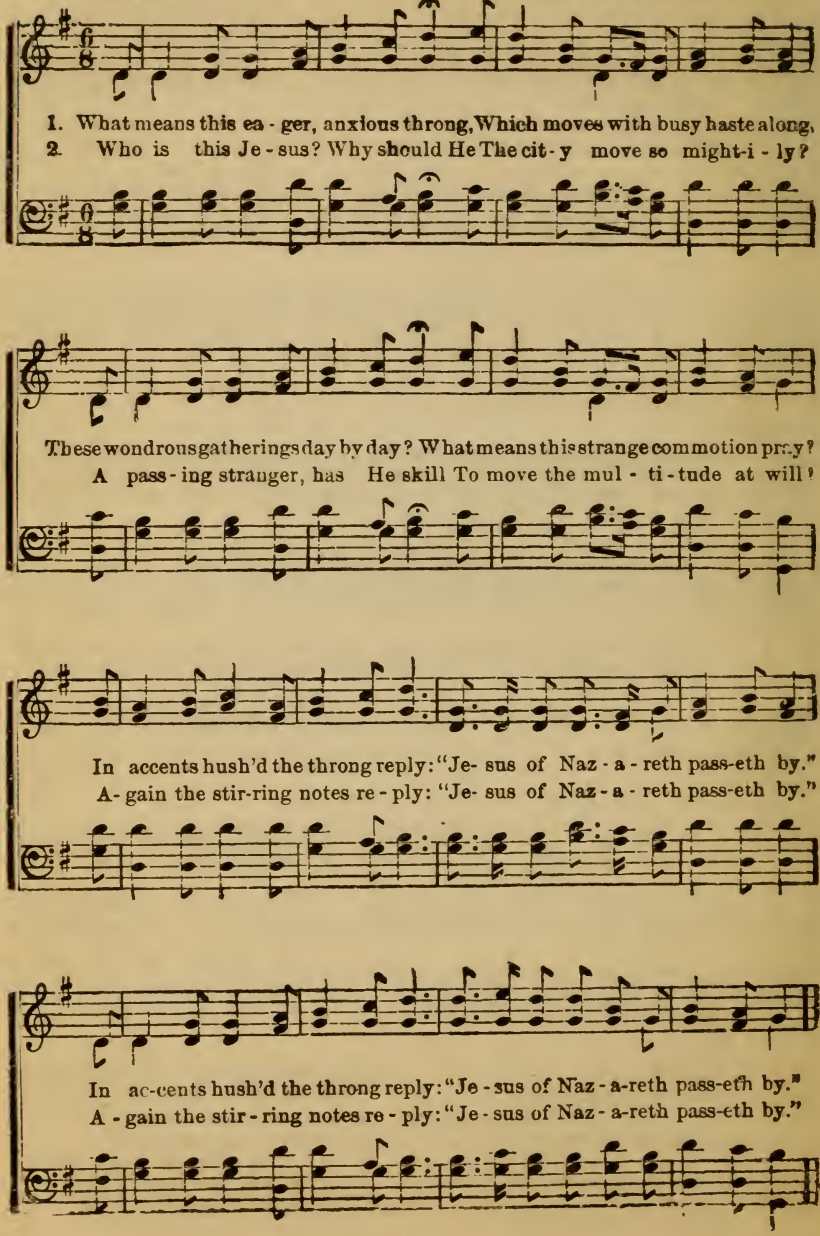
3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend, and love us still.
By and by by and by

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing
By and by, by and by;
All the blest ones, who have gone
To the land of life and song,—
We with shoutings shall rejoin,
By and by, by and by.

No. 8. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.



Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

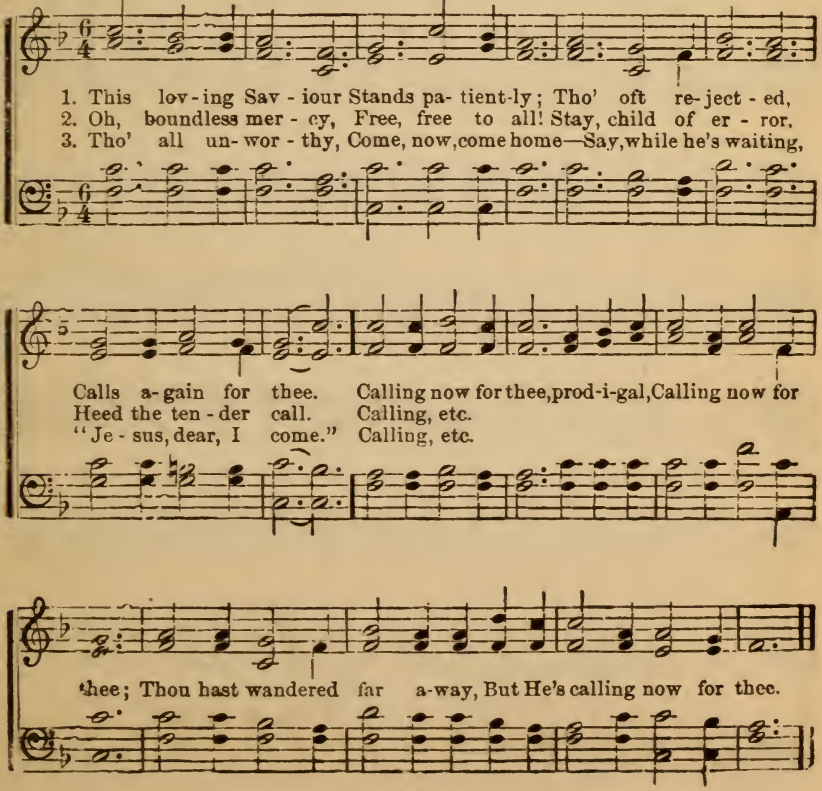
5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

No. 9. Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

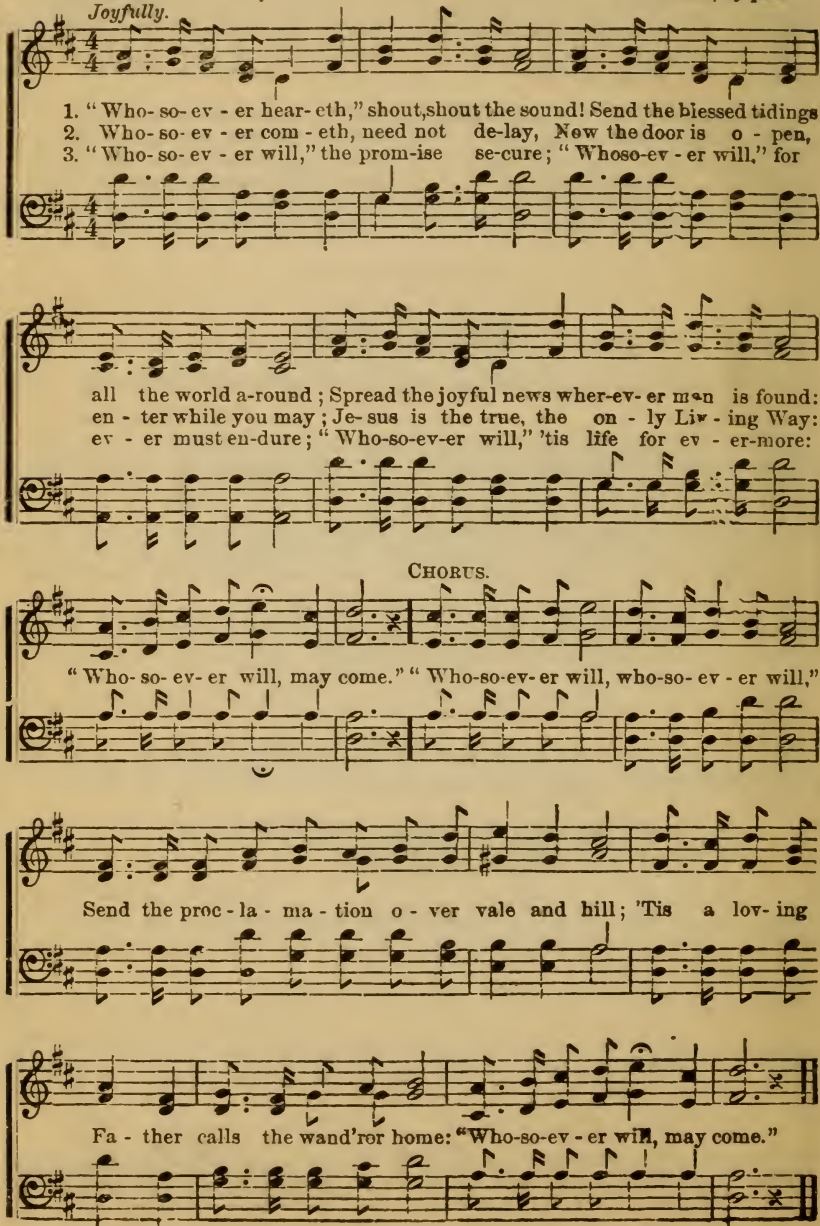


No. 10. "Whosoever Will."

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22 : 17.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

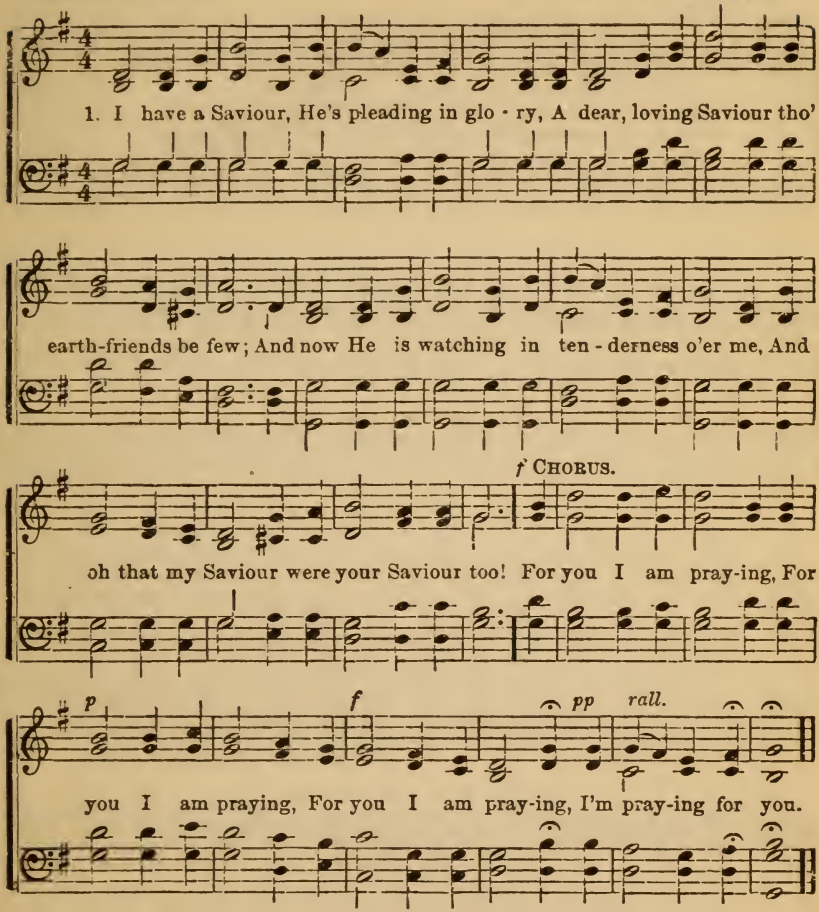
Joyfully.



No. 11. I Am Praying for You.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—PSA. 55: 17.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2.

I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true:
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3.

I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4.

I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew:
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5.

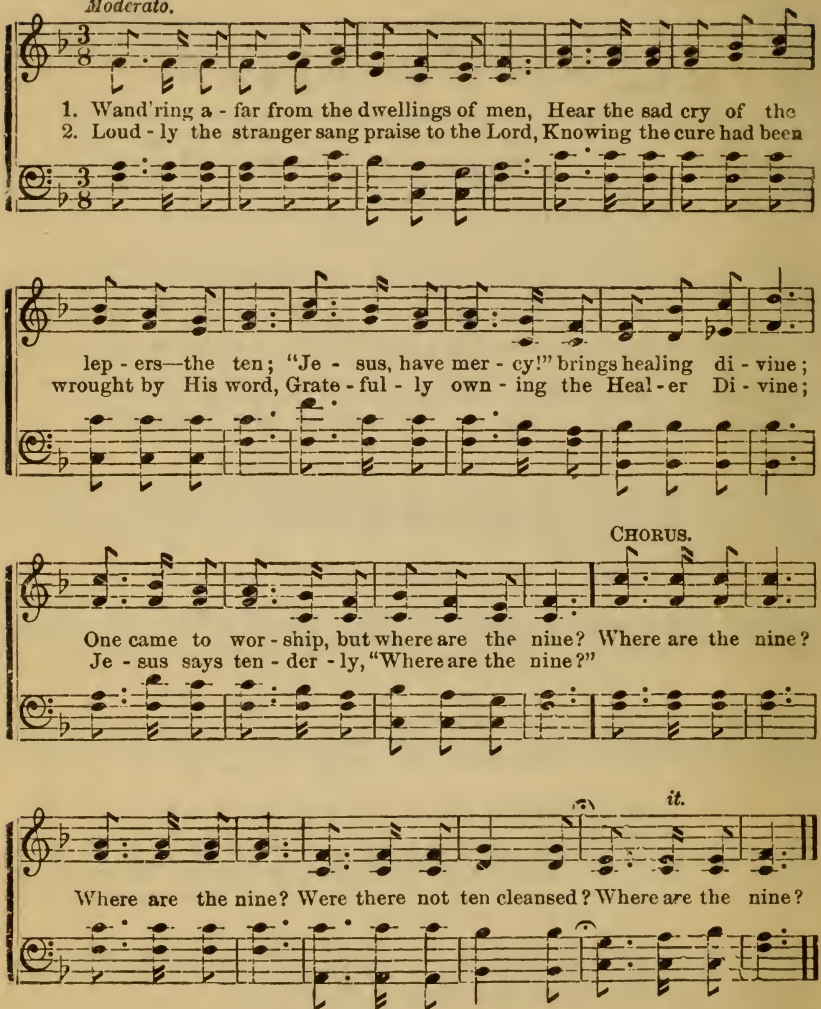
When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too,
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

No. 12. Where Are the Nine?

Read LUKE 17. 12-19.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.



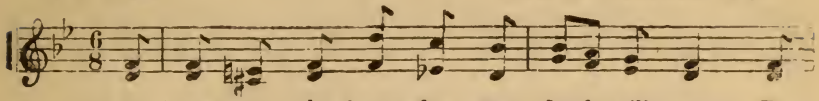
3 "Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
"Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."
Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!
Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

No. 13. That will be Heaven for Me.

"We know that, when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN 3·2

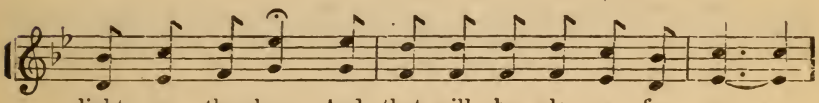
P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1 I know not the hour when my Lord will come To
2 I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I
3 I know not the form of my man - sion fair, I

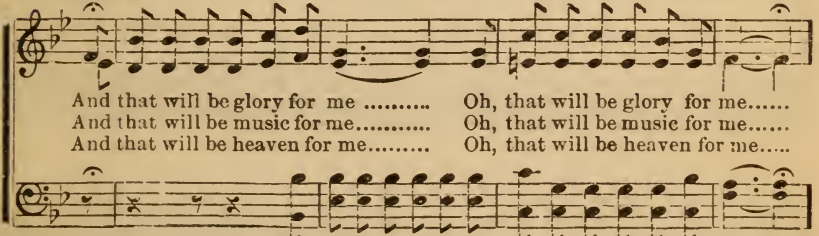


take me a- way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will
know not the sound of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of
know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will



light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
wel - come me there, And that will be heav - en for me.

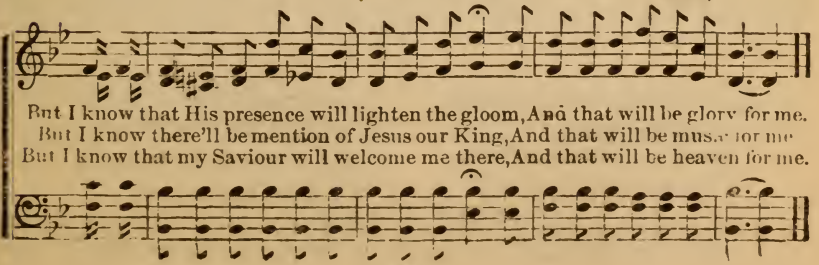
CHORUS.



And that will be glory for me ..... Oh, that will be glory for me.....
And that will be music for me..... Oh, that will be music for me.....
And that will be heaven for me..... Oh, that will be heaven for me.....

Yes, that will be glory, oh, that will be glory for me.....
Yes, that will be music, oh, that will be music for me.....
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heaven for me.

ritard.

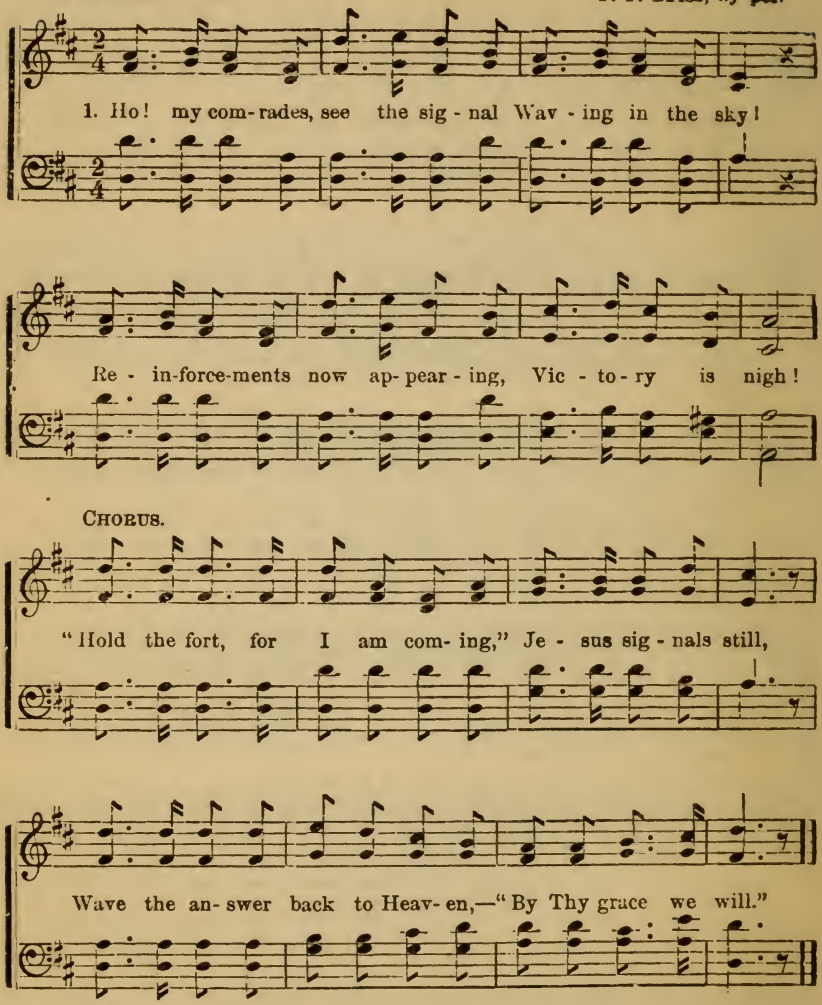


But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

No 14. **Hold the Fort.**

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.—*Cho.*

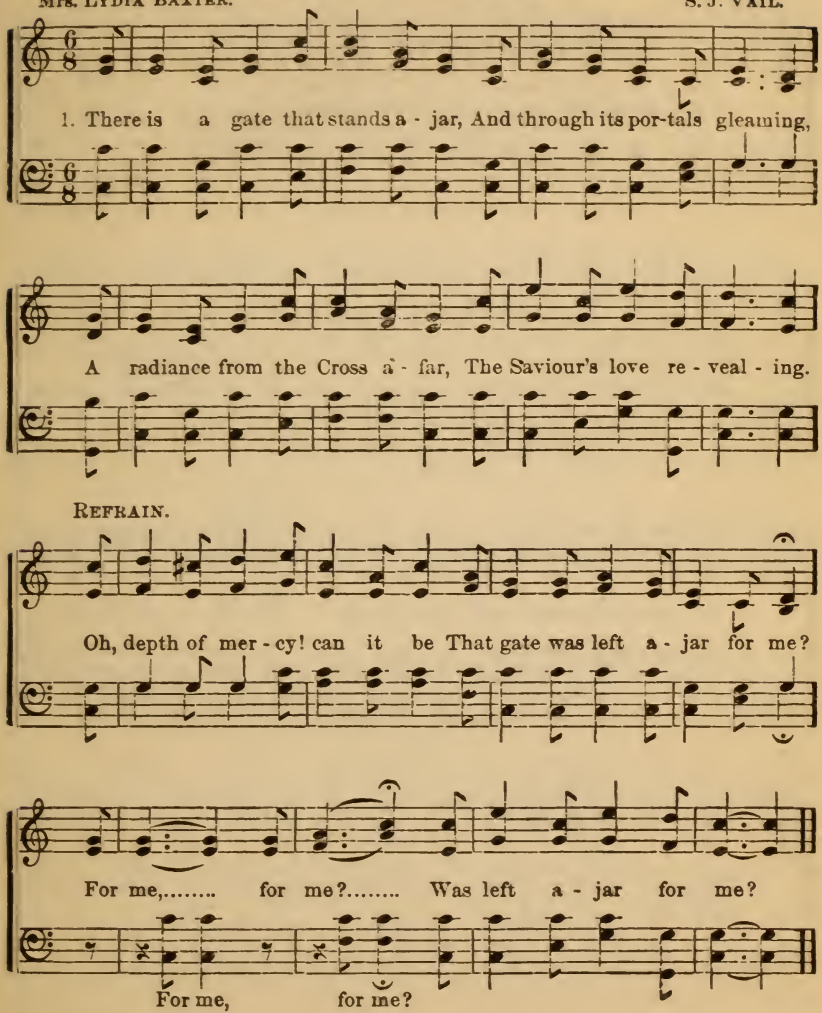
3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—*Cho.*

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—*Cho.*

No. 15. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21 : 25.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. S. J. Vail.



2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—*Ref.*

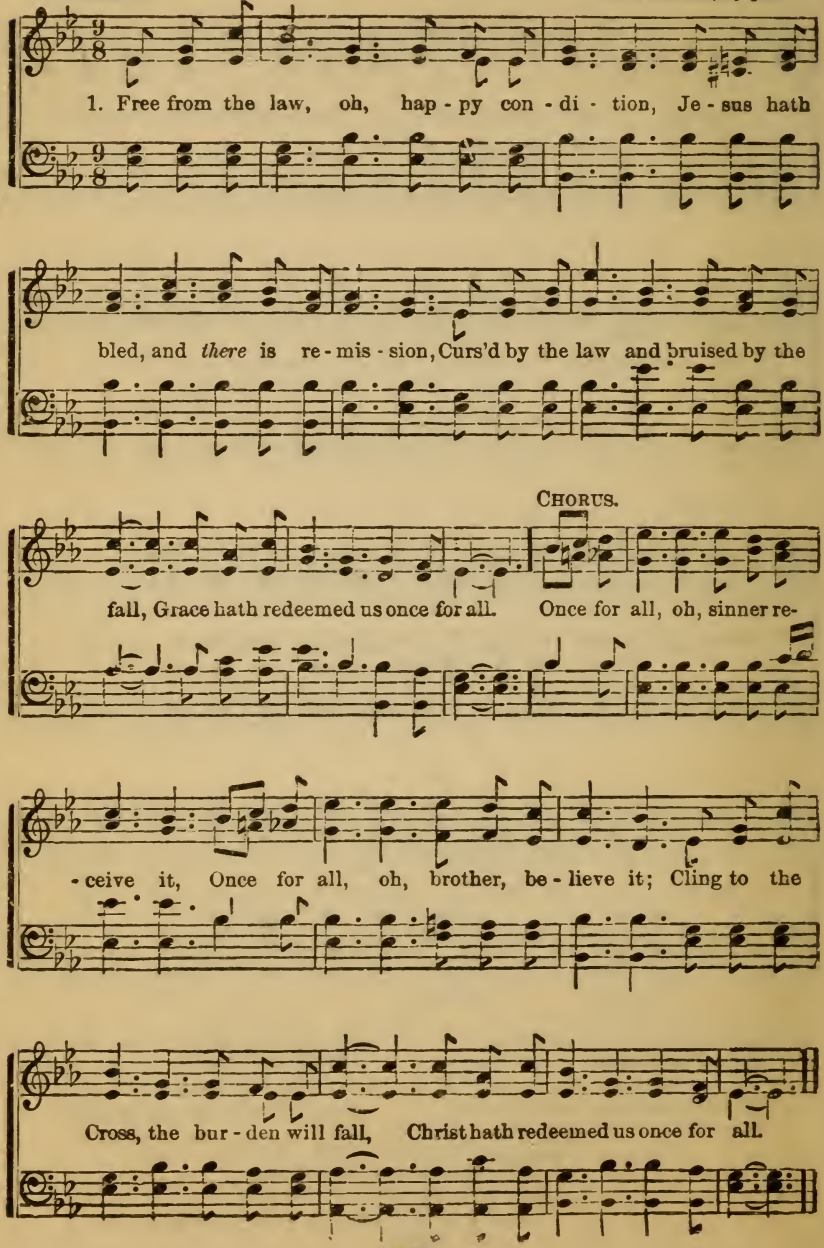
3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open:
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—*Ref.*

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.—*Ref.*

No. 16. Once for All.

"Justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—ROMANS 3: 24.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



Once for all.—Concluded.

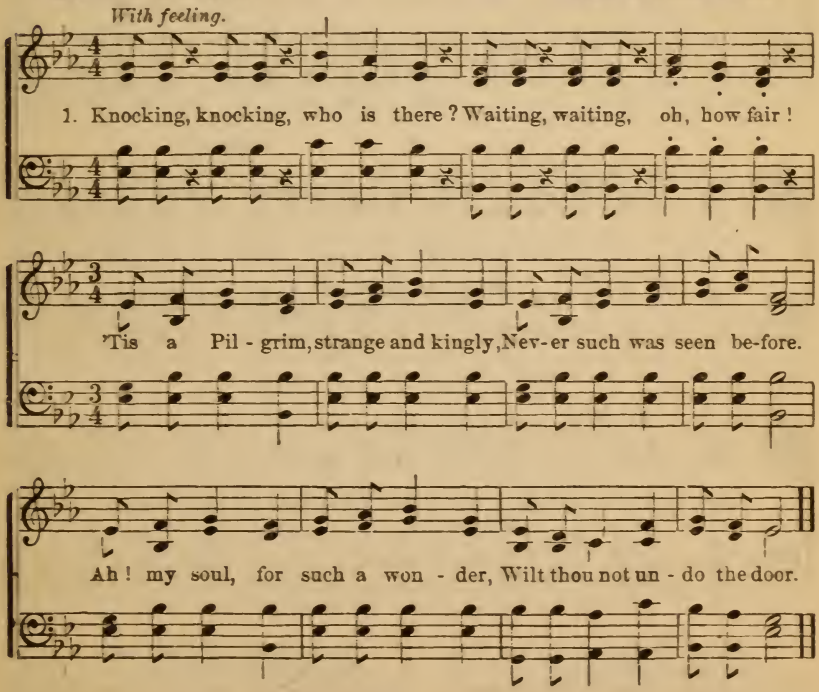
2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.—*Cho.*

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.—*Cho.*

No. 17. Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—Rev. 3: 20.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. Geo. F. Root, by per.



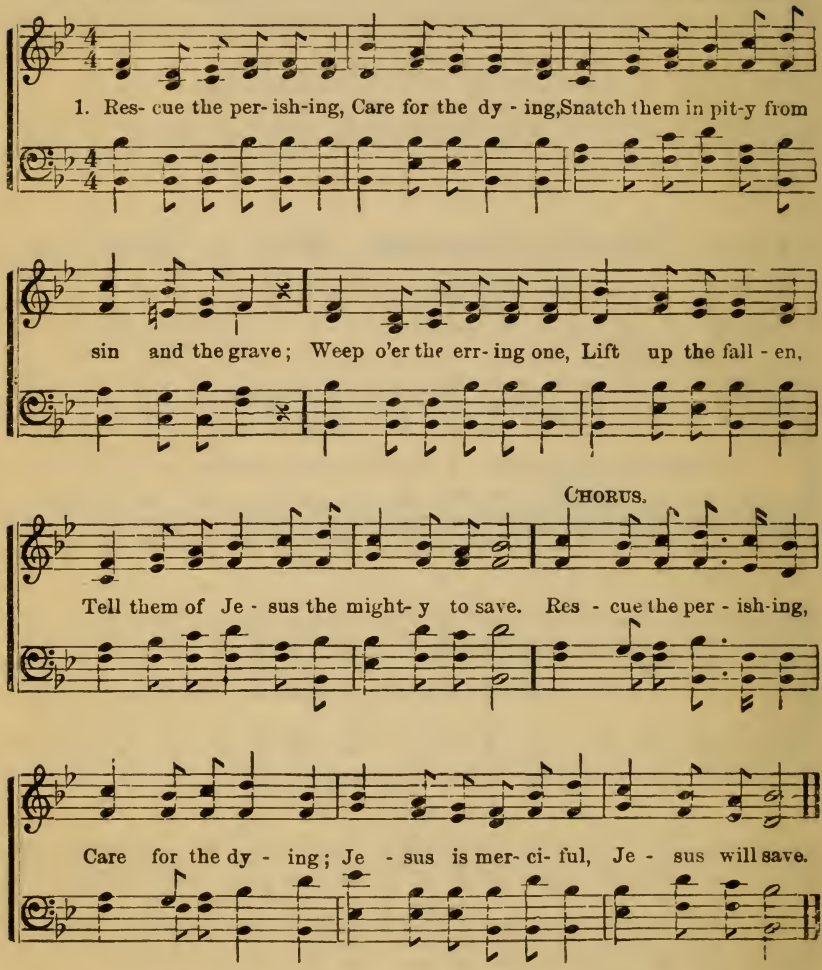
2
Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3
Knocking, knocking,—what still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

No. 18. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

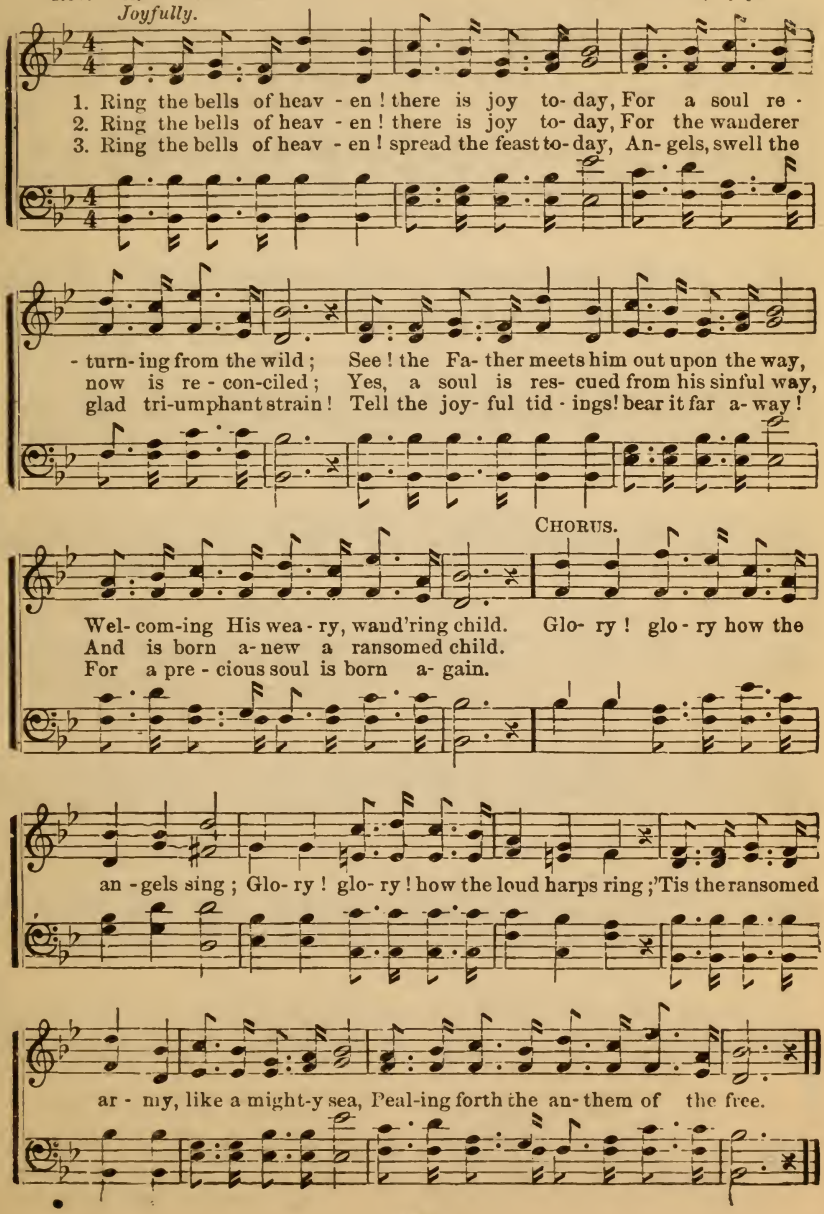
4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

No. 19. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

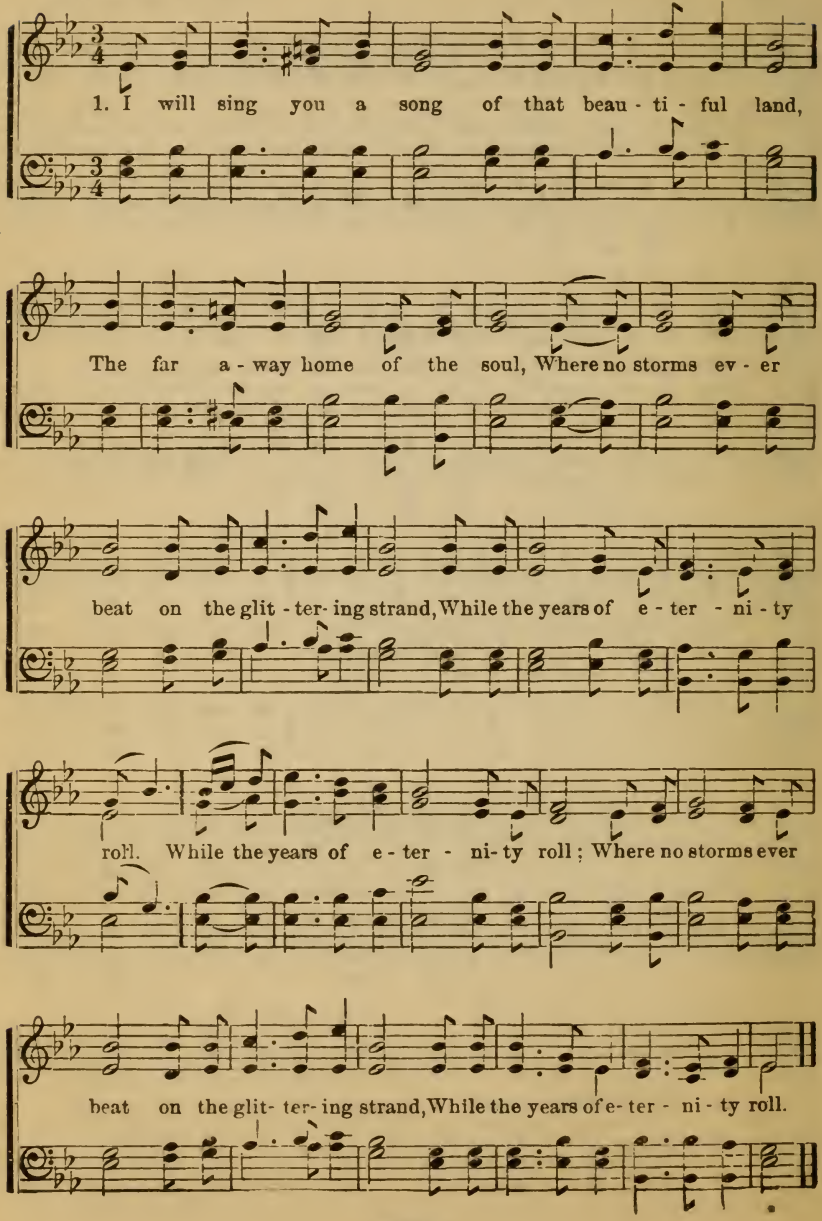
Joyfully.



No. 20. Home of the Soul.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



Home of the soul.—Concluded.

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
‖: Between the fair city and me. :‖ Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
‖: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :‖ The King of, etc

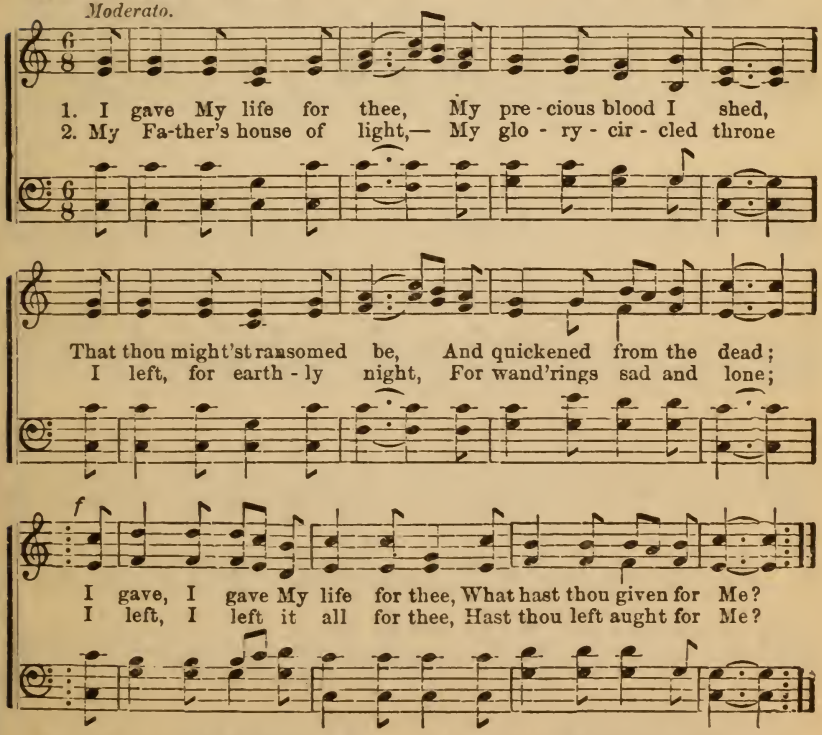
4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
‖: To meet one another again. :‖ With songs on, etc.

No. 21. What Hast Thou Done for Me?

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—HEB. 9: 28.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.



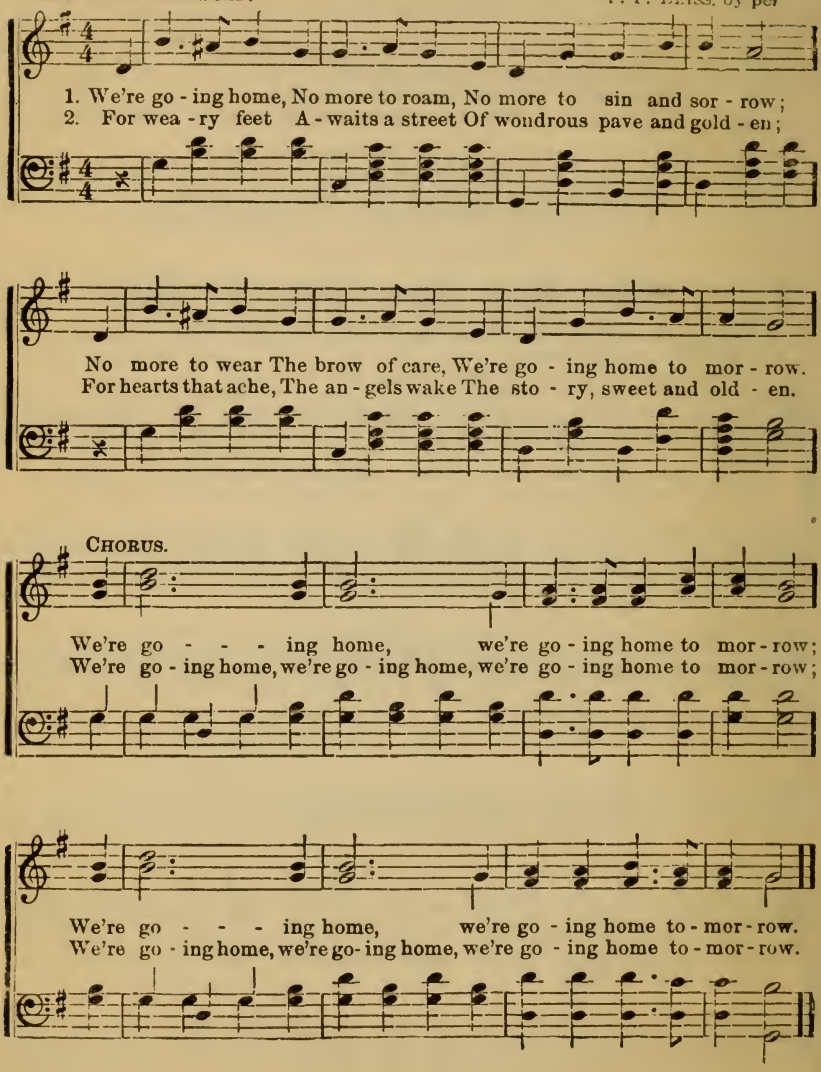
3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

No. 22. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per



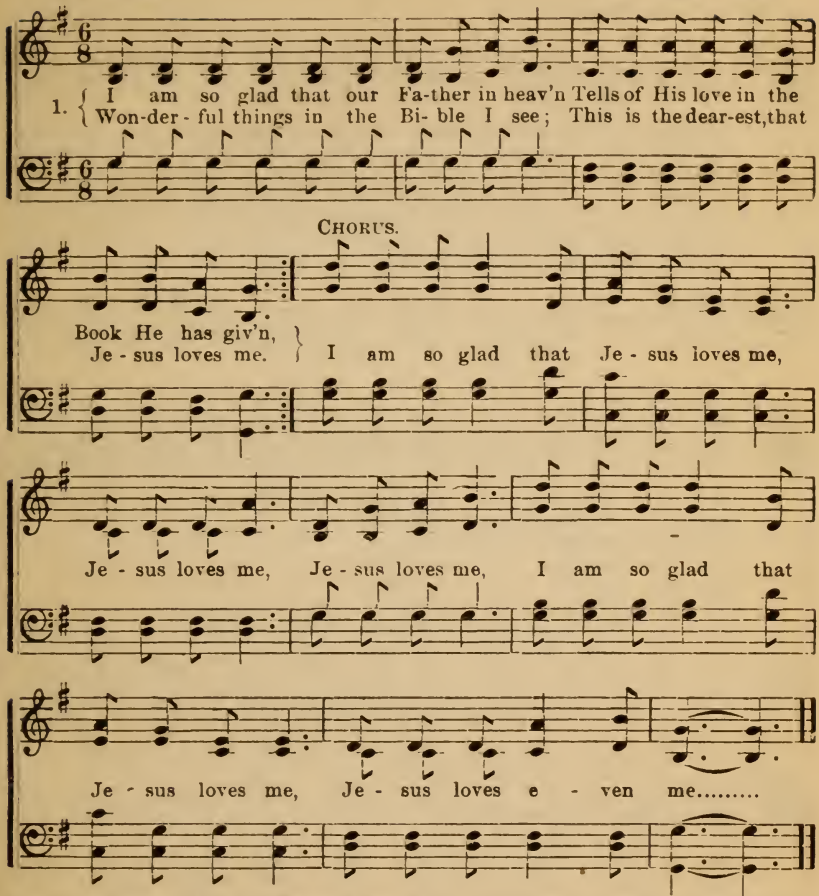
3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever
Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With Him at home forever.

No. 23. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per



2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the Great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
I am so glad, etc.

---

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, etc

No. 24. Rejoice and be Glad.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29: 19.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. 1874. John J. Husband.



No. 25. Revive us Again.

(Tune on Page 26.)

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.

1 We praise Thee O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—*Cho*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.—*Cho.*

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways.—*Cho.*

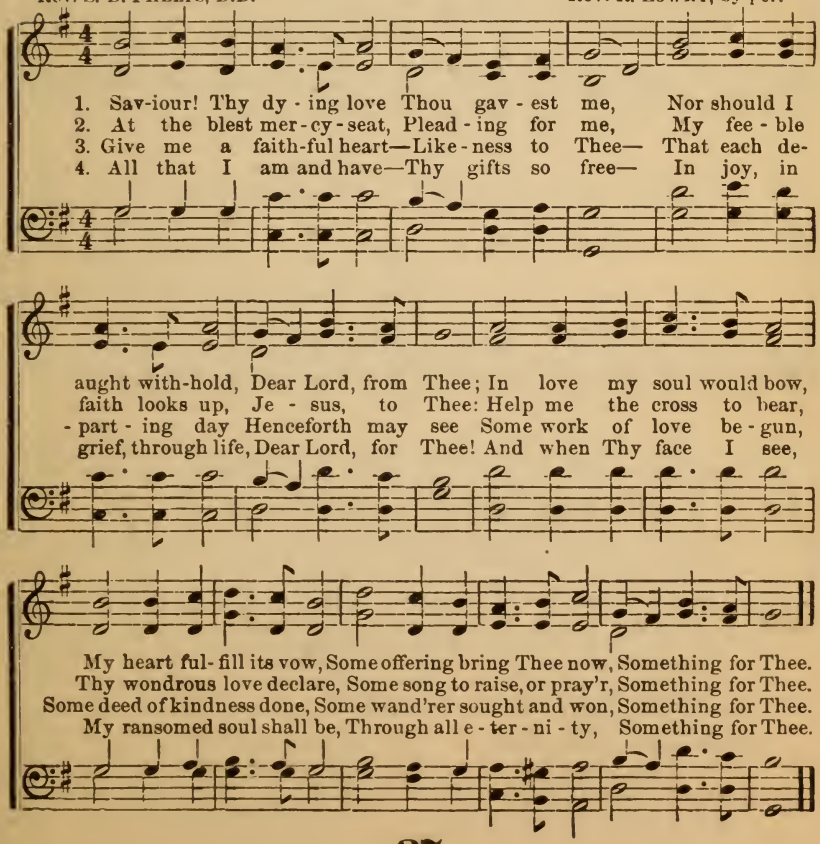
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—*Cho.*

Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY, 1866.

No. 26. Something for Jesus.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—ACTS 9: 6.

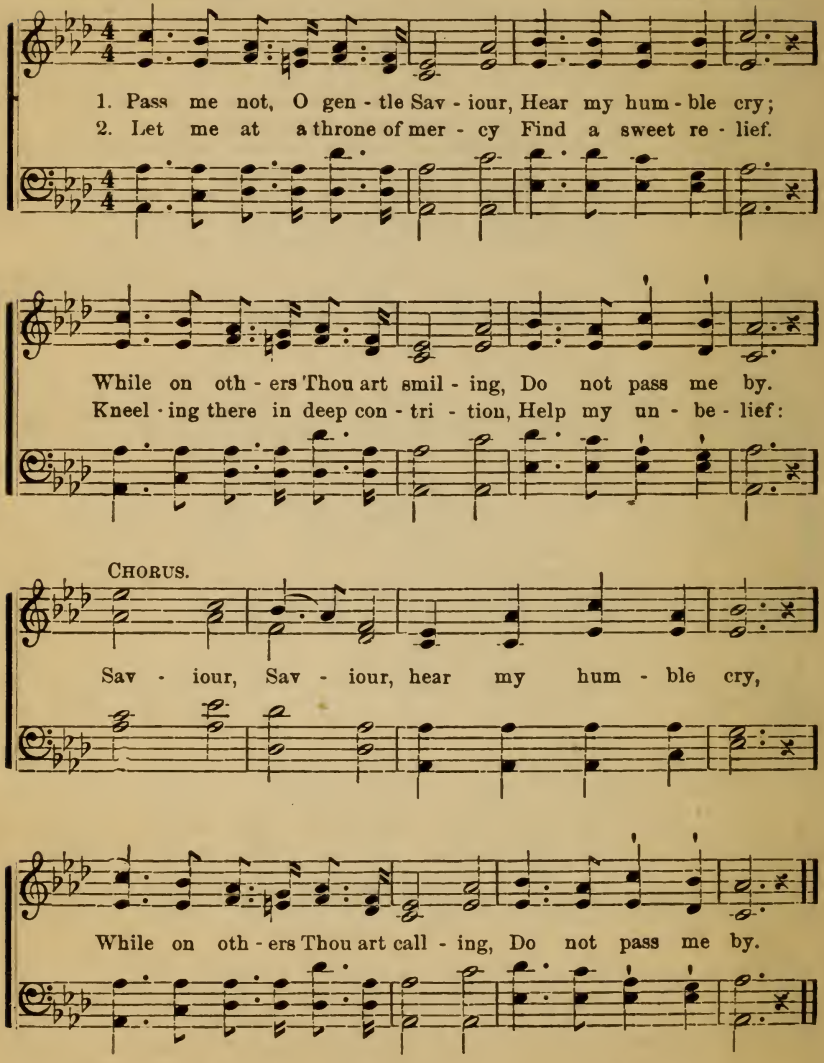
Rev. S. D. PHELPS, D.D. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



No. 27. Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1868. W. H. Doane, by per.



3.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—*Cho.*

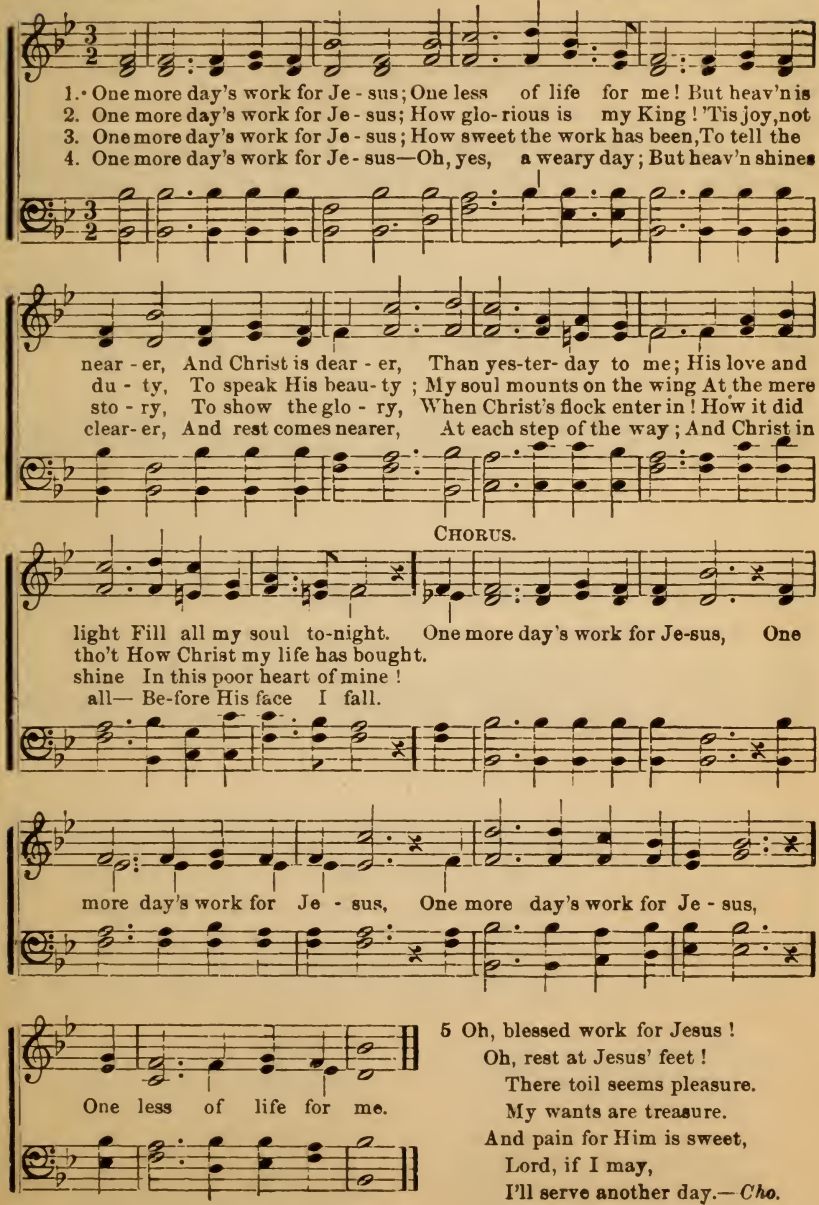
4.

Thou the Spring of all my comfort
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heaven but Thee?—*Cho.*

No. 28 One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of HIM that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per

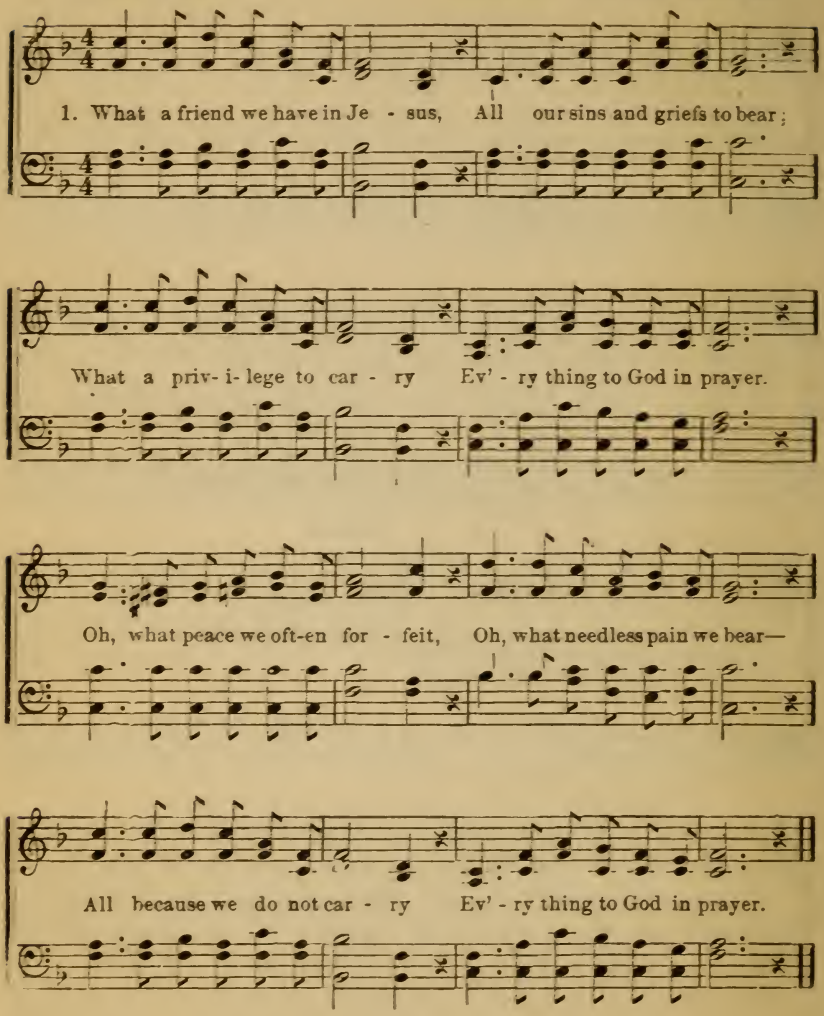


5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure.
My wants are treasure.
And pain for Him is sweet,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

No. 29. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24

"Jubilee Harp." Charles C. Converse, 1868, by per.



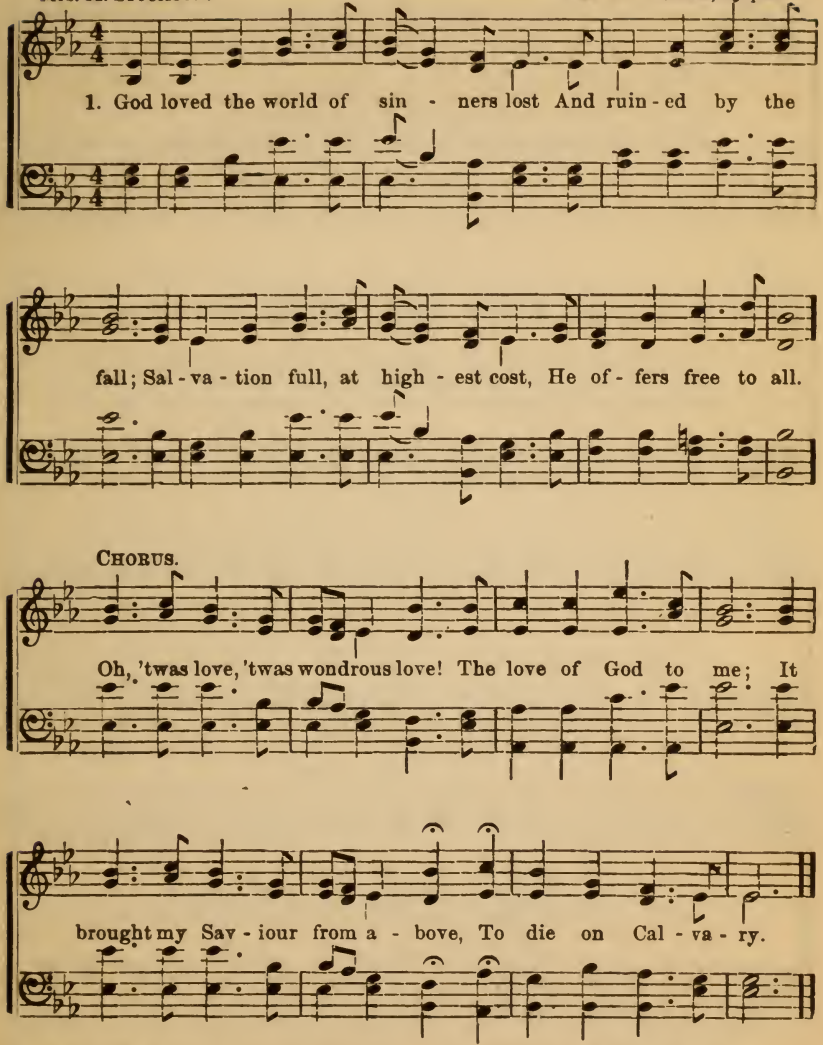
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 30. Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world."—JOHN 3: 16.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

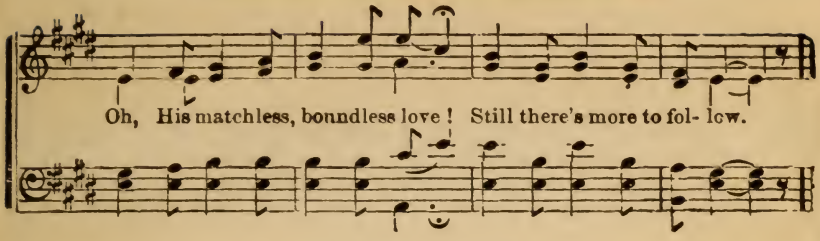
No. 31.

"More to Follow."

"Bring me yet a vessel."—2 KINGS 4: 6.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

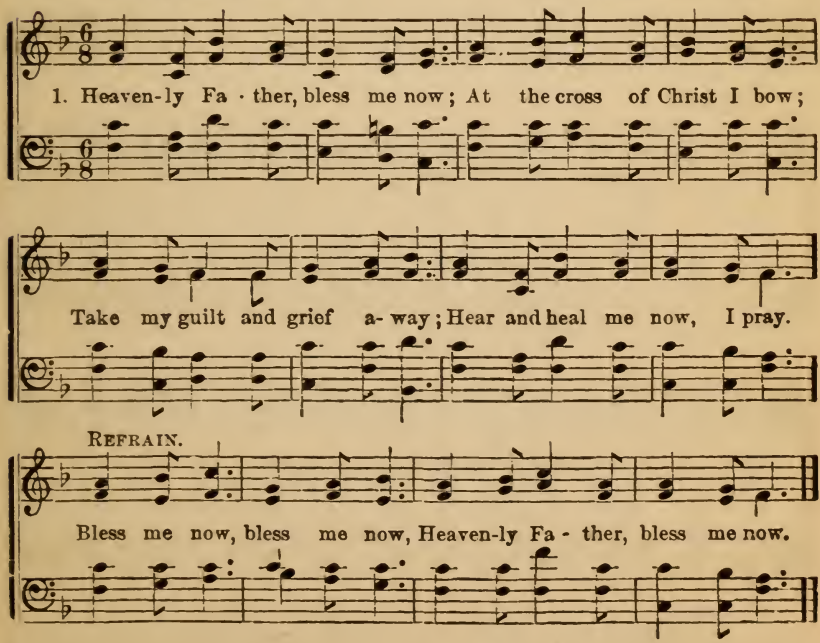




No. 32. Bless Me Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now's the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Rev. Alexander Clark. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.



2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord! *Ref.*

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die. *Ref.*

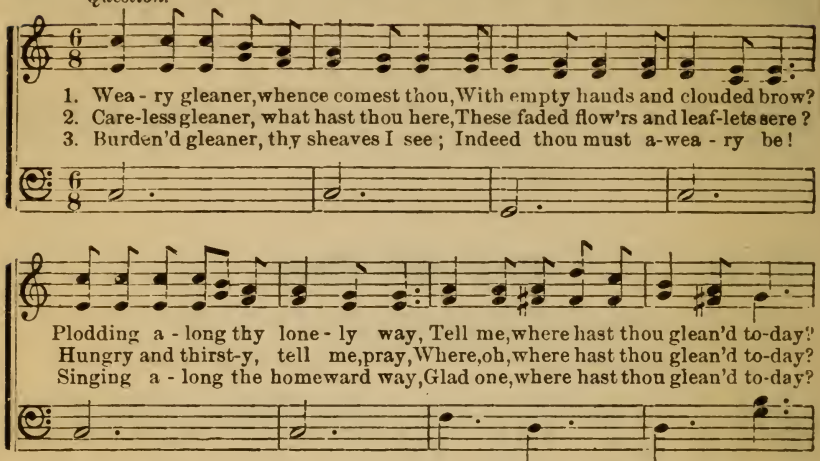
4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace. *Ref.*

No. 33. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

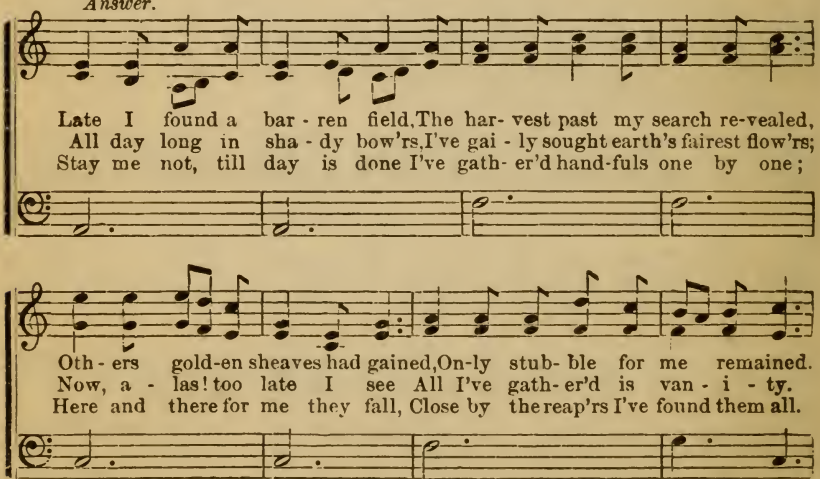
"The field is the world • • • and the reapers are the angels."—MATT. 13: 33.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

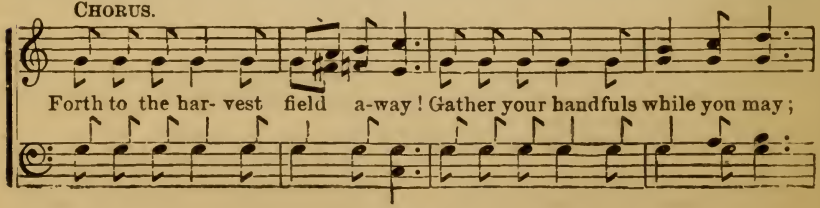
Question.



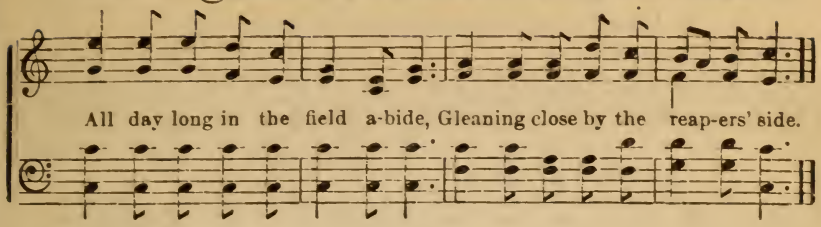
Answer.



CHORUS.



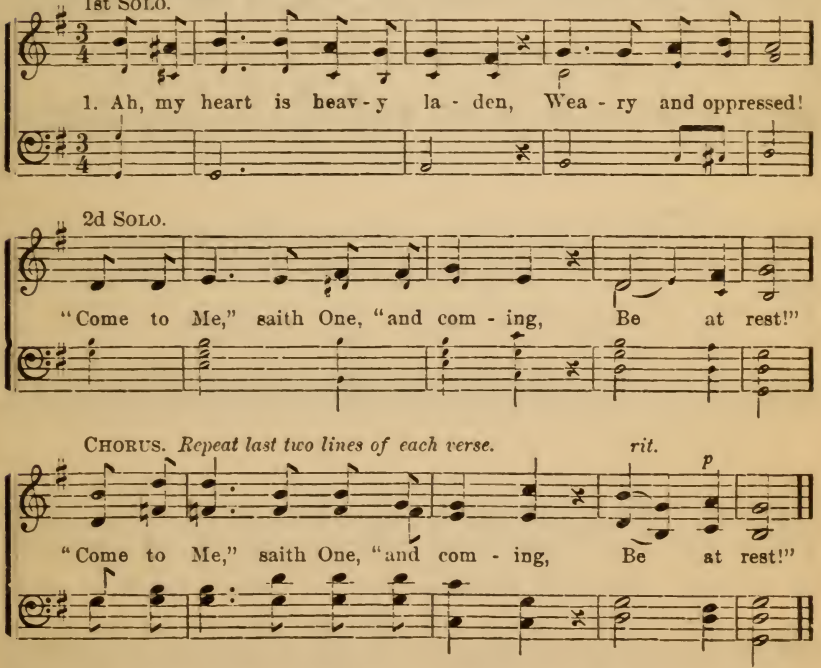
Where Hast Thou Gleaned?—Concluded.



No. 34. Ah, My Heart.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. P. P. BLISS, by per.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide? [prints,
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side."—*Cho.*

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"—*Cho.*

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."—*Cho.*

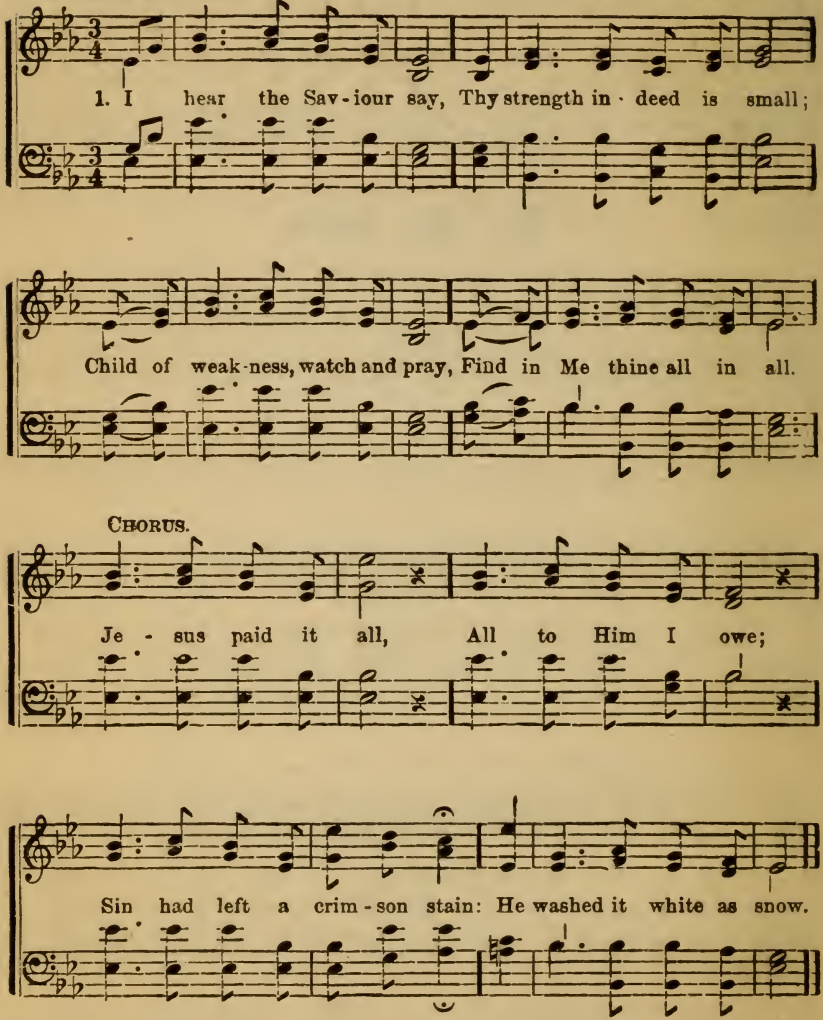
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"—*Cho.*

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"—*Cho.*

No. 35. All to Christ I Owe.

"Who His own self bare our sins."—1 PETER 2: 24.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—*Cho.*

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—*Cho.*

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies. *Cho.*

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet. *Cho.*

No. 36. Oh, how He Loves.

"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Adp. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



3

Blessed Jesus! would you know him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

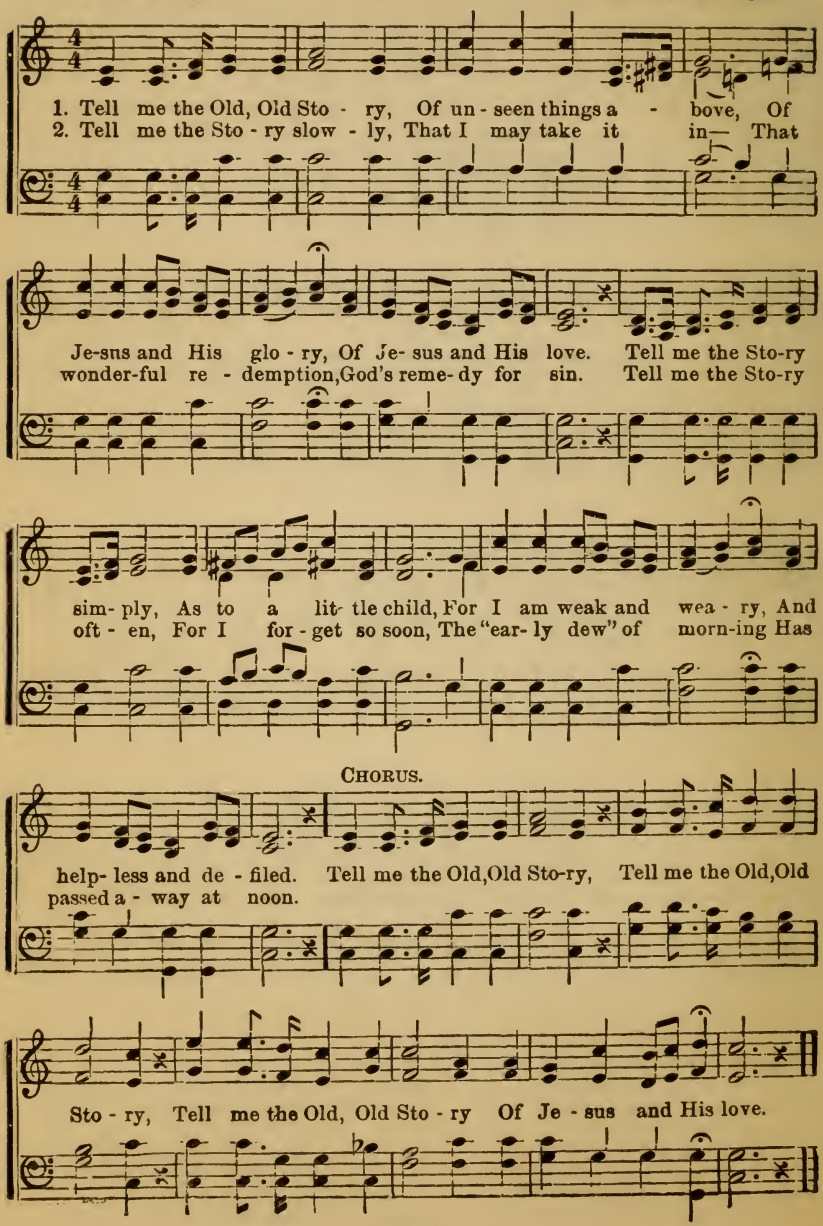
4

All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

No. 37. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



Tell Me the Old, Old Story.—Concluded.

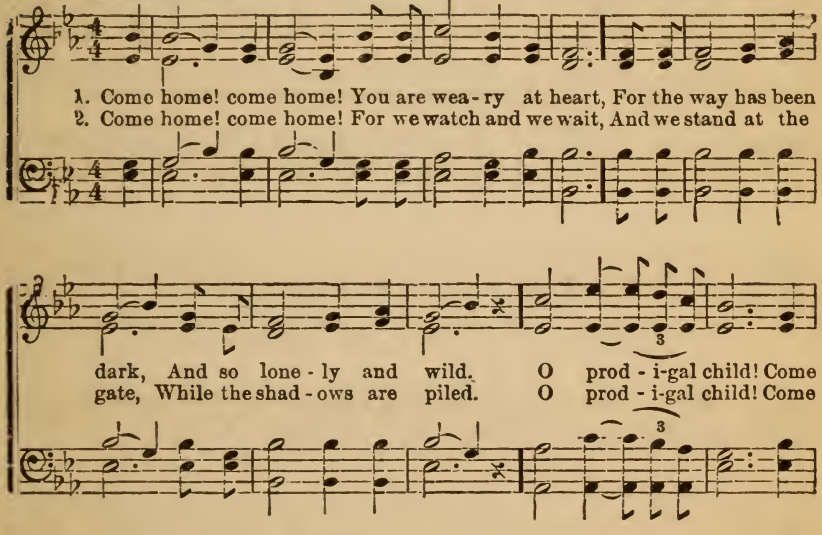
3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

No. 38. The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. W. H. DOANE, by per.



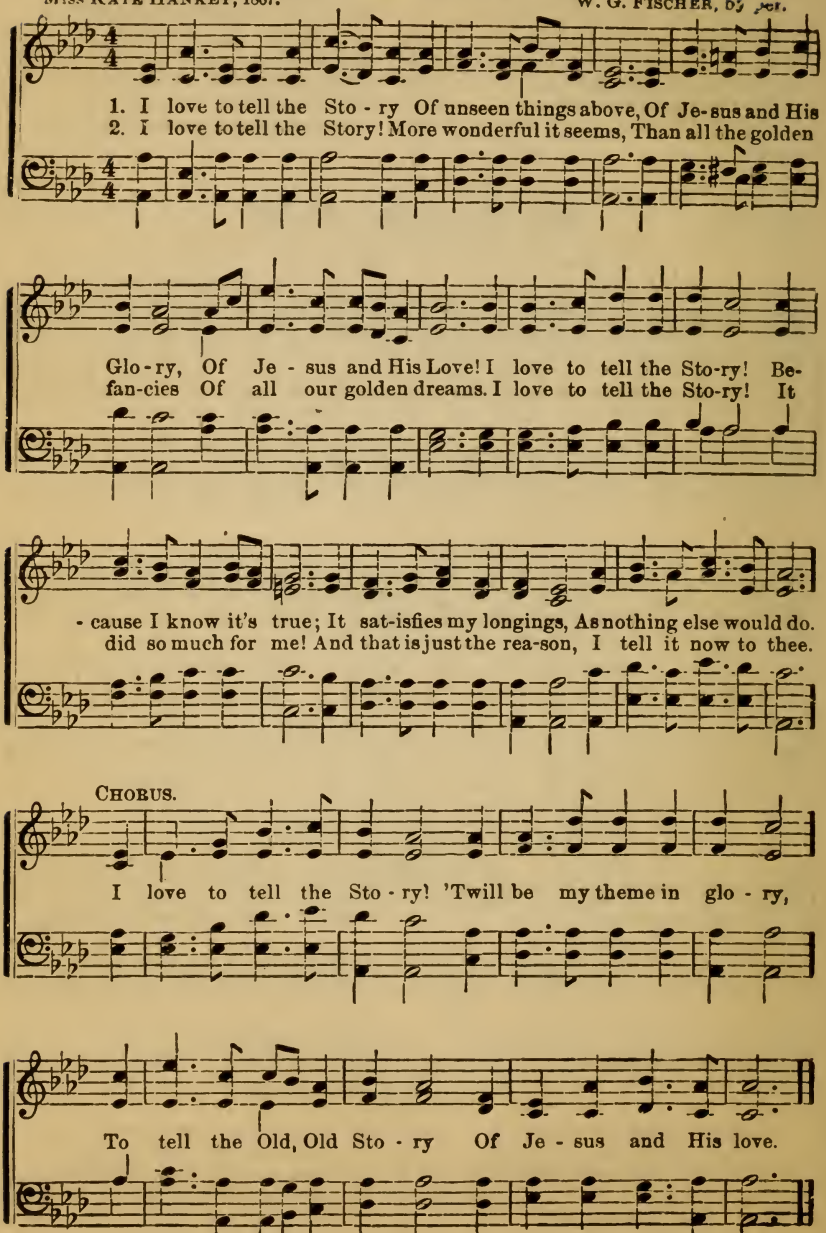
3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

No. 39. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PSAL. 145 : 5.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867. W. G. FISCHER, by per.



I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

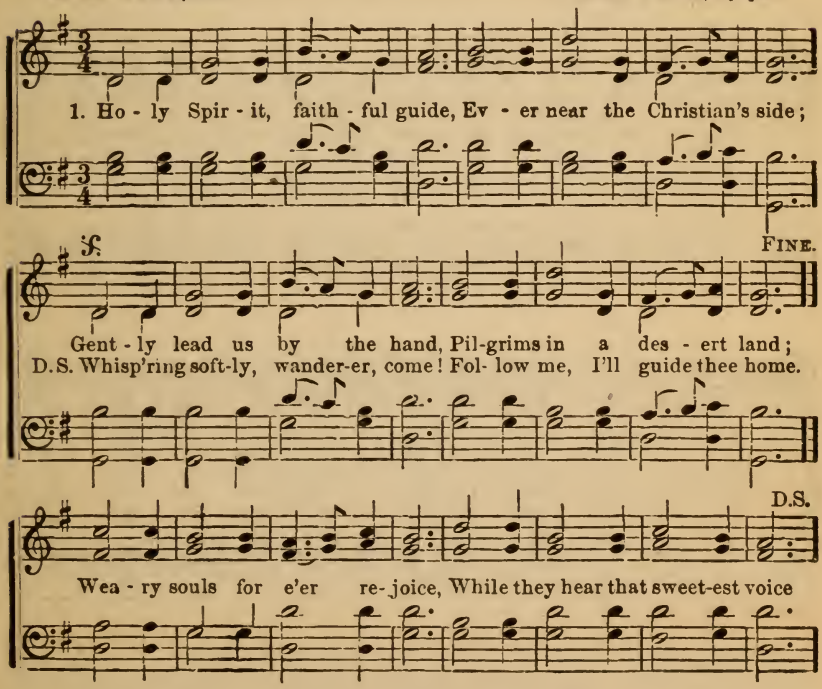
3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG.
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

No. 40. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSALM 32: 8.

M. M. WELLS, 1858. M. M. WELLS, by per.



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

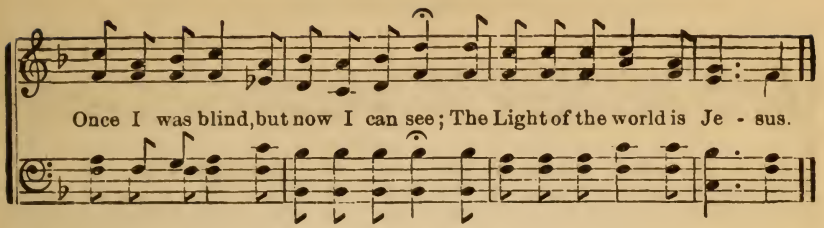
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

No. 41. The Light of the World is Jesus.

"I am the light of the world."—JOHN 9: 5.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

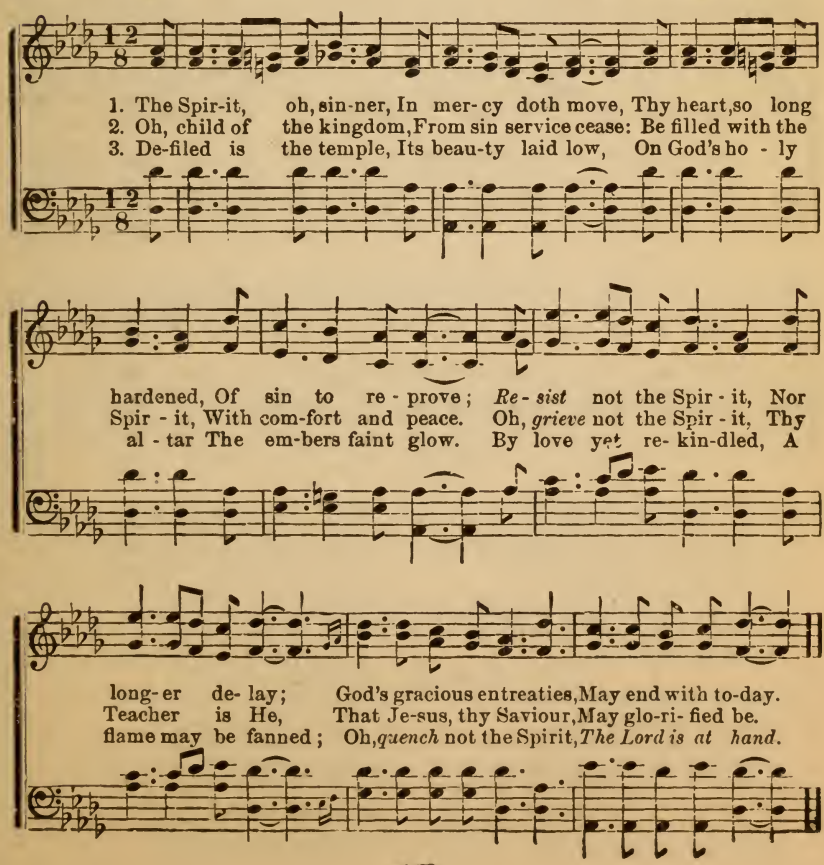




No. 42. The Holy Spirit.

Three warnings: Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



No. 43. The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. 14: 26.

Miss E. C. Clephane. Ira D. Sankey, by per.



2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretch to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me:
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

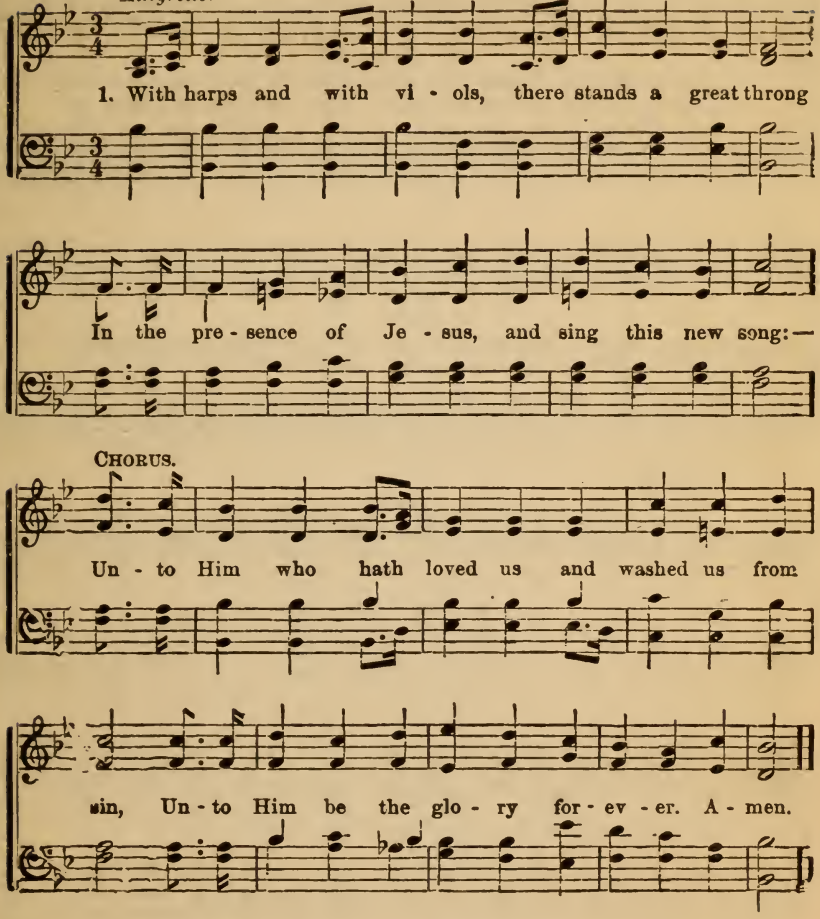
5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

No. 44. The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. xiv. 3.

Rev A. T Pierson. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Allegretto.



2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.—*Cho.*

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.—*Cho.*

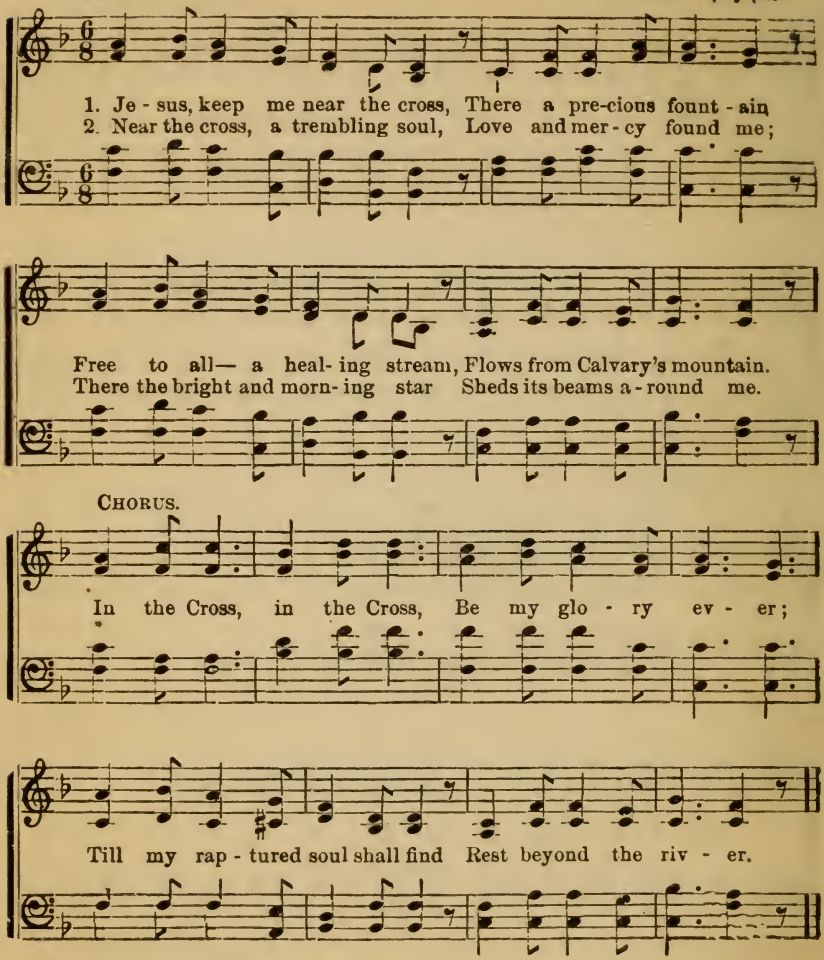
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—*Cho.*

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—*Cho.*

No. 45. Near the Cross.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. 1: 20.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



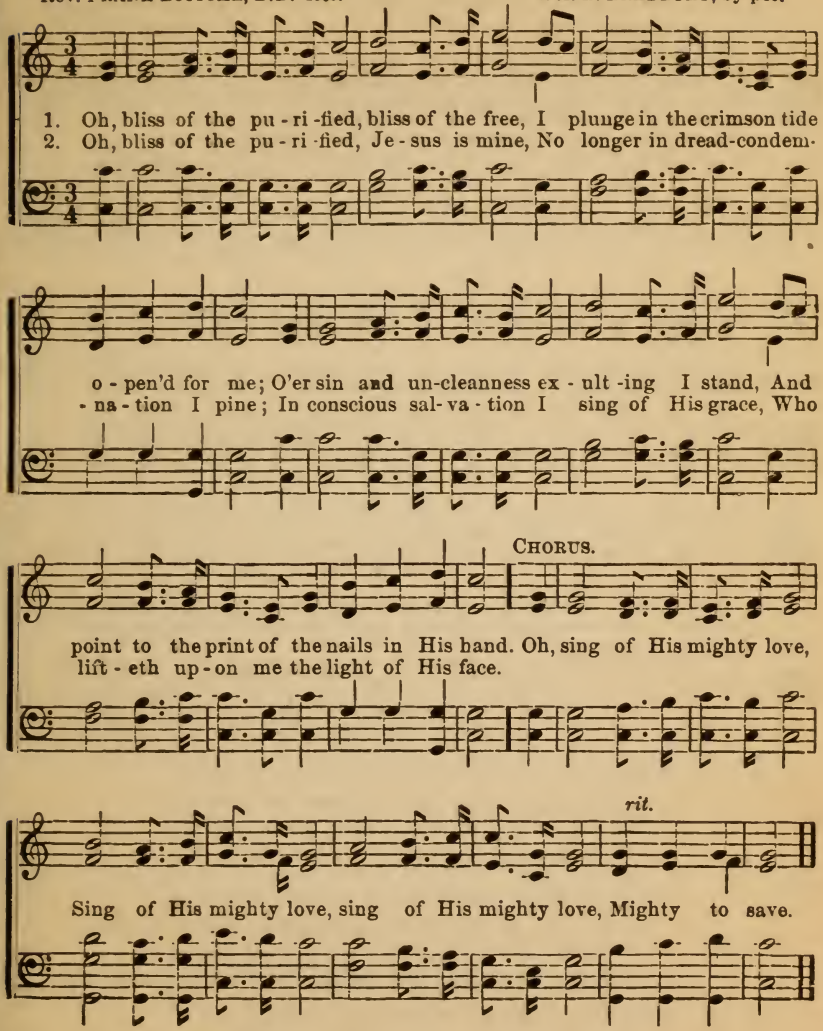
3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.—*Cho.*

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.—*Cho*

No. 46. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D.D. 1869. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.—*Cho.*

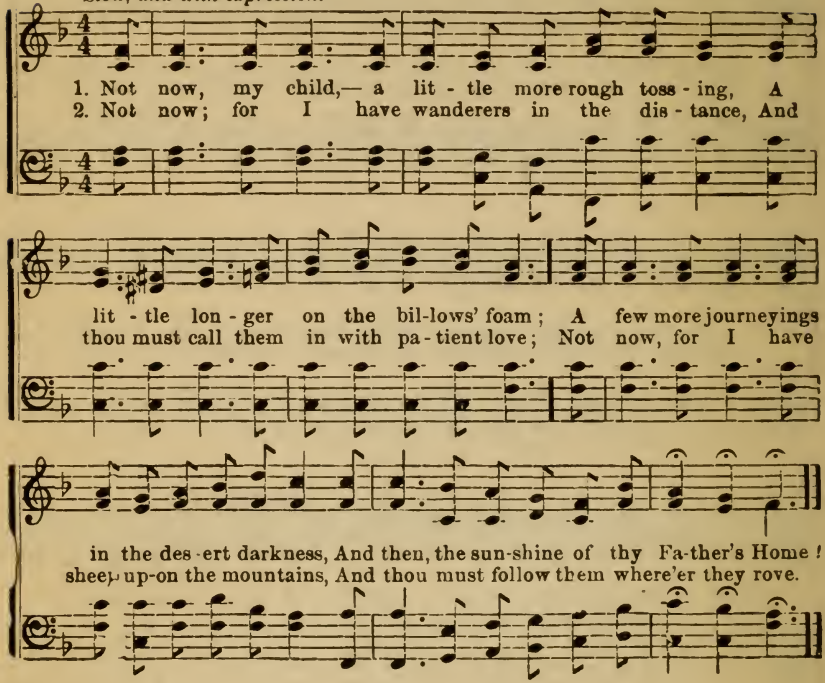
4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to save."—*Cho.*

No. 47. Not Now, My Child.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—PSALM 4 : 6.

Mrs. CATHERINE PENNEFATHER. 1863. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow, and with expression.



3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

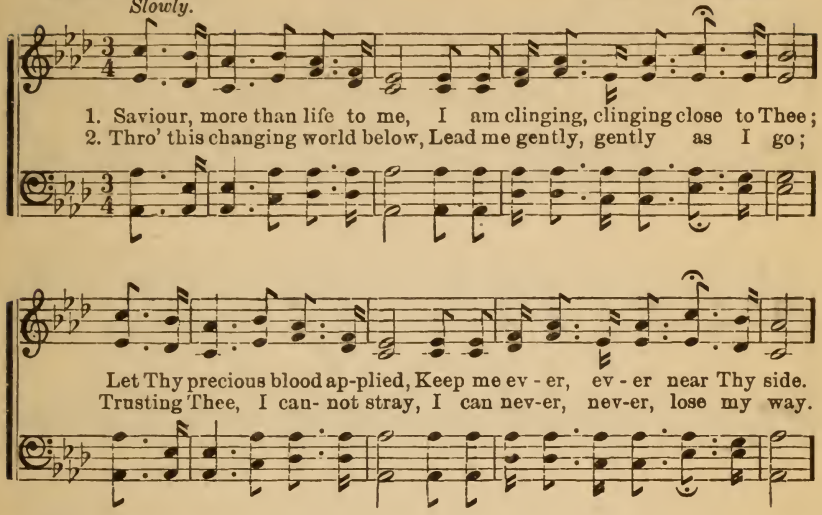
6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 48. Every Day and Hour.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slowly.



3

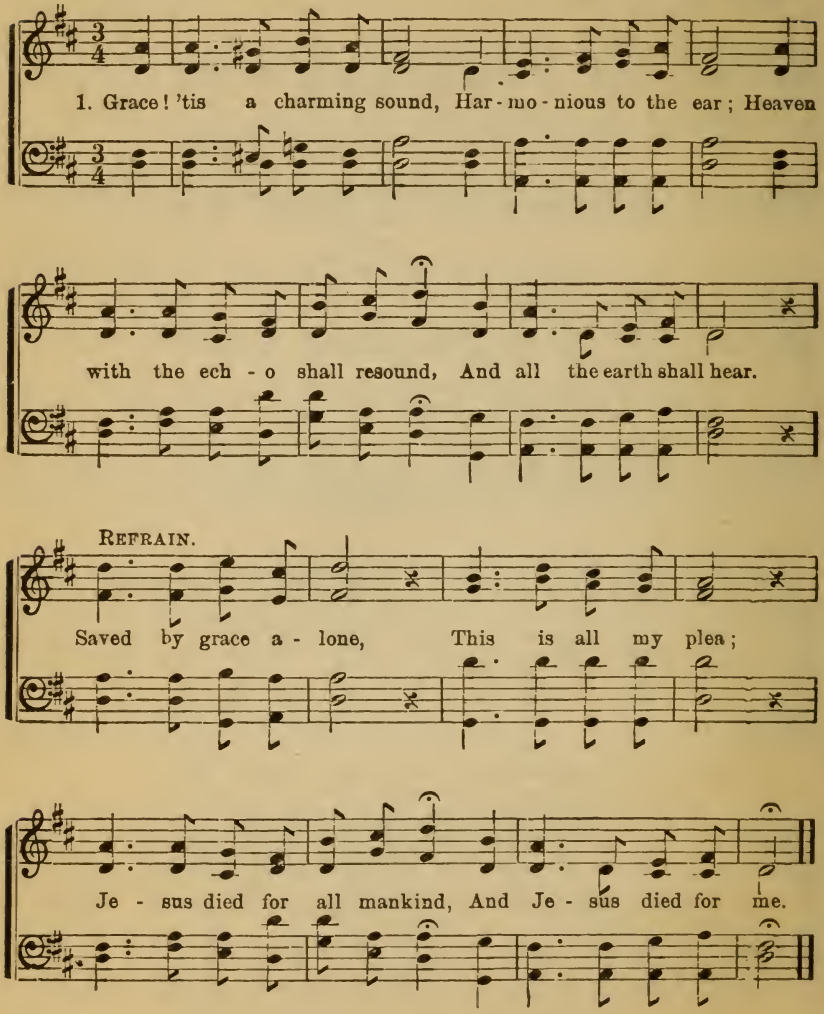
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Ref. Every day and hour, &c.

No. 49. The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2 : 8.

Dr. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan. *Ref.*

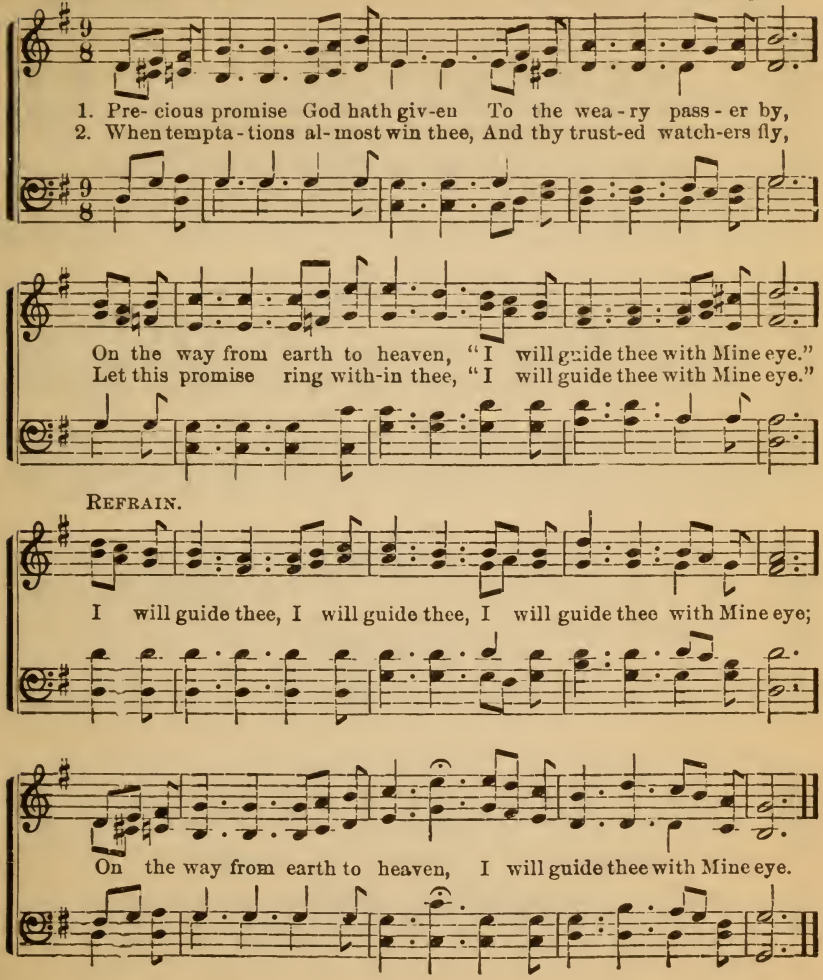
3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God. *Ref.*

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise. *Ref.*

No. 50. Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1 : 4.

NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS, by per.



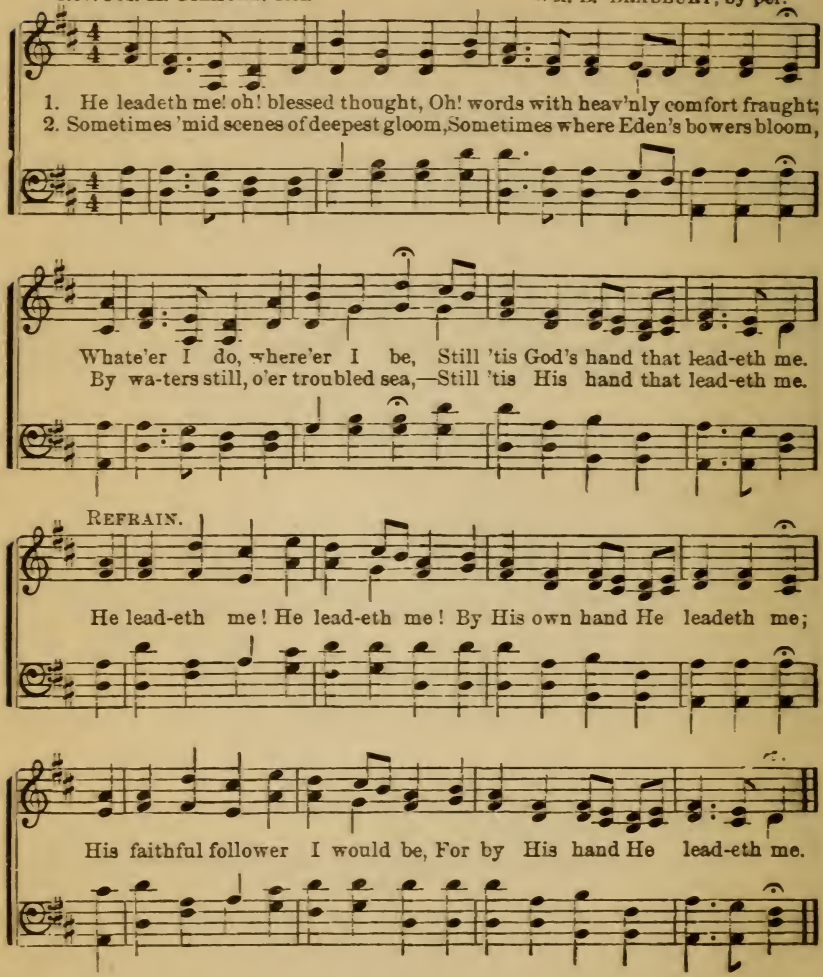
3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

No. 51. He Leadeth Me.

"He leadeth me by the still waters."—PSALM 23: 2.

Rev. JOS. H. GILMORE. 1861. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



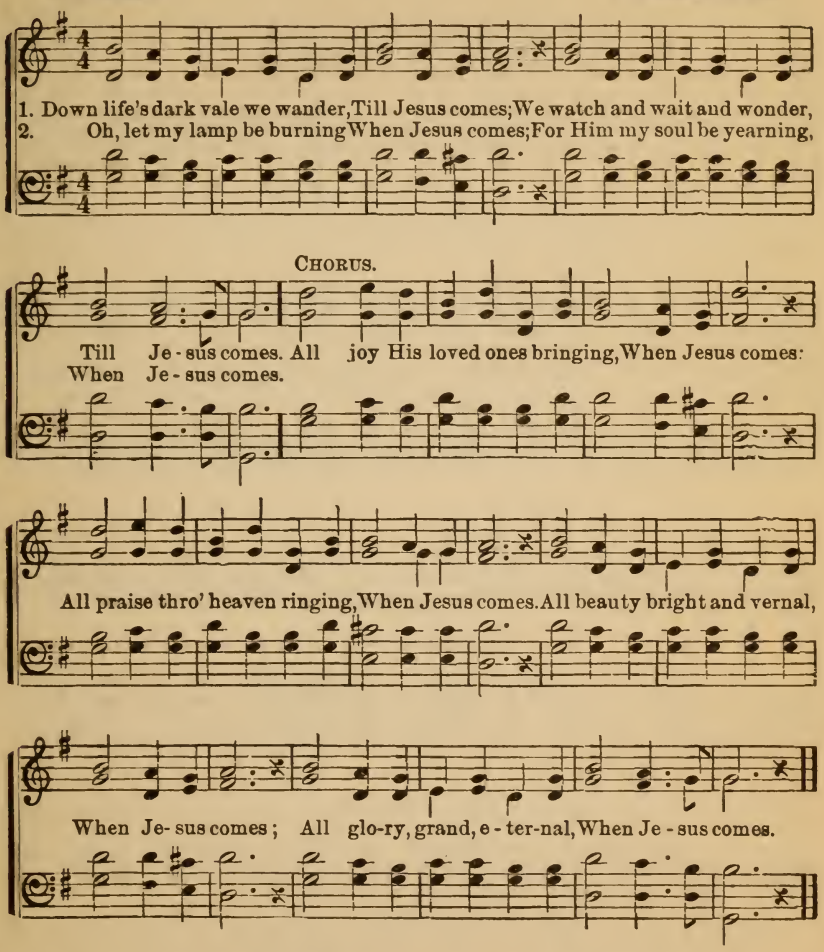
3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—*Ref.*

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—*Ref.*

No. 52. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEB. 9:28.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

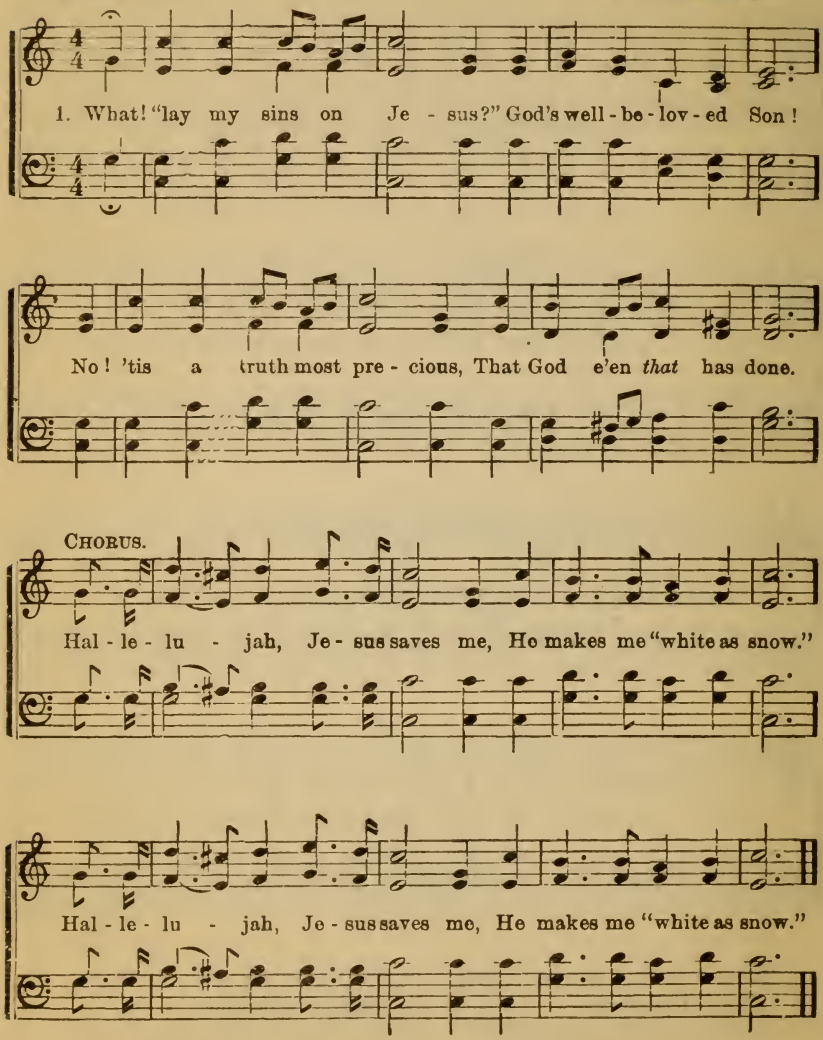
5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me.
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

No. 53. White as Snow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISA. 1: 18.

Words by L. N. P. P. BLISS, by per.



2.

Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,
To all who do believe,
God laid our sins on Jesus,
Who did the load receive.—*Cho.*

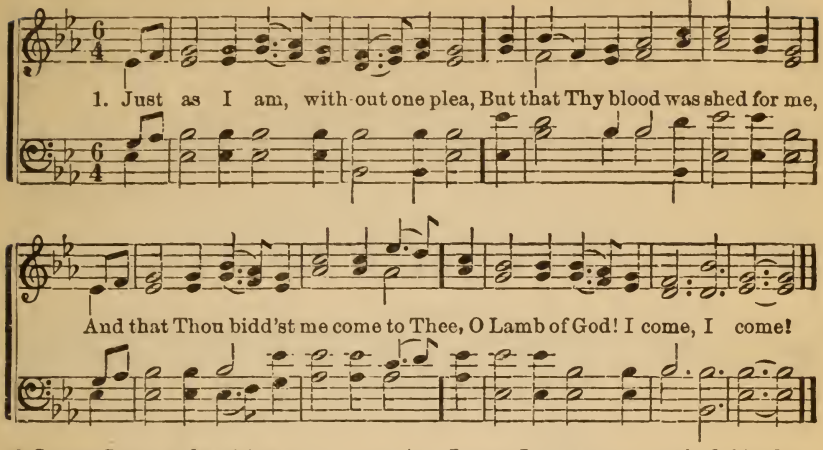
3.

What? "bring our guilt to Jesus?"
To wash away our stains;
The act is passed that freed us,
And nought to do remains.—*Cho.*

No. 54. Just as I Am. L. M.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

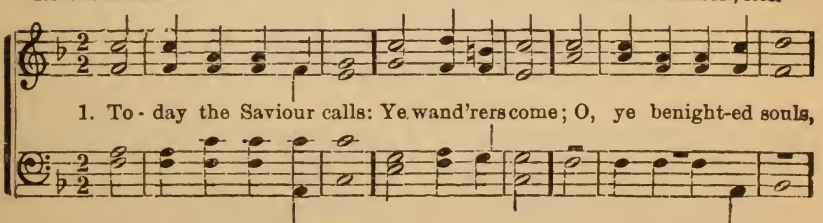
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

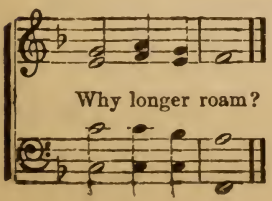
5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 55. To-Day. 6s & 4s.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice."—PSA. 95: 7.

Rev. S. F. SMITH. Dr. L. MASON, 1831.





2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

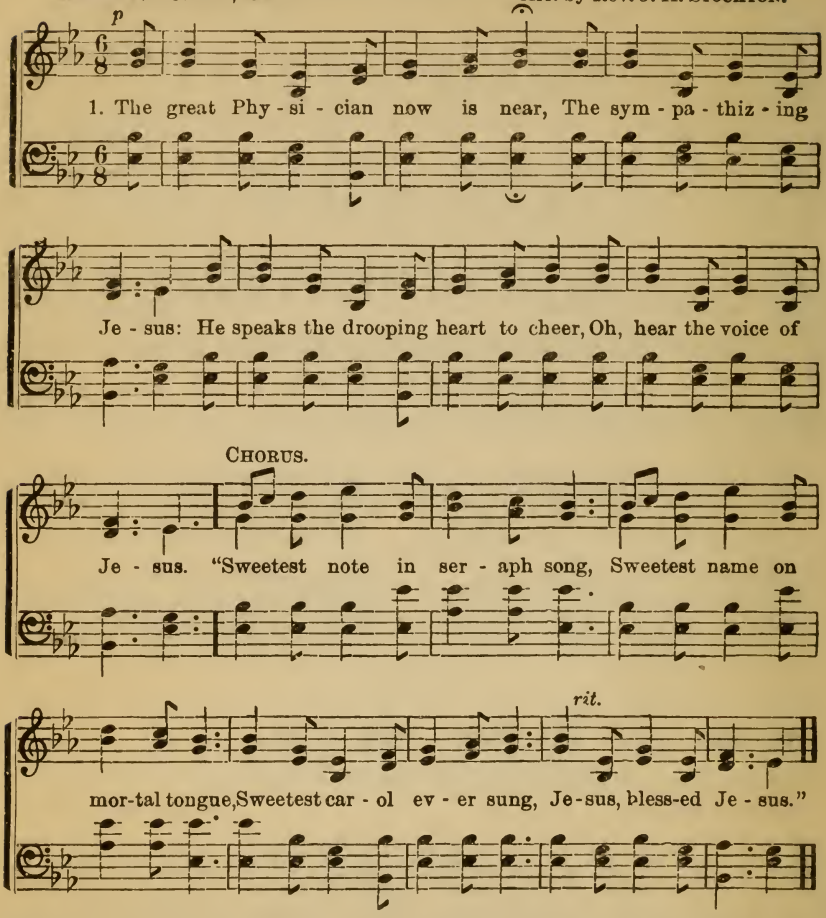
3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storms of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 56. The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8: 22.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, 1842. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 "The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus."

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 57. Substitution.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISAIAH 53 : 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



3.

Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

No. 58. In the Presence of the King.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG, 1864. English.



3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart
to any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever;
But there's no more separation in the
presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the
vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the pres-
ence of the King?

In the Presence of the King.—Concluded.

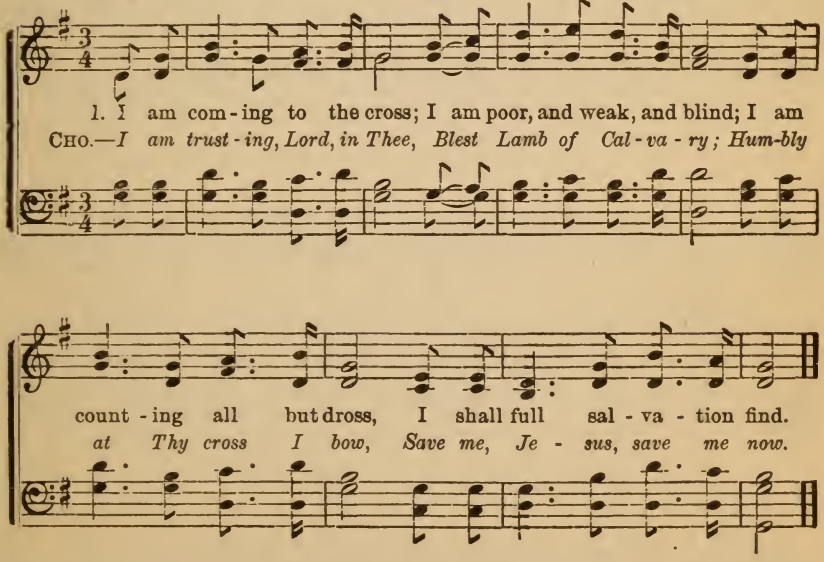
5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels vail their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

6 Oh I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing,
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the King.

No. 59. I am Coming to the Cross.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6 : 37.

Rev. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin. *Cho.*

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore. *Cho.*

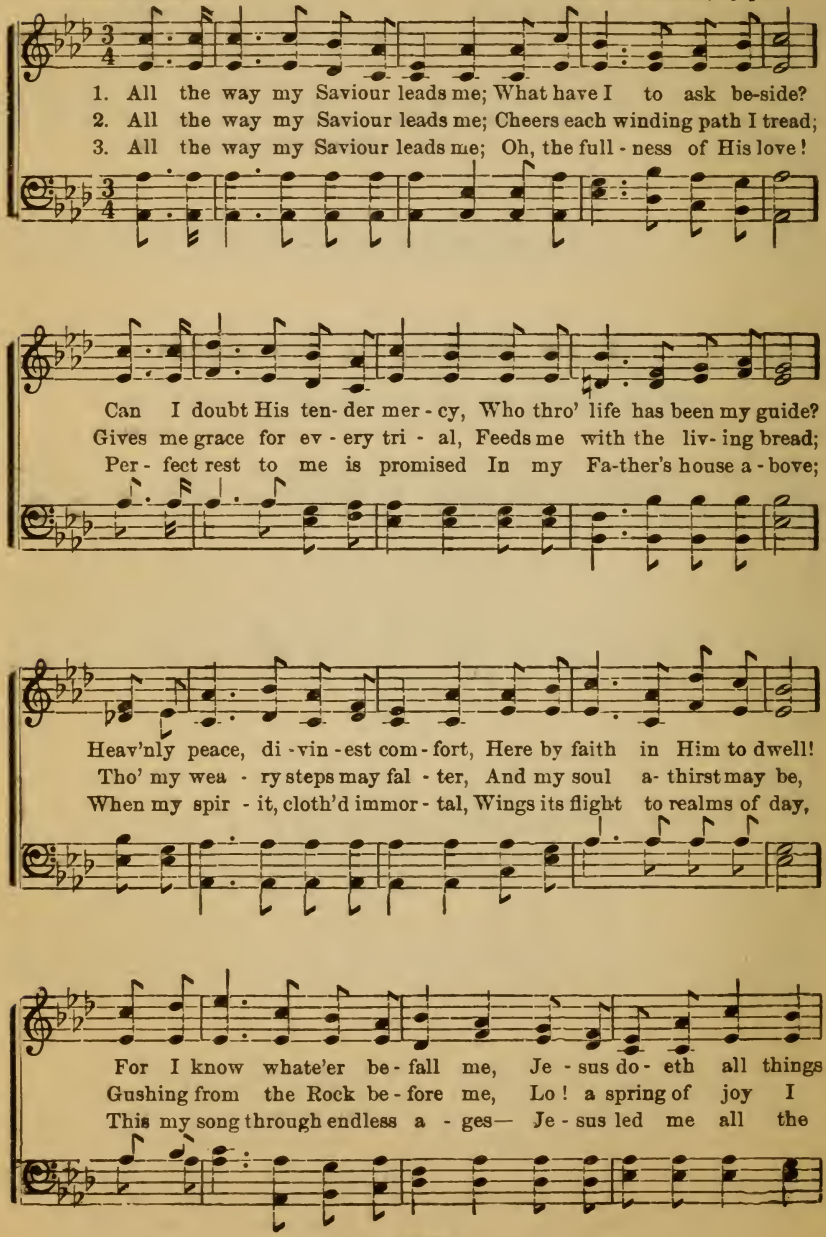
4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

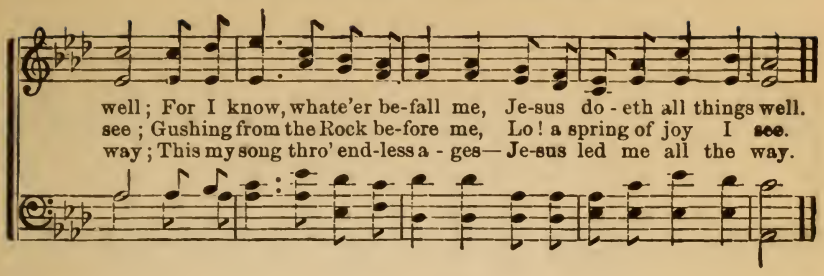
5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb. *Cho.*

No. 60. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—DEUT. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

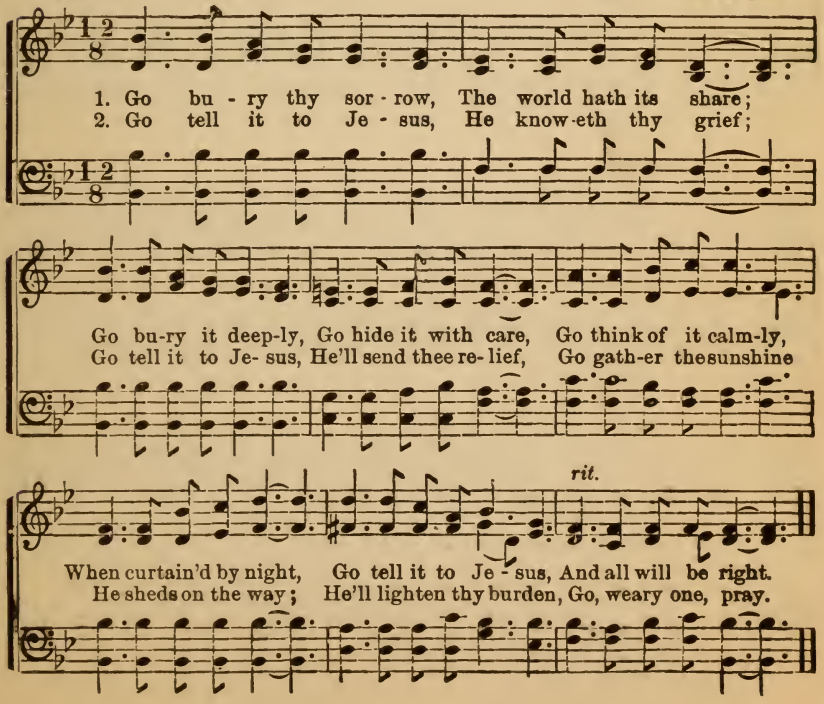




No. 61. Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



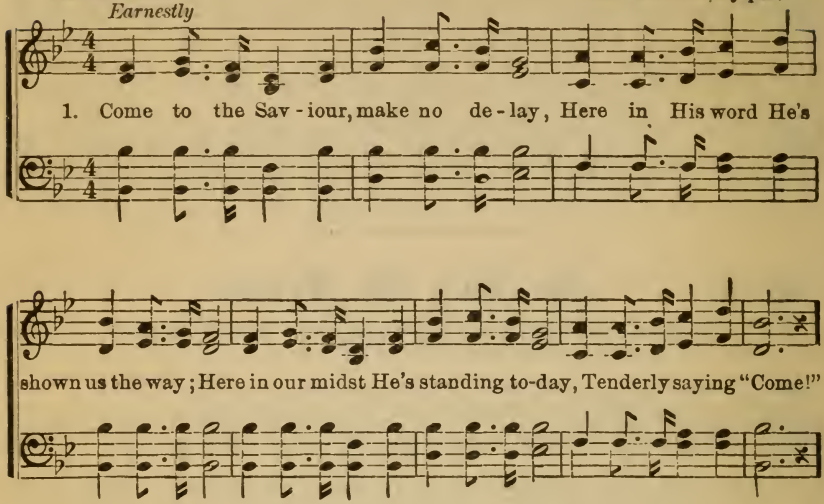
3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go!

Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine
Tell Jesus the rest.

No. 62. Come to the Saviour.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—PSALM 66: 1.

GEO. F. ROOT. *Earnestly* GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



2,

"Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come —*Cho.*

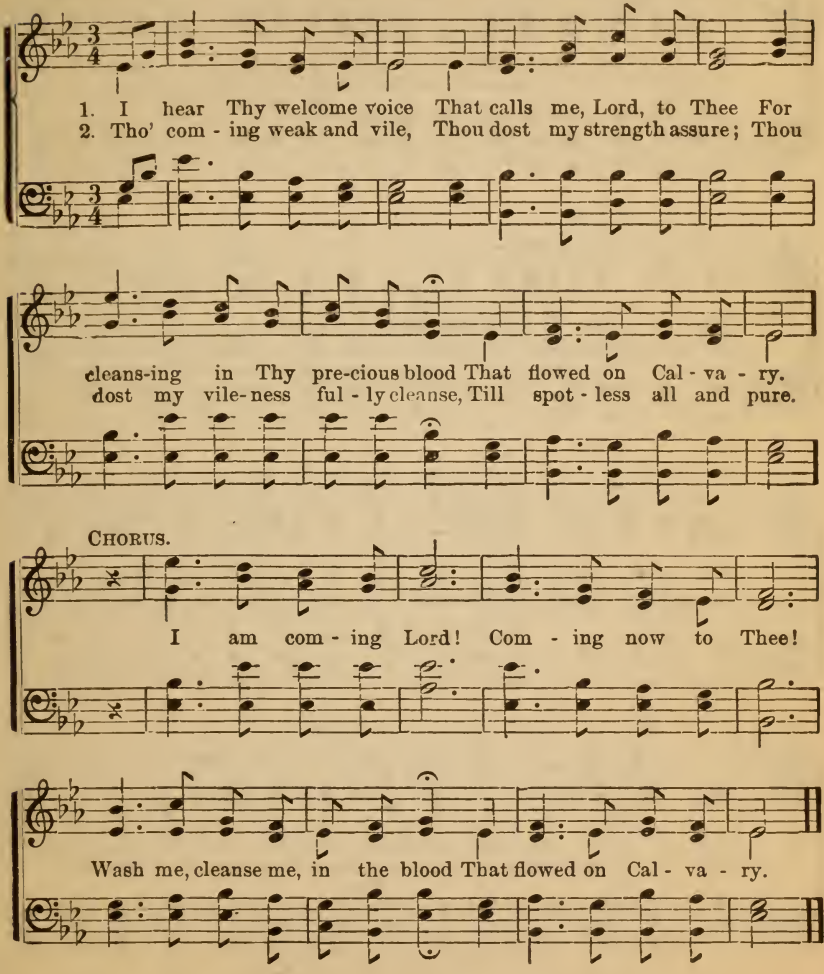
3.

Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"—*Cho.*

No. 63. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, by per.



3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

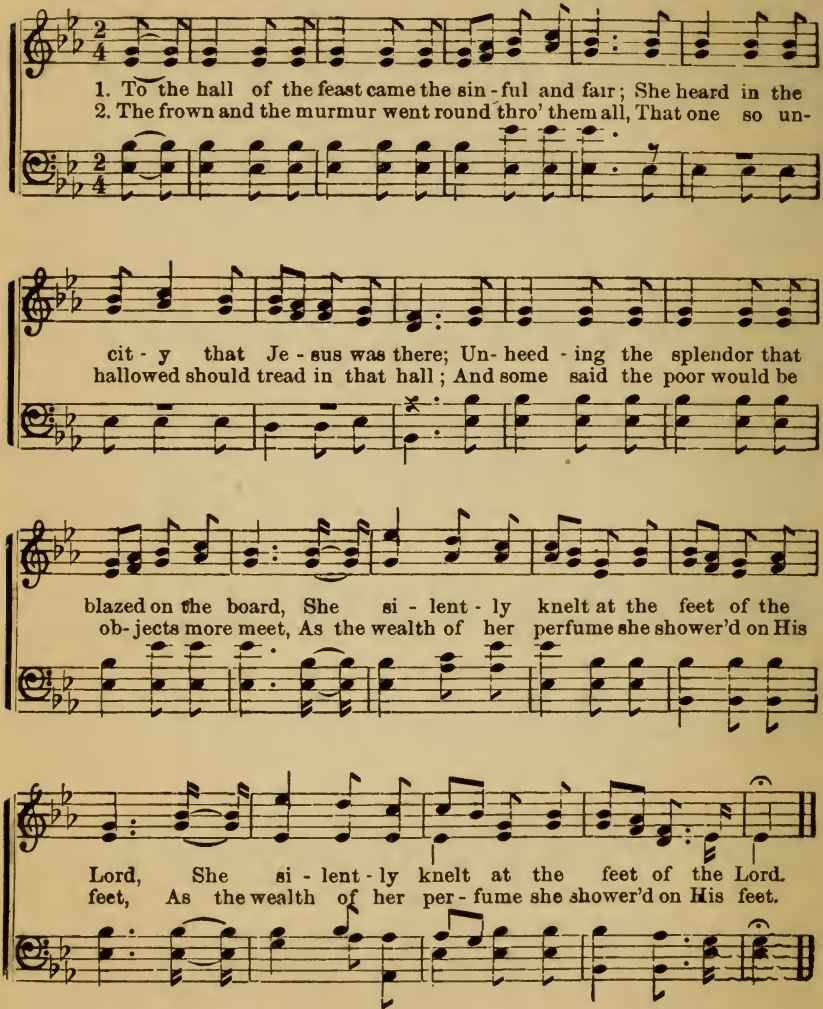
5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 64. A Sinner Forgiven.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7: 48.

JEREMIAH J. CALLAHAN. Arr. by I B. WOODBURY



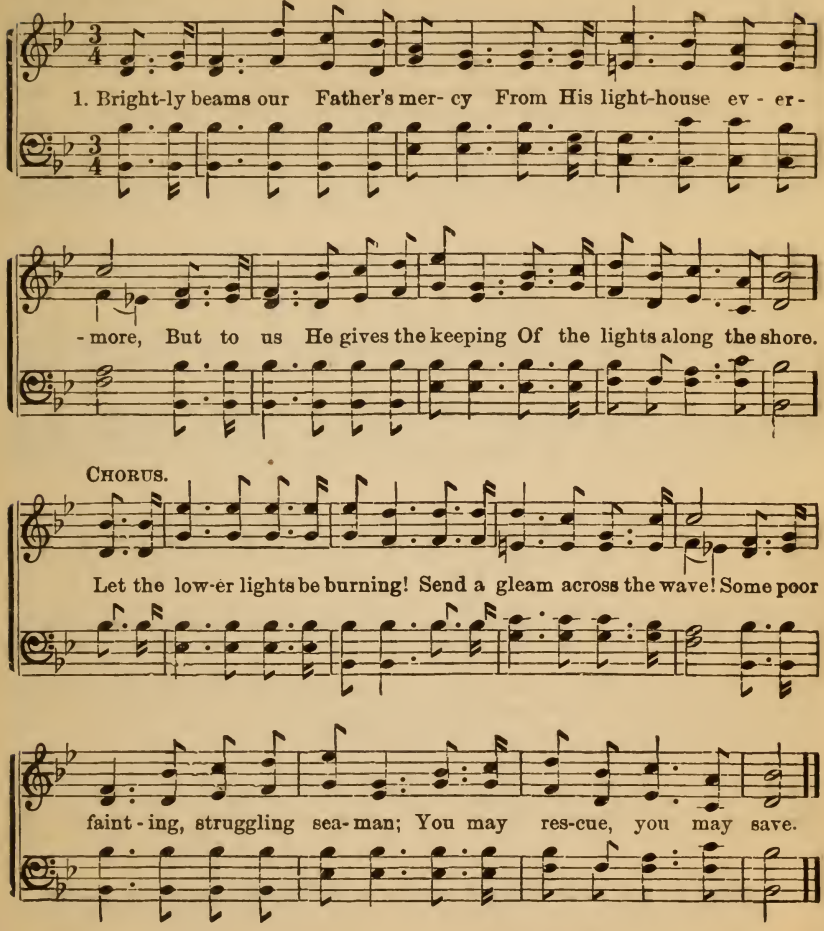
3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs,
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one · "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

No. 65. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



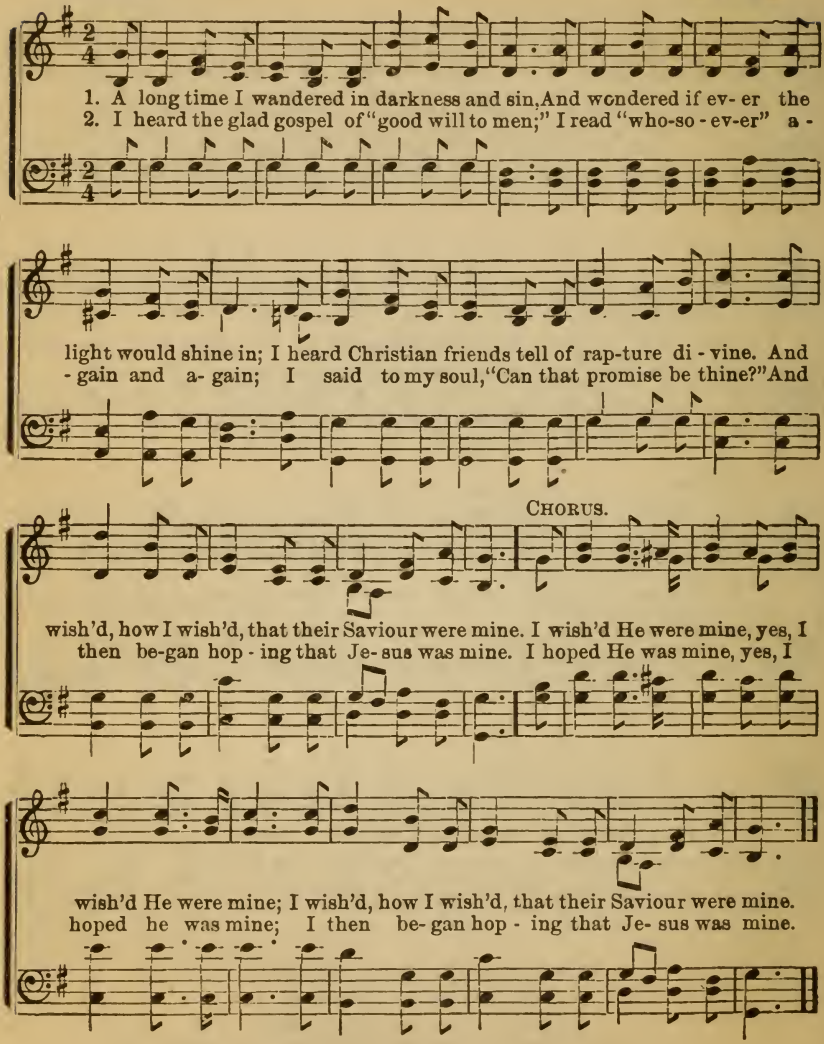
2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.—*Cho.*

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost*—Cho.

No. 66. Wishing, Hoping, Knowing.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—SONGS OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



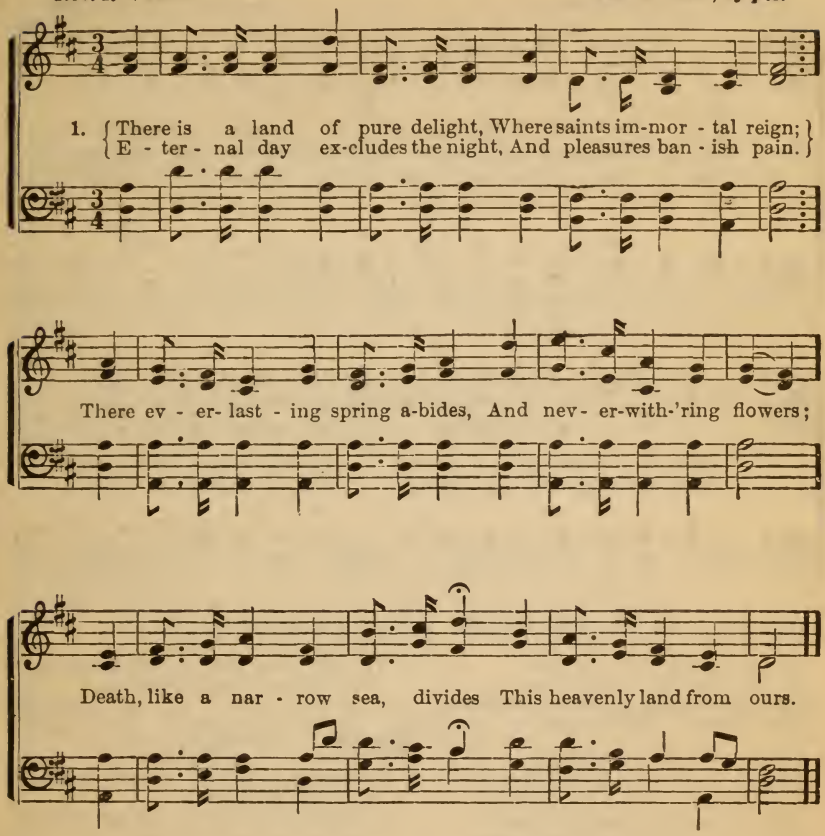
3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be,"
On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

Chorus.—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

No. 67. Varina. C. M. D.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Rev. I. Watts. Geo. F. Root, by per.



2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 68.

Rathbun. 8s & 7s.
Key C.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

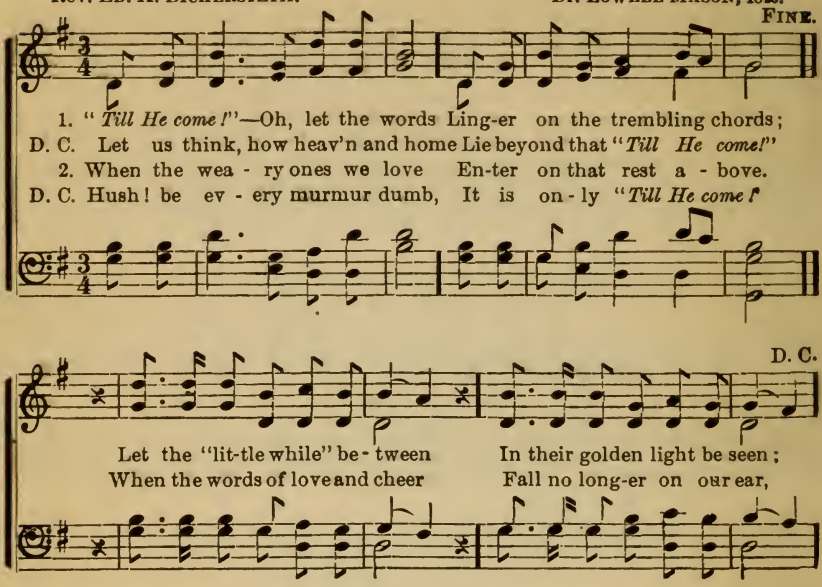
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bain and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 69. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

Rev. ED. H. BICKERSTETH. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1840.



3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss.
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

No. 70.

DENNIS S. M.
Key F.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice —
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

3 "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

ANON.

No. 71.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.
Key B♭.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes His sorrows, heals His wounds
And drives away His fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, My Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

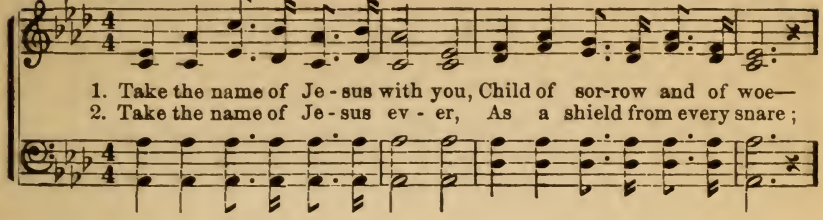
5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

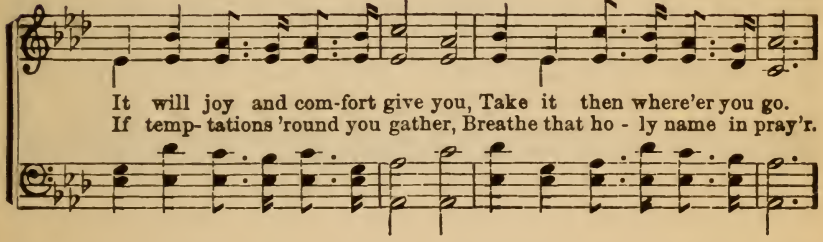
Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

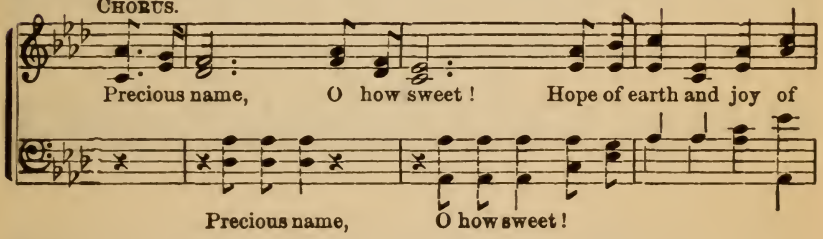
No. 72. The Precious Name.

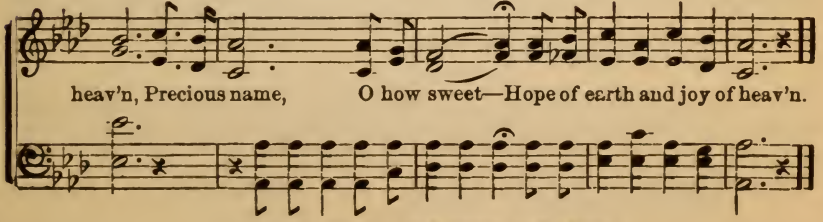
" And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—PSA. 72 : 19.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE, by per.









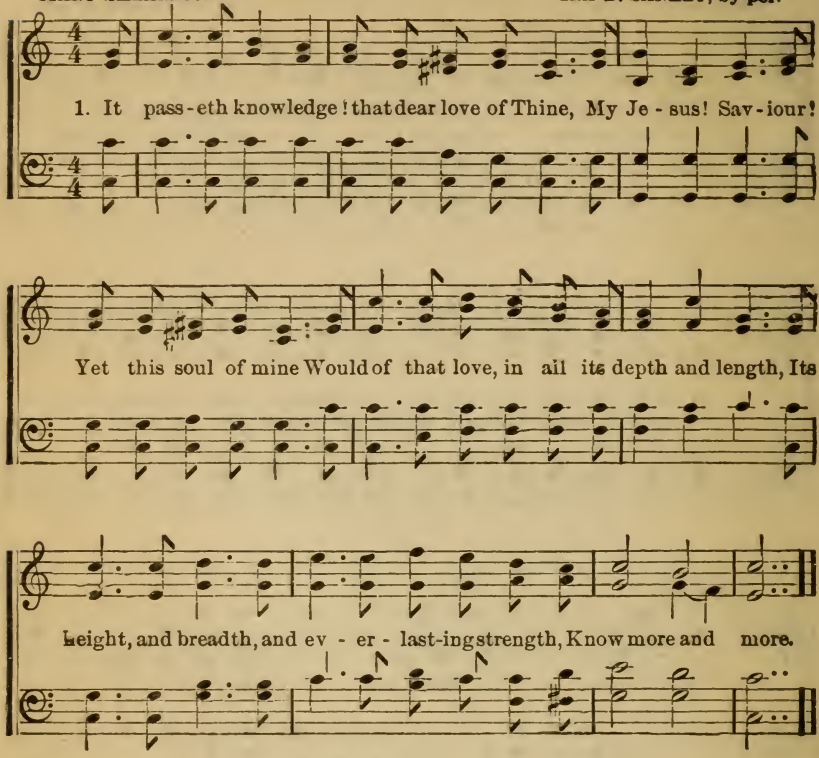
3 Oh ! the precious name of Jesus ;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ! *Cho.*

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete. *Cho.*

No. 73. "It Passeth Knowledge."

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. 3: 19.

MARY SHEKLETON IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2.

It passeth *telling!* that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3.

It passeth *praises!* that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.

4.

But, ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know
The fulness of that love whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring,
O Thou, who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5.

I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought,
Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
"*Thou lovest me!*"

6.

Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee!

7.

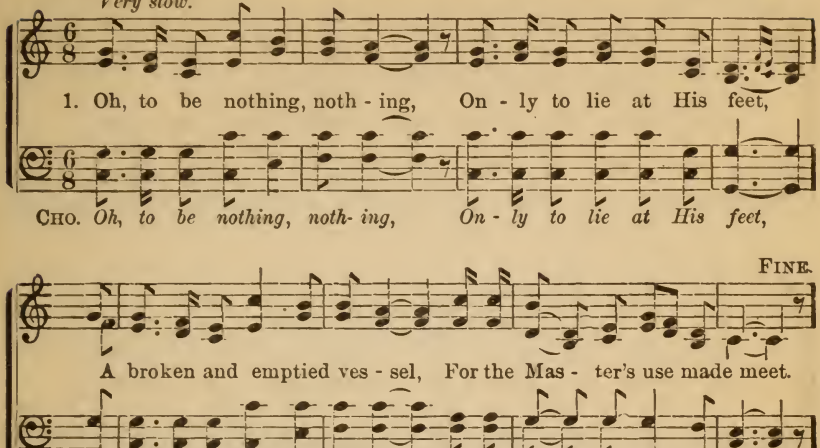
And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—
My soul shall sing.

No. 74. Oh, to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. 3: 7.

Georgiana M. Taylor, 1869. R. Geo. Halls. Arr. by P. P. Bliss.

Very slow.



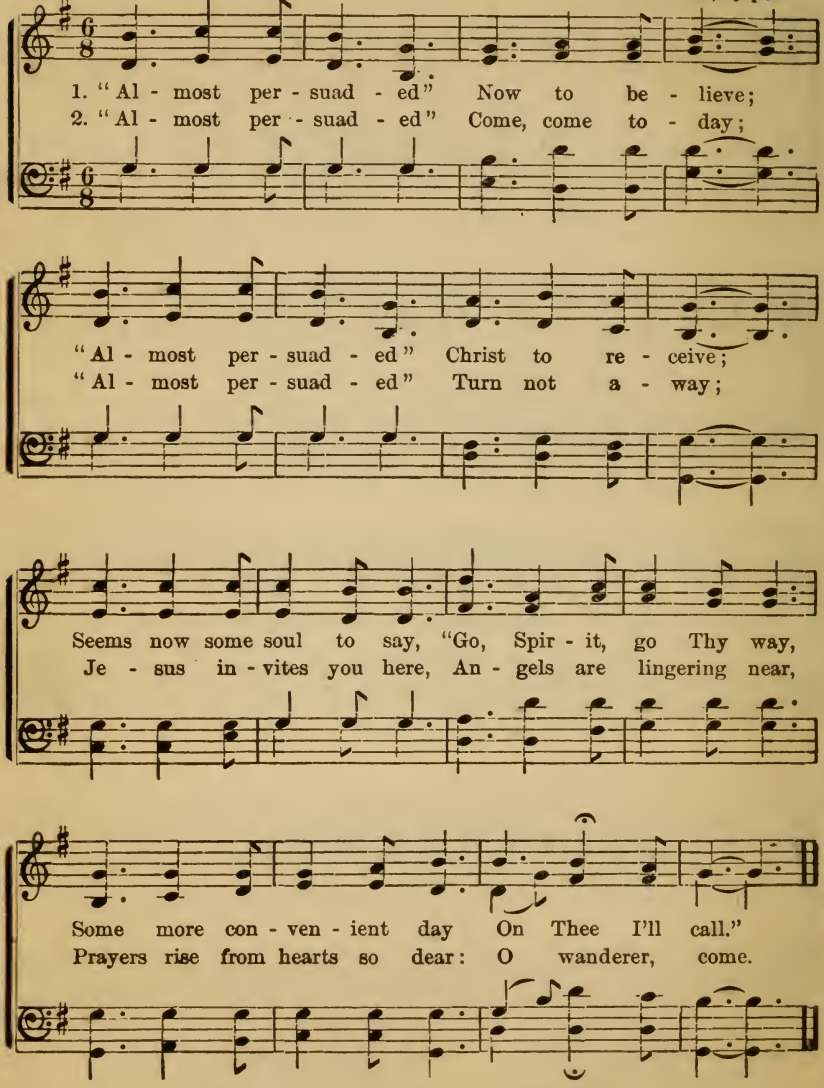
2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command,
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still. *Cho.*

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see
Rather be nothing, nothing,
To Him let our voices be raised,
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised. *Cho.*

No. 75. Almost Persuaded.

"Almost Thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

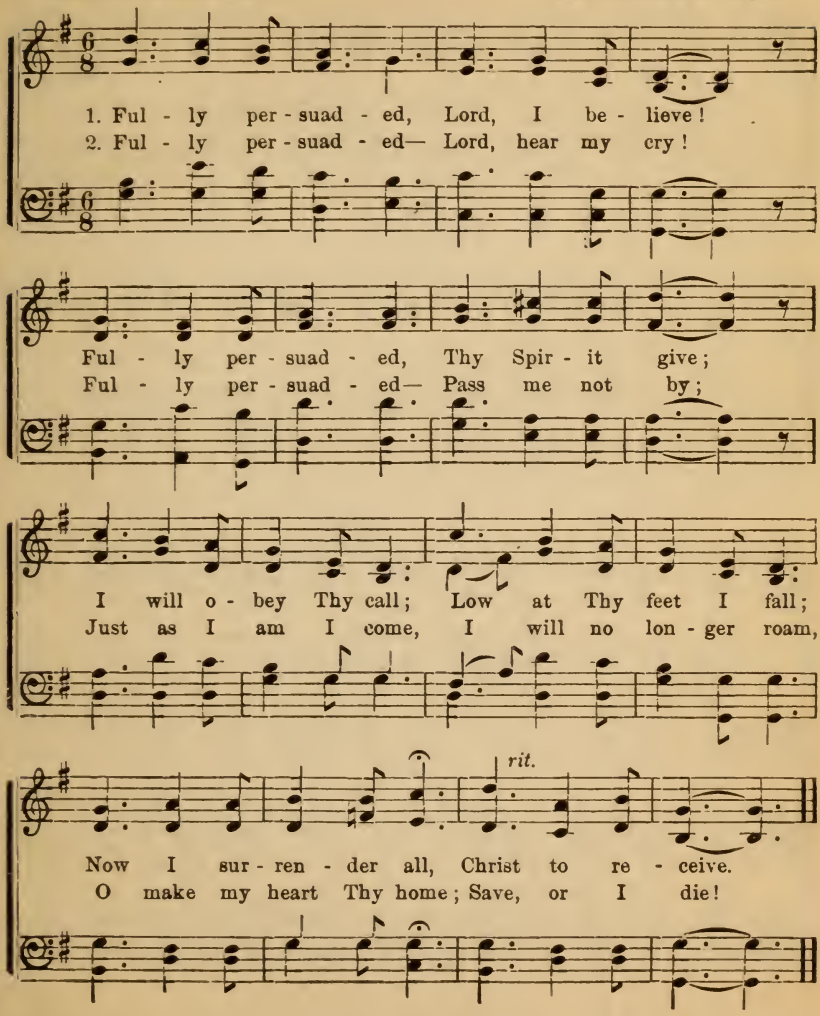


3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—*but lost!*"

No. 76. Fully Persuaded.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16 : 31.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.



3.

Fully persuaded, no more opprest,
Fully persuaded, now I am blest:
Jesus is now my Guide,
I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest!

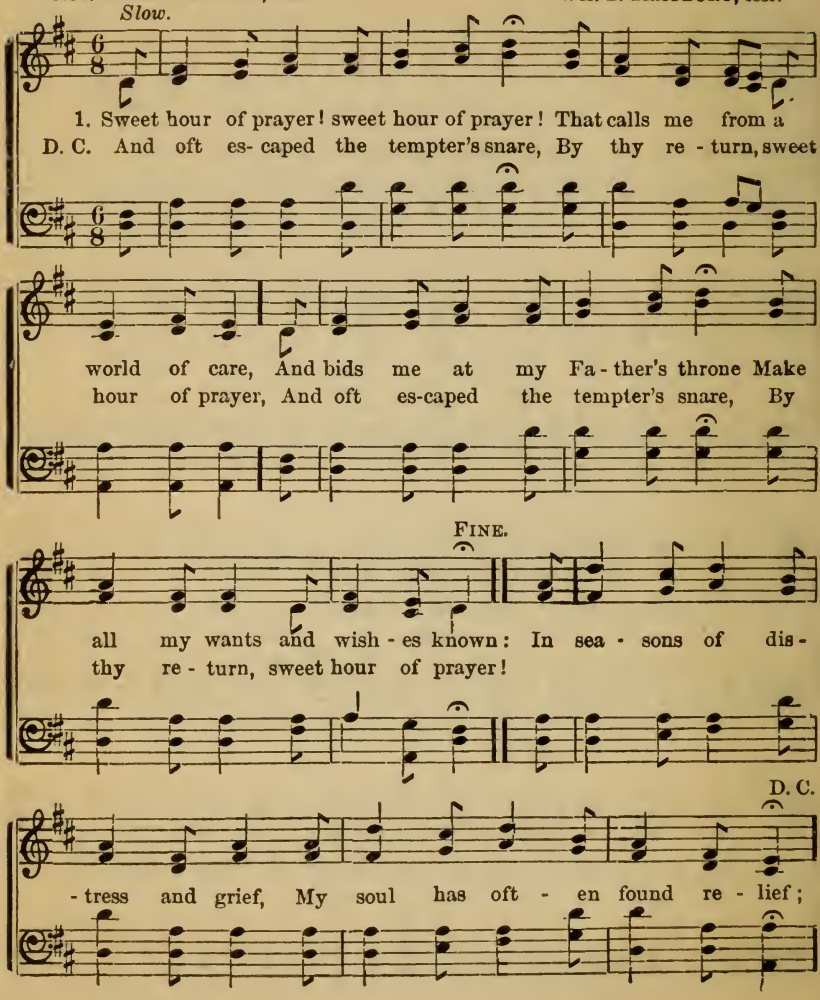
4.

Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!
O make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full and free,
Saviour divine!

No. 77. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALM 4 : 17.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1846. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.



2.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!:‖

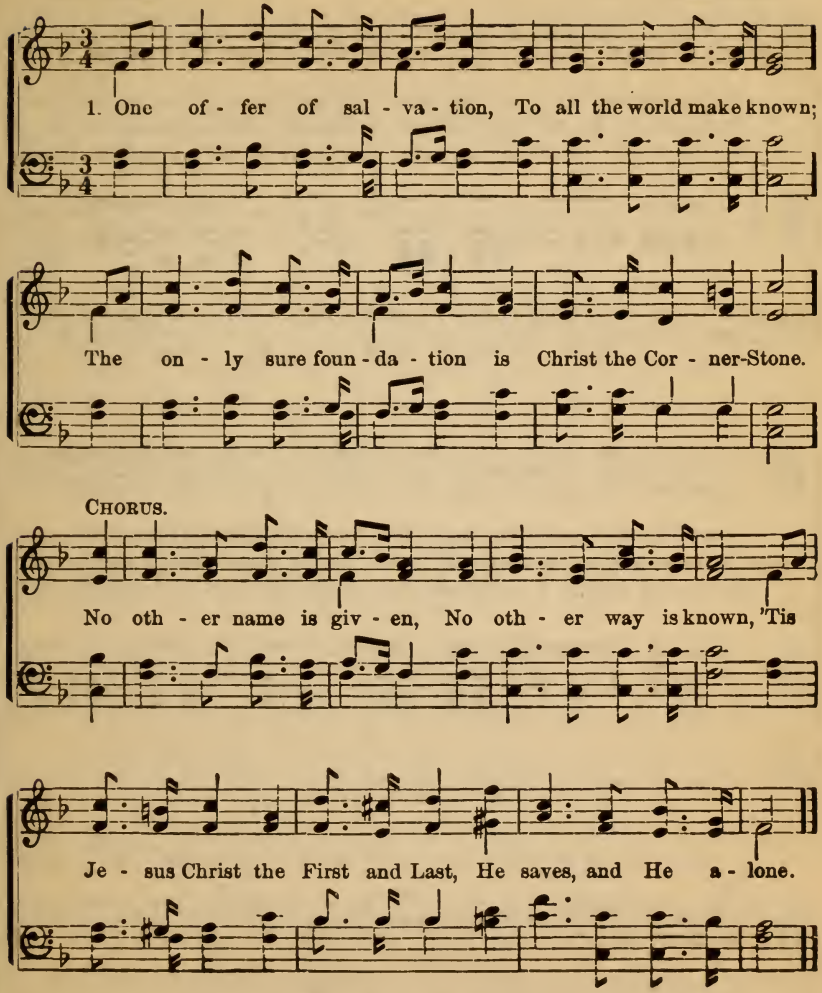
3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖:And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!:‖

No. 78. No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts 4: 12

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per



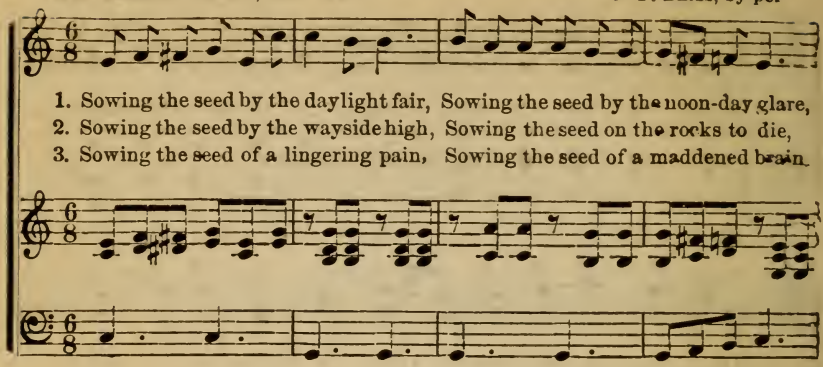
2 One only door of heaven
Stands open wide to-day,
One sacrifice is given,
'Tis Christ, the living way.—*Cho.*

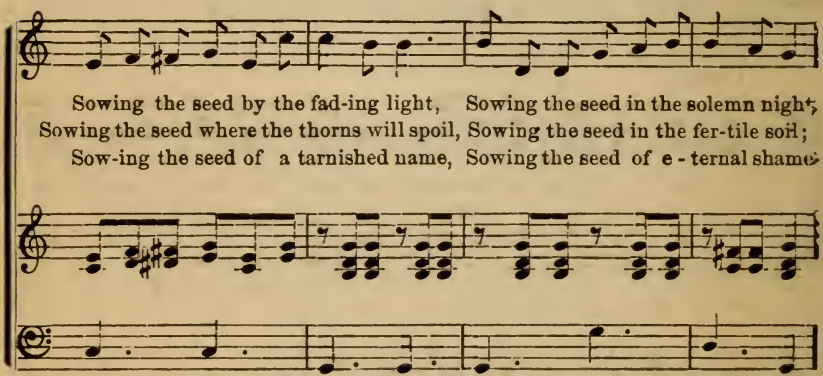
3 My only song and story
Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope of glory,
The Cross of Calvary.—*Cho.*

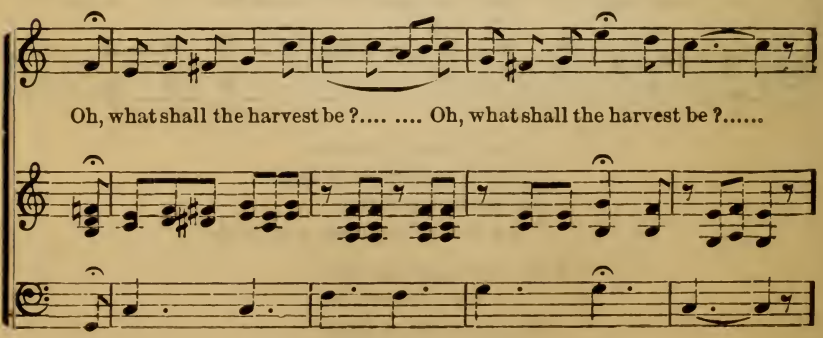
No. 79. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6.

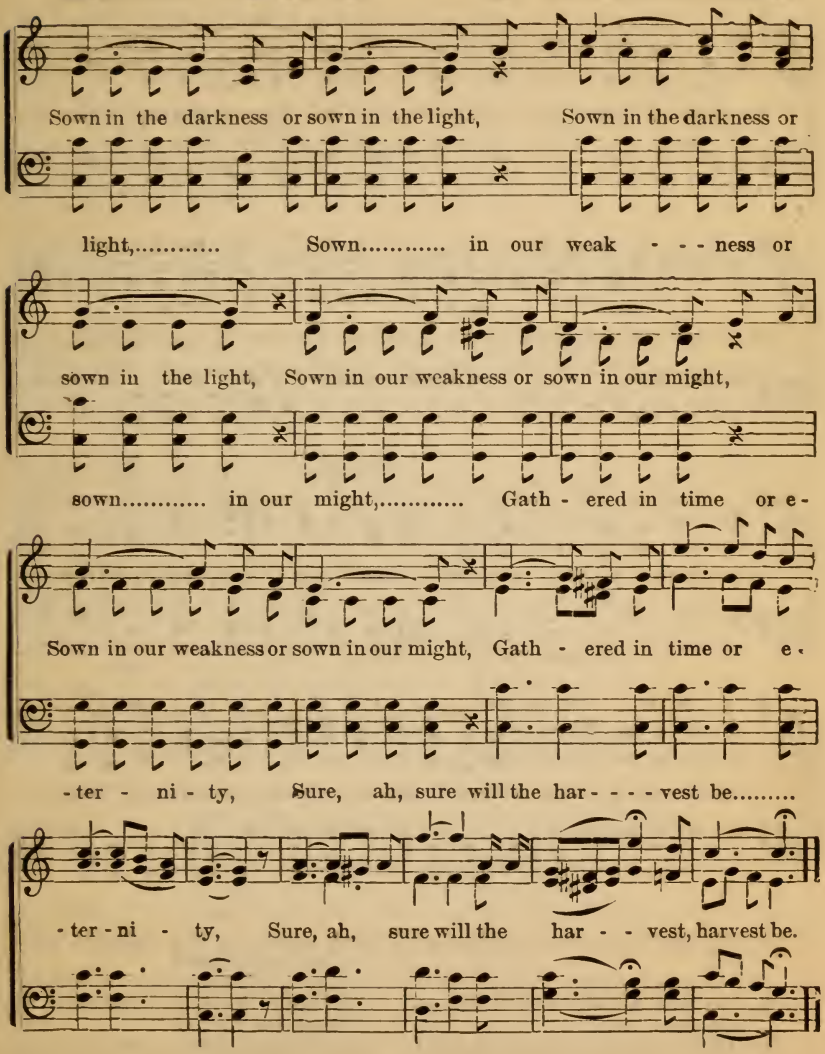
Mrs. EMILY S. OAKEY, 1850. *Alt.* P. P. BLISS, by per







What Shall the Harvest Be?—Concluded.

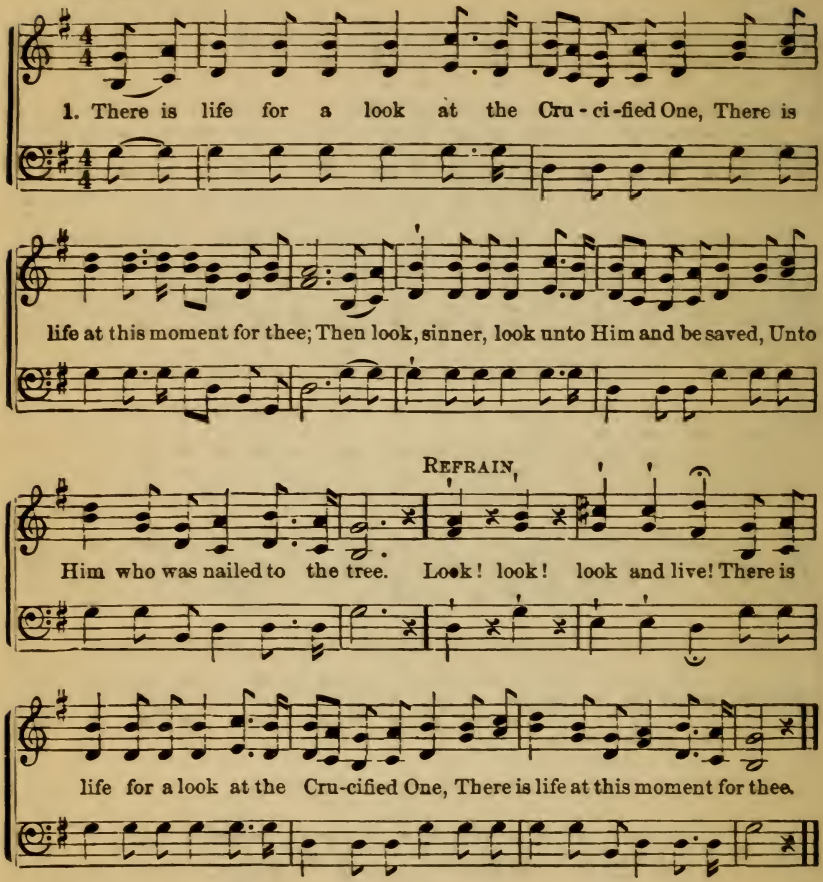


4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

No. 80. There is Life for a Look.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISAIAH 45. 22.

AMELIA M. HULL. Rev. E. G. TAYLOR, by per.



2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus thy righteousnes, lives.

No. 81. Yet There is Room.

"Yet there is room."—LUKE 14: 22.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1873. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow, with expression.



2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;

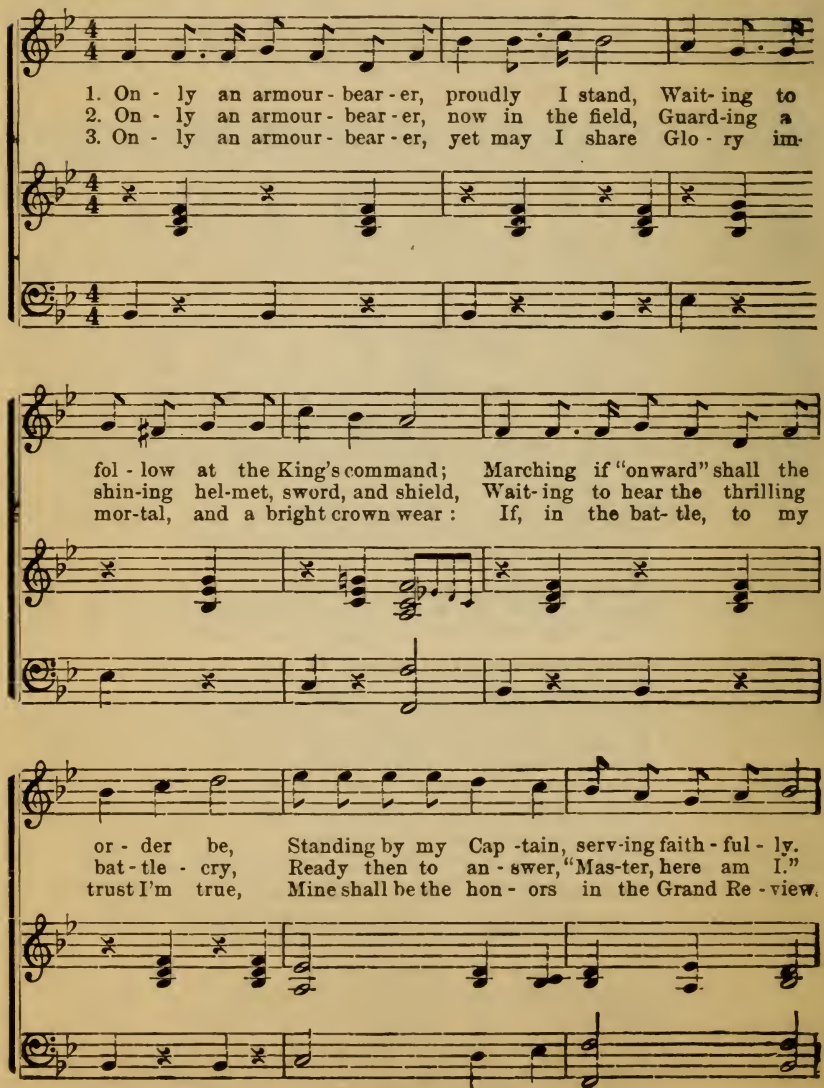
8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

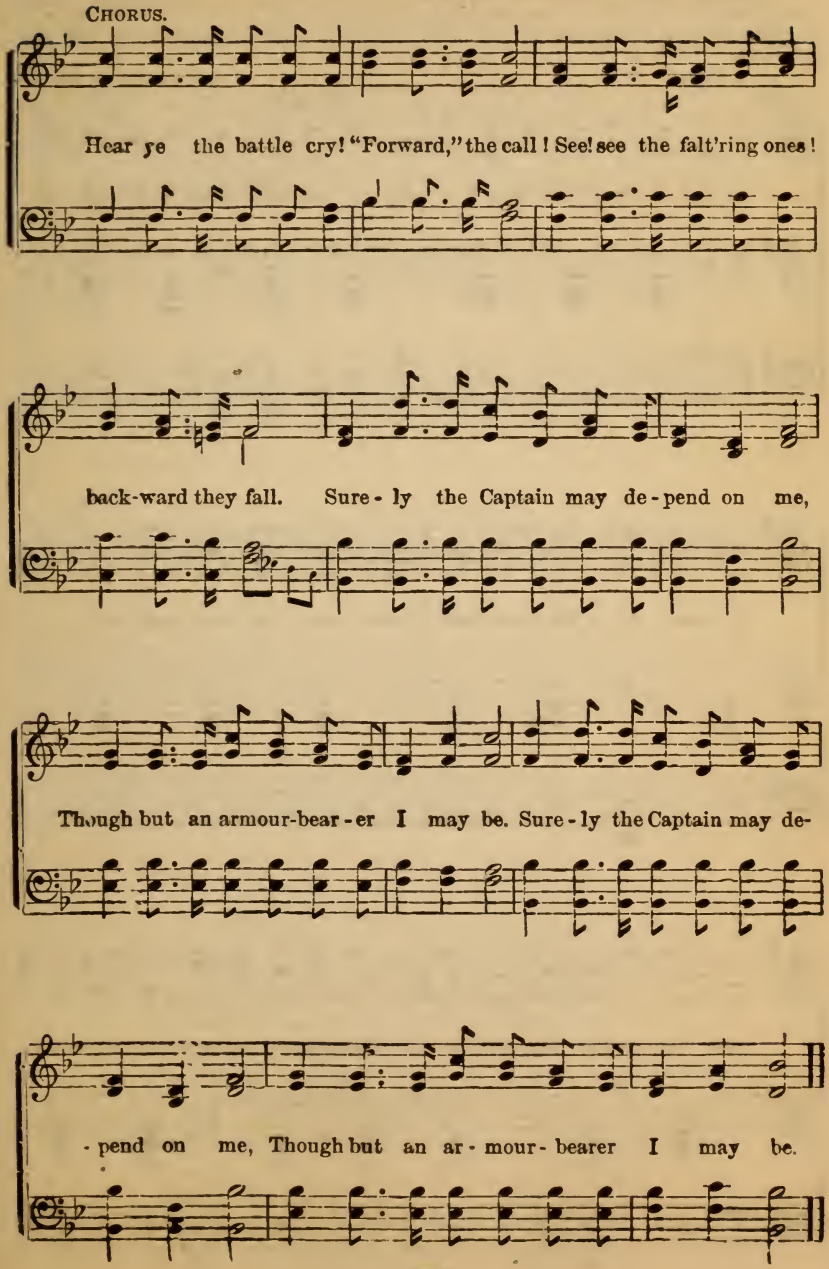
No. 82. Only an Armour-Bearer.

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that *is* on the other side; it may be that the LORD will work for us: for *there is* no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that *is* in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I *am* with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the LORD saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."—1 SAM. 14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



Only an Armour-Bearer.—Concluded.

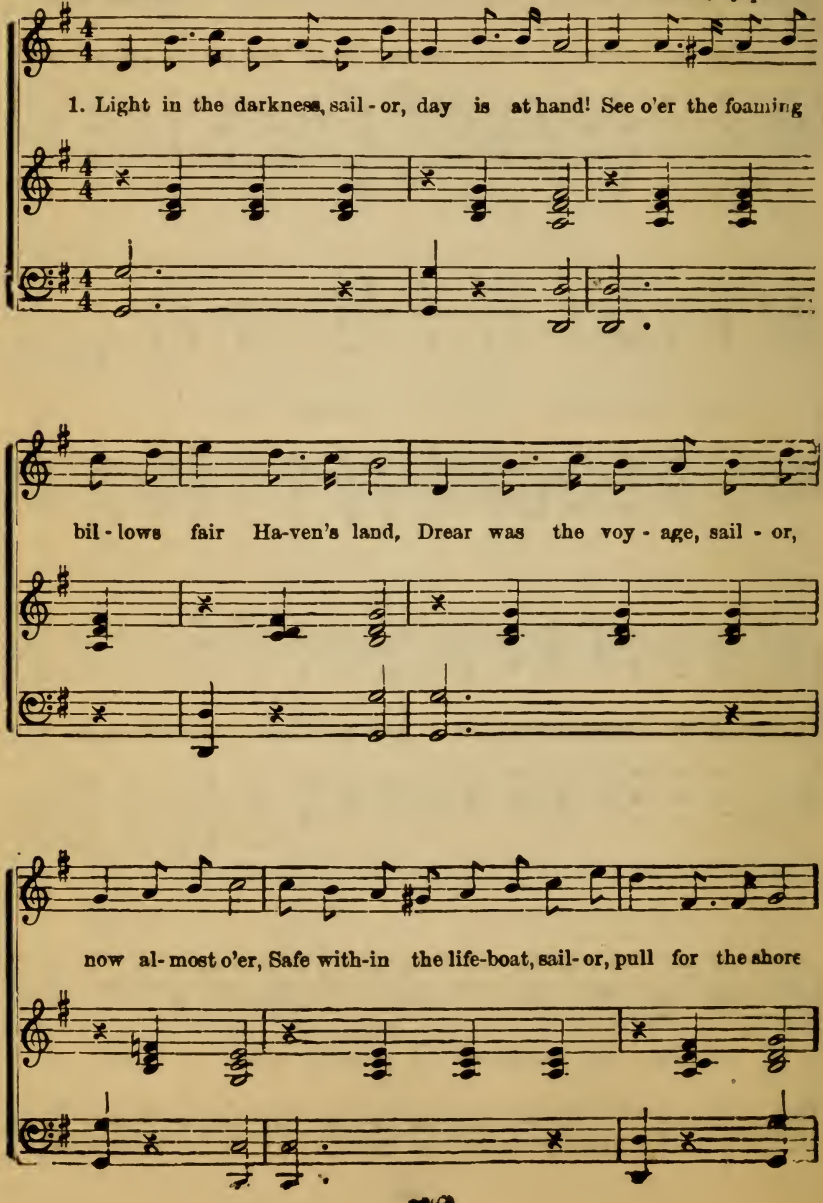


No. 83. Pull for the Shore.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become NEW."—2 COR. 5: 17.

"Therefore, my beloved, • • • work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—PHIL. 2: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



Pull for the Shore.—Concluded.



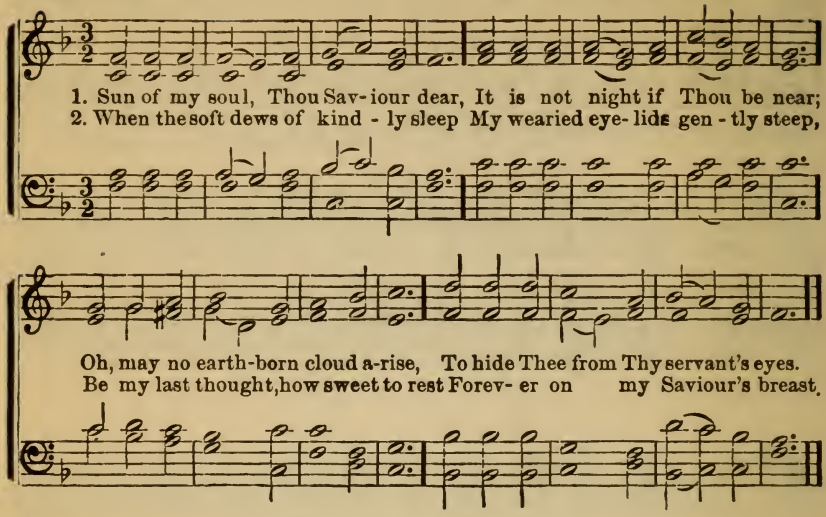
2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, &c.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, &c.

No. 84. Sun of My Soul.

"The Lord God is a sun."—PSA. 71: 11.

J. KEBLE, 1827. German. ARR. by W. H. MONK.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

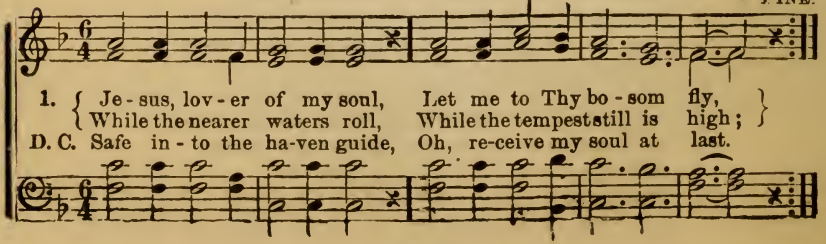
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 85. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—PSALM 9: 9.

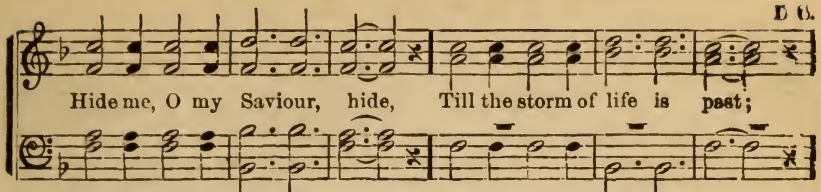
Rev. CH. WESLEY, 1740. SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.

FINE.



Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.

D. C.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace

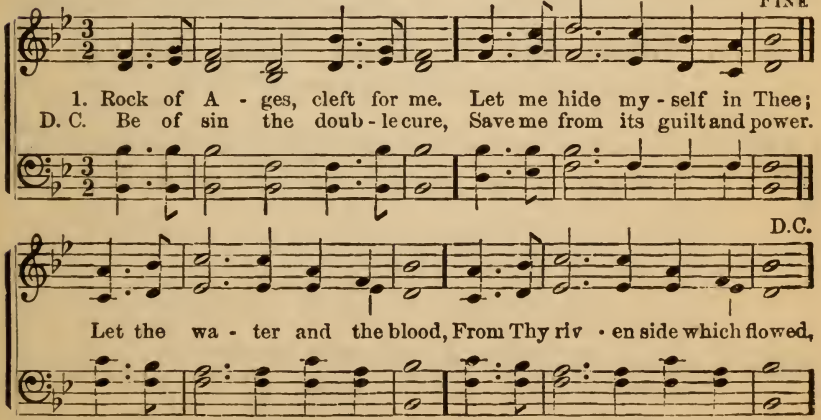
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 86. Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—PSA. XCII. 22.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1830.

FINE



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

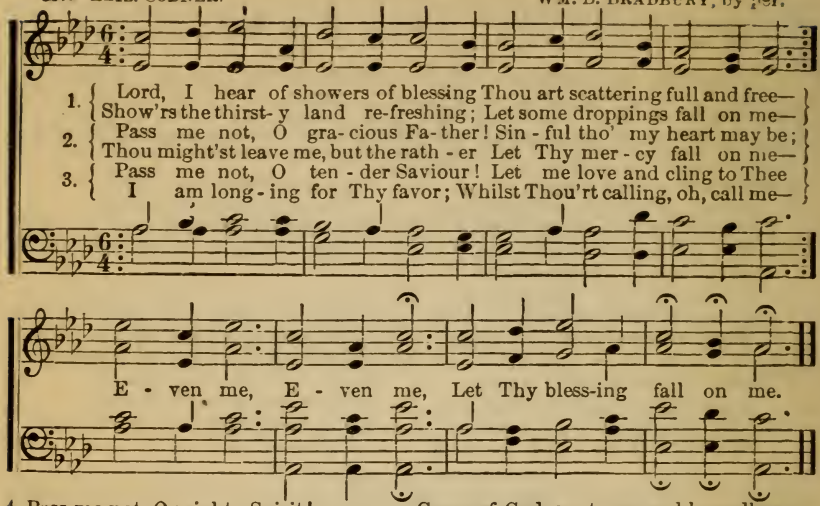
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 87. Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father." Gen. 27: 38

Mrs Eliz. Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.



4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit, [me.
Speak the word of power to me.—Even

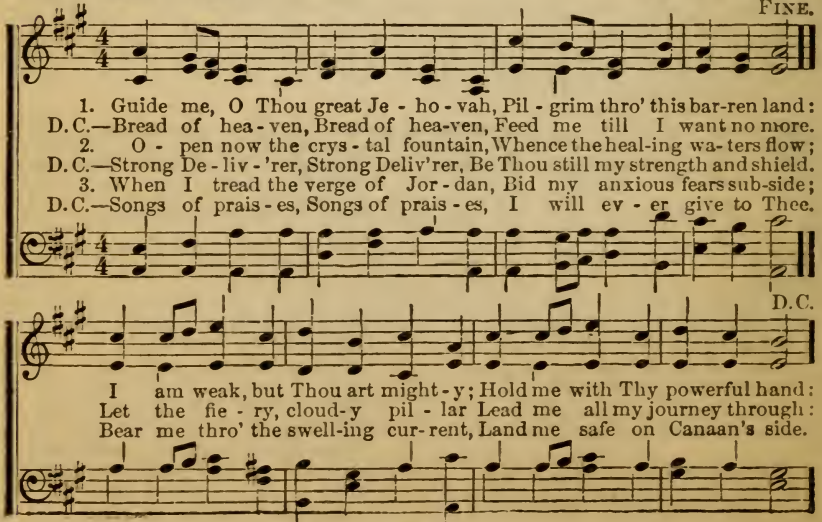
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.

No. 88. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

William Williams, 1771. Wm. L. Viner.



No. 89. Yield Not to Temptation.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10: 13.

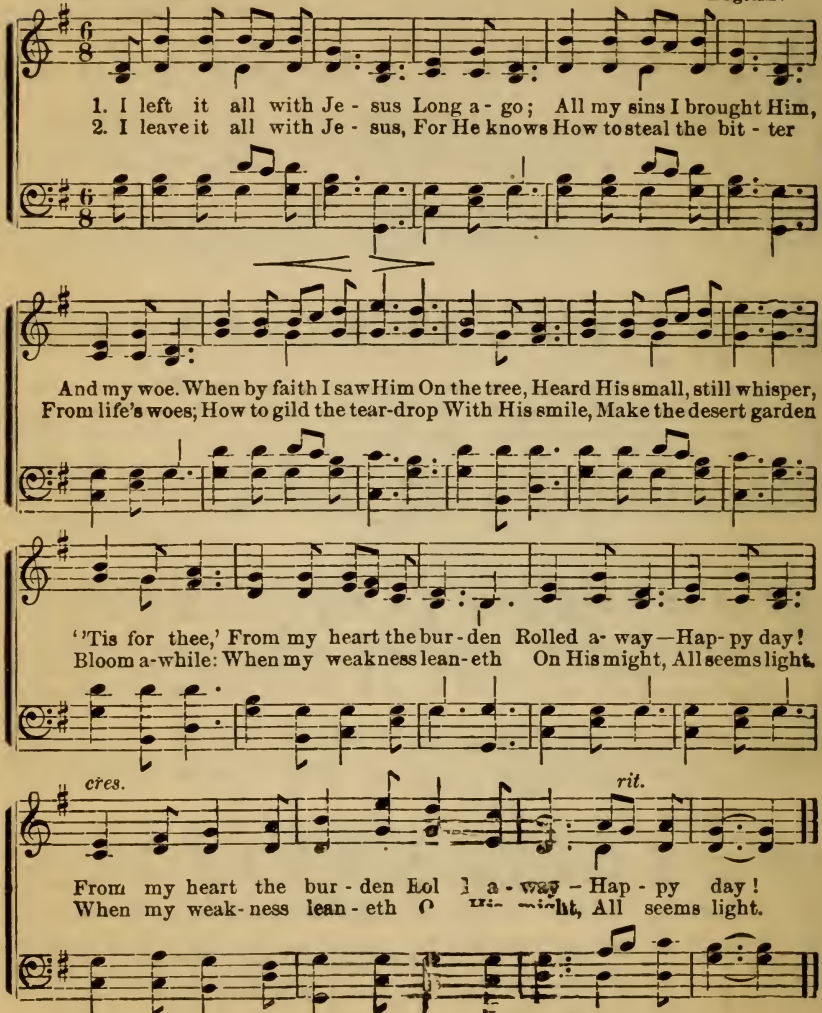
H. R. Palmer. H. R. Palmer by p. s.



No. 90. I Left it All with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 Peter 5 : 7

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. English.



3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!

No. 91. There is a Fountain.

"A Fountain opened for sin."—ZECH. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER, 1779. WESTERN MELODY.



3

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.—*Ref.*

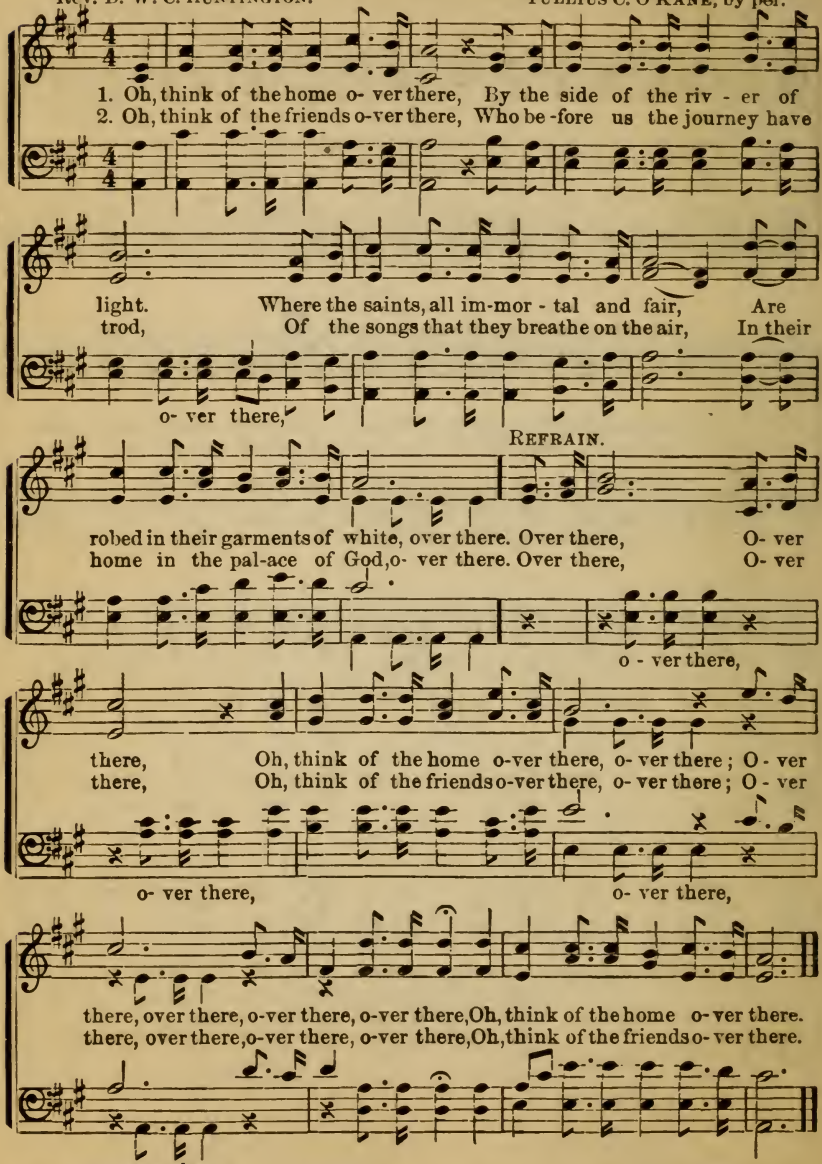
4

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.—*Ref.*

No. 92. The Home Over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM 55: 6.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.



3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

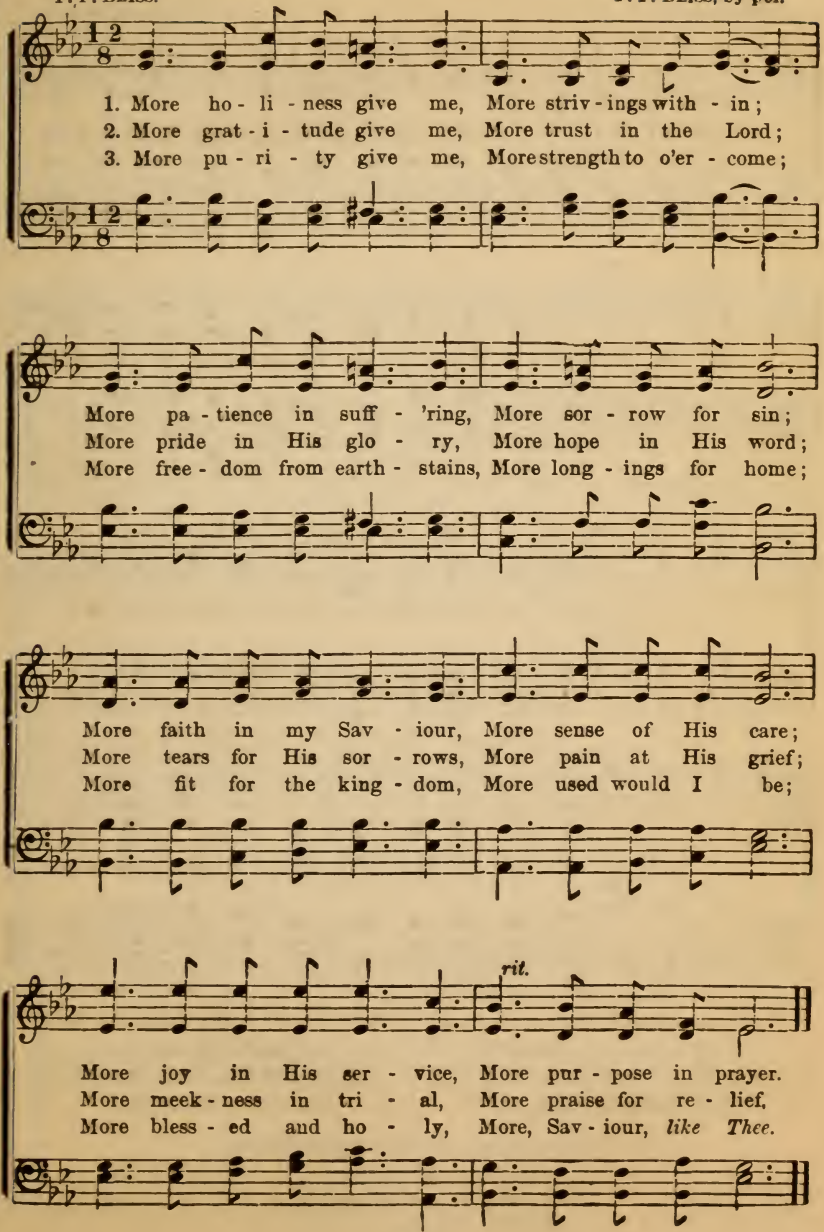
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 93.

My Prayer.

"Be ye therefore perfect."—MATT. 5: 48.

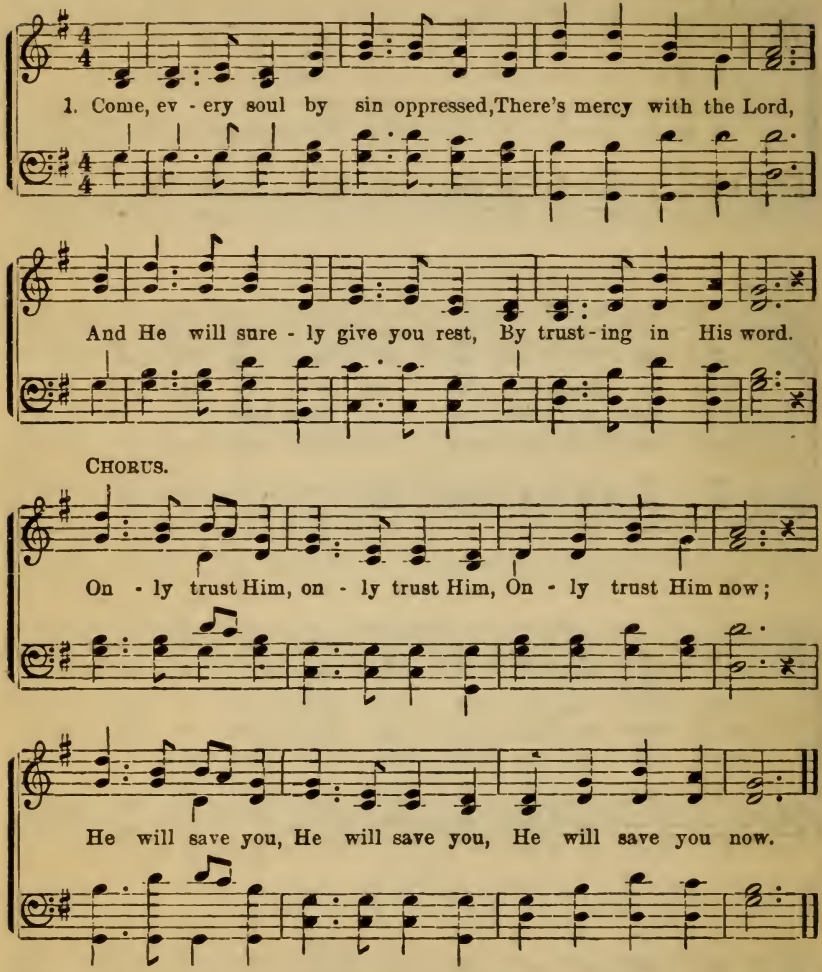
P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



No. 94. Only Trust Him.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. 11 : 29.

Rev. J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

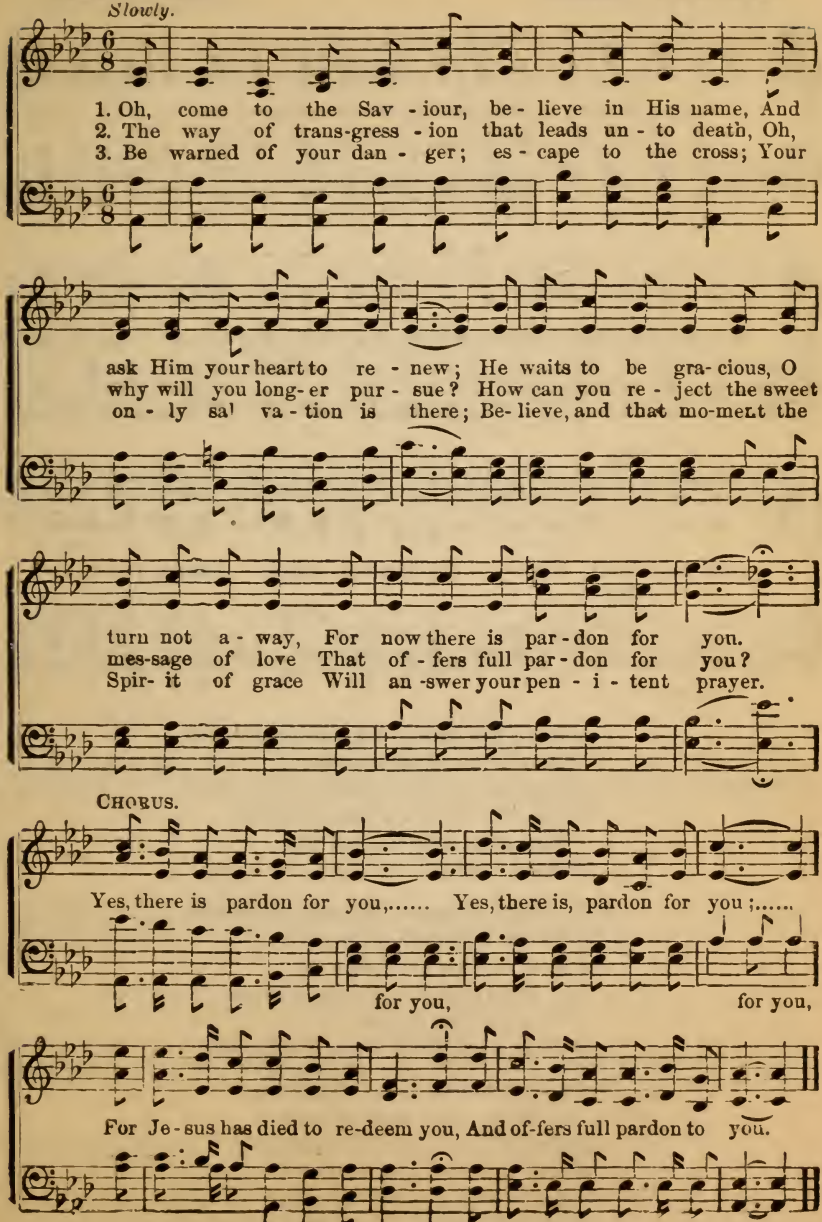
4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 95. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—ISA. 55: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN, by pe.

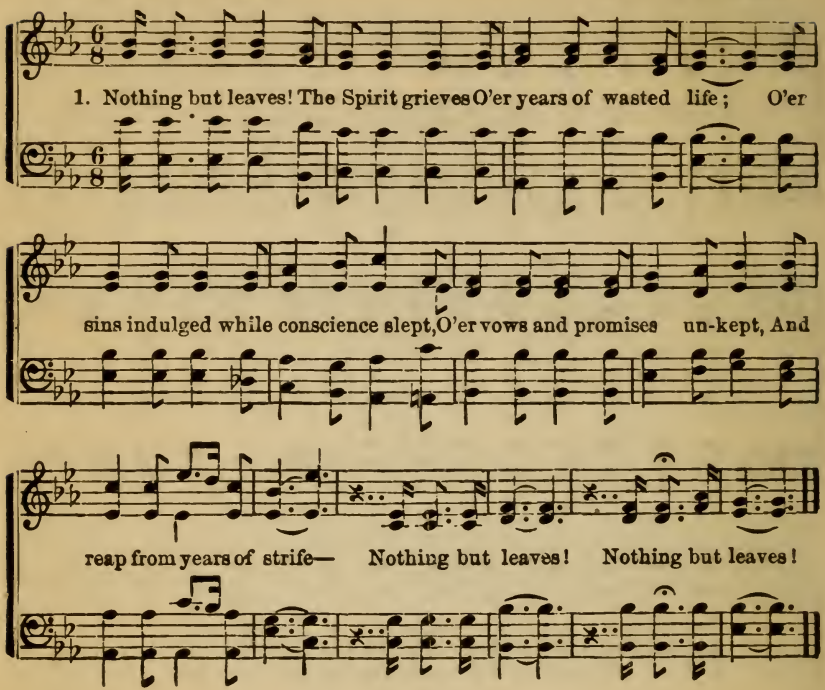
Slowly.



No. 96. Nothing but Leaves.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—MARK 11 13.

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN. SILAS J. VAIL, by per



2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves,
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves
No veil to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

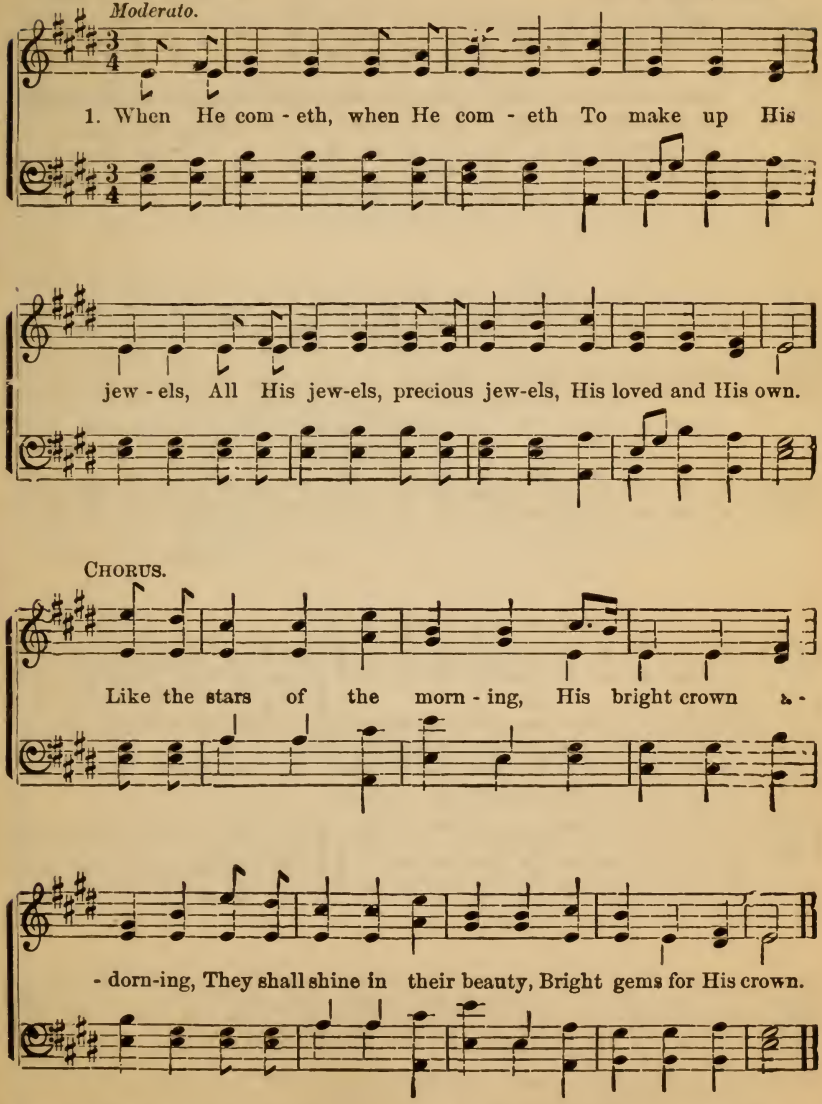
4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

No. 97. Jewels.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."—MALACHI 3: 17.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT, by per

Moderato.



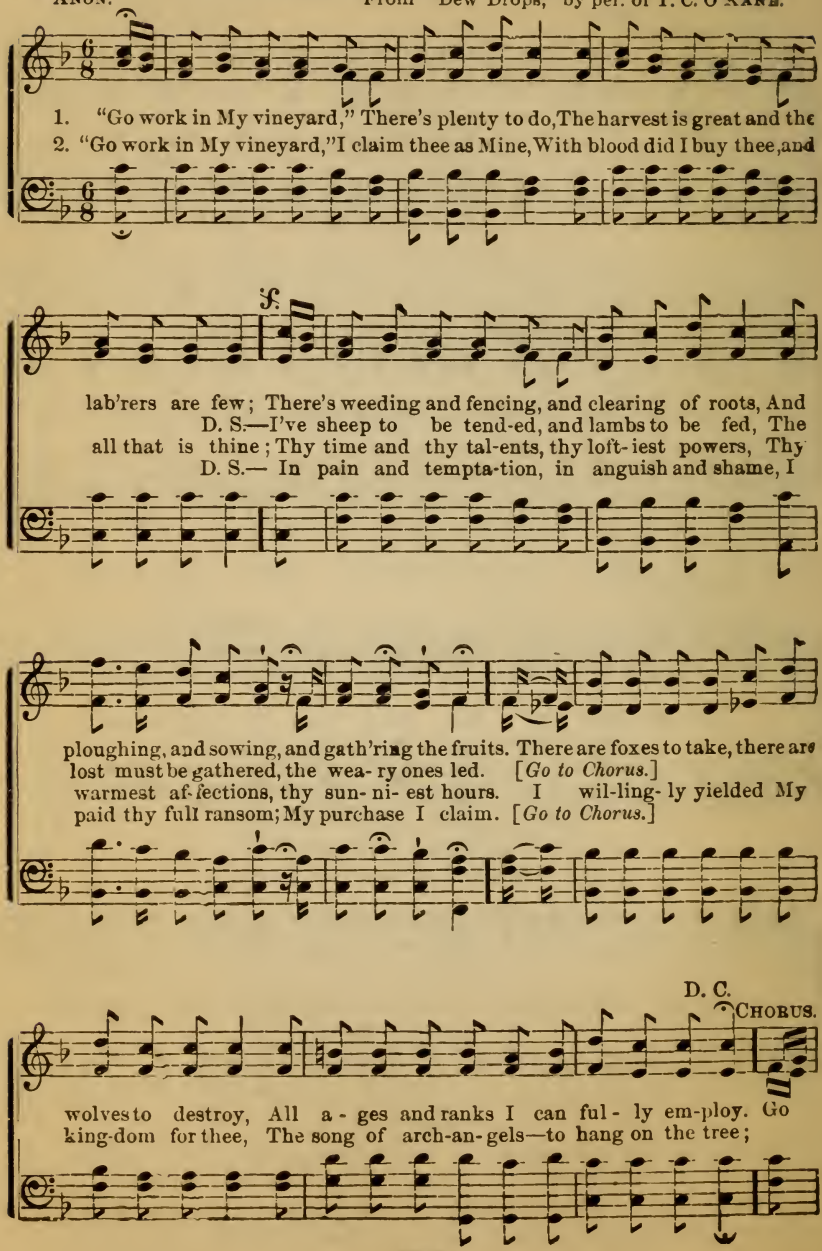
2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom:
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.—*Cho.*

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.—*Cho.*

No. 98. Go Work in My Vineyard.

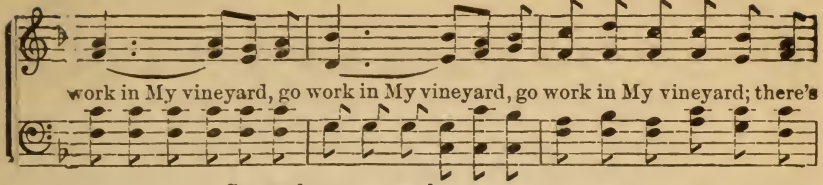
"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.

ANON. From "Dew Drops," by per. of T. C. O'KANE.



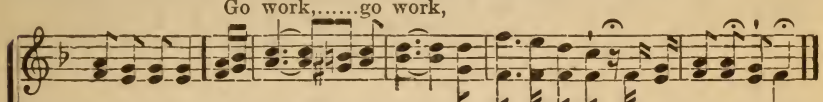
Go Work in My Vineyard.—Concluded.

work,..... go work,.....

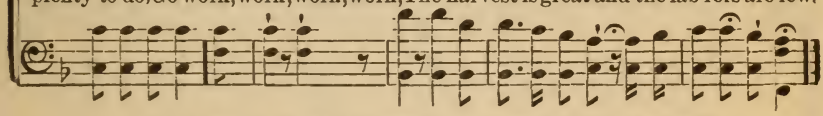


work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard; there's

Go work,.....go work,



plenty to do, Go work, work, work, work, The harvest is great and the lab'rers are few.

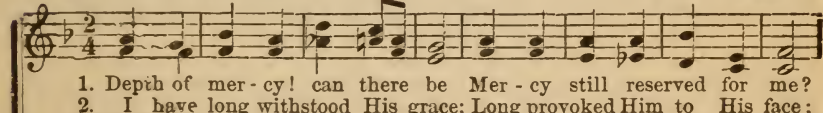


3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

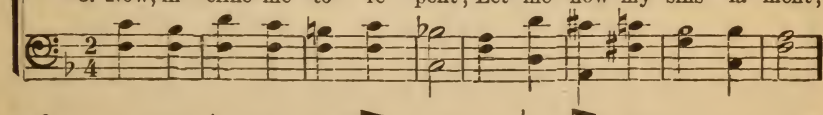
No. 99. Seymour. 7s.

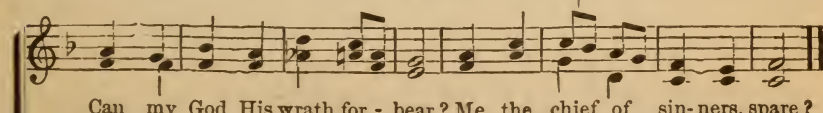
"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740. C. M. VON WEBER.

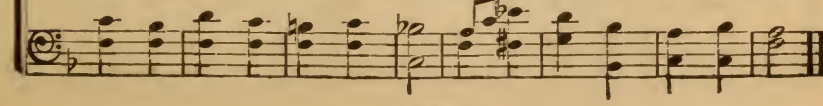


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now, in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;





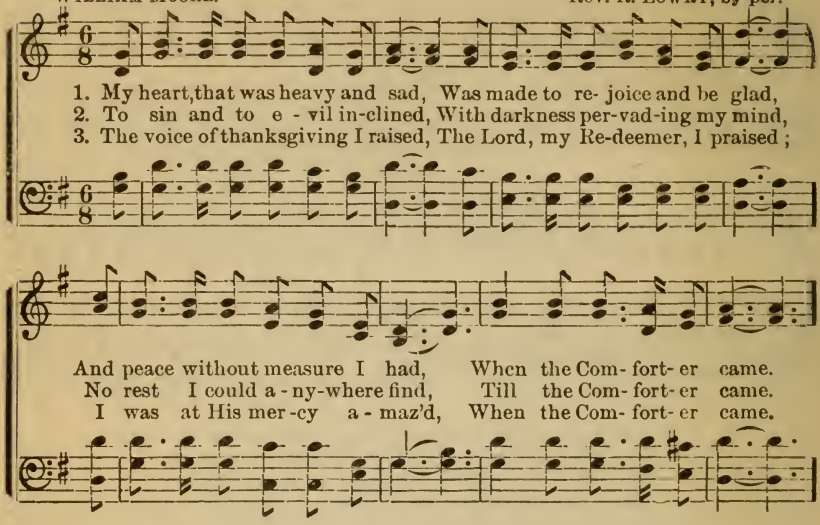
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.



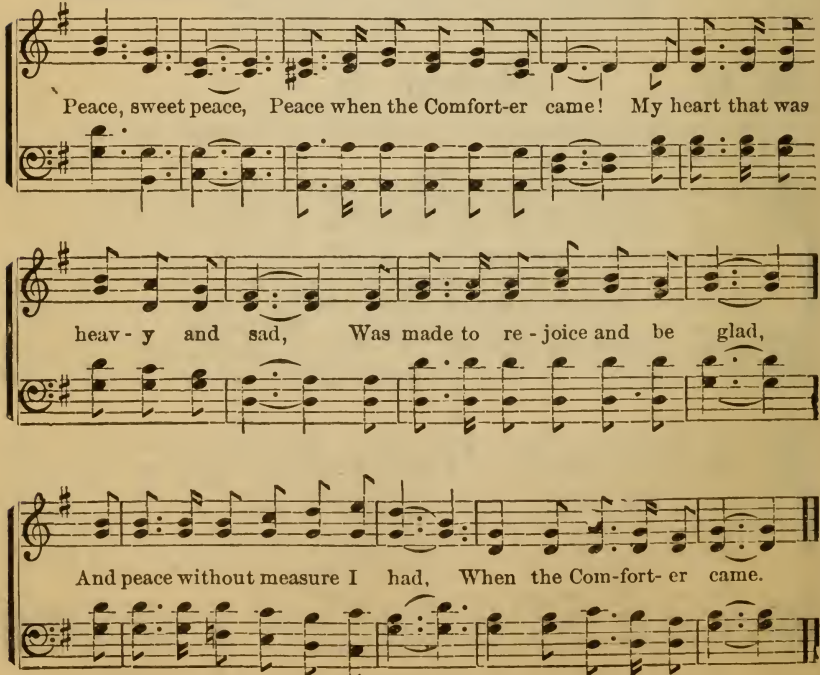
No. 100. When the Comforter Came.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—JOHN 14 : 16.

WILLIAM MOORE. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

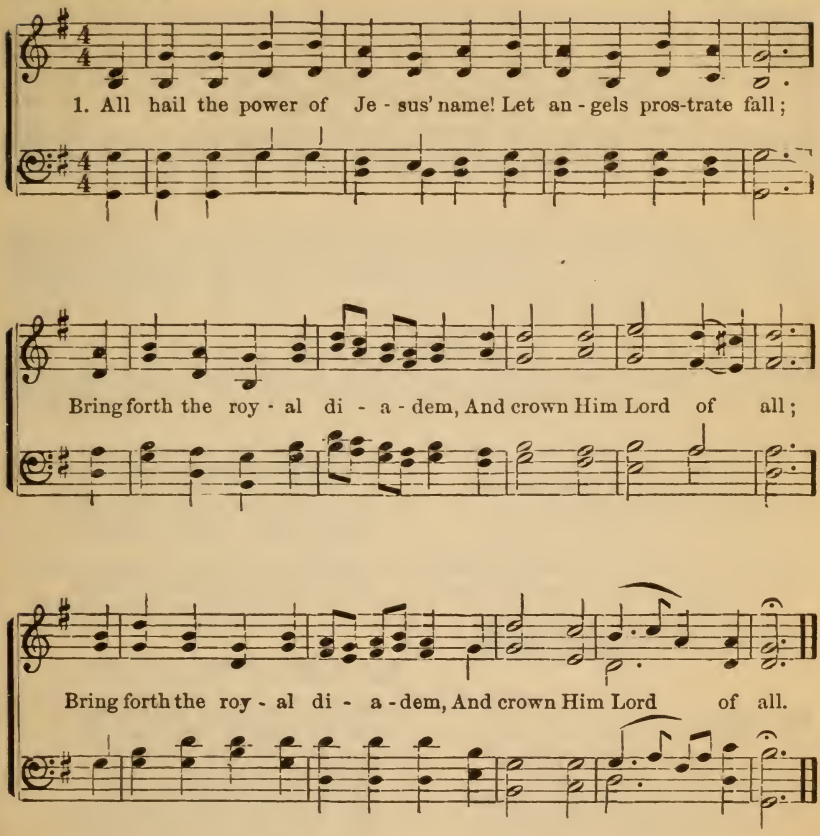


REFRAIN.



No. 101. Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780. O. HOLDEN, 1793.



2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 102.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

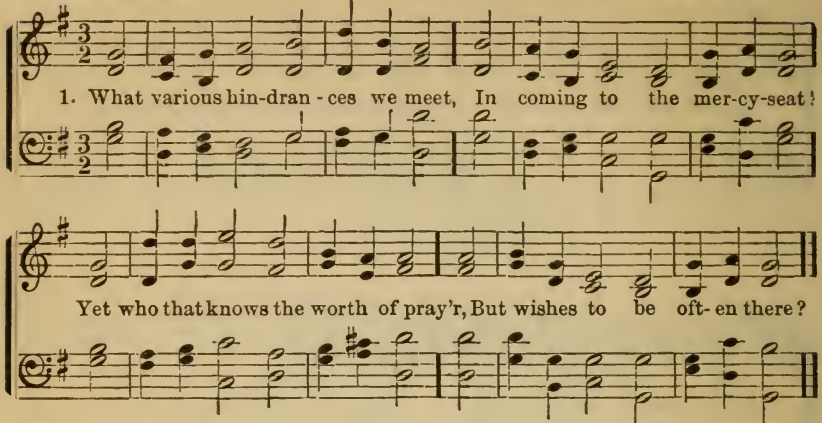
3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean
His blood avail'd for me.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

No. 103. Rockingham. L. M.

WM. COWPER, 1779. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

No. 104. L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine;
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 105. RETREAT. L. M. Key C.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL, 1827.

No. 106. BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines. Key F.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of His own hands.
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

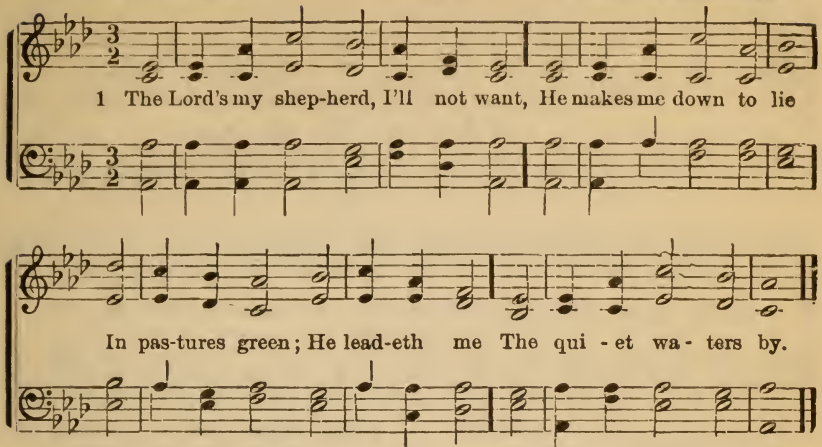
2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Rev. C. WESLEY, 1742.

No. 107. Evan. C. M.

"Rouse's Version," 1643. PSALM 23. WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.



2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

No. 108. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. W. H. BATHURST, 1831.

No. 109. AZMON. C. M. Key A.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 110. ANTIOCH. Key E♭.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

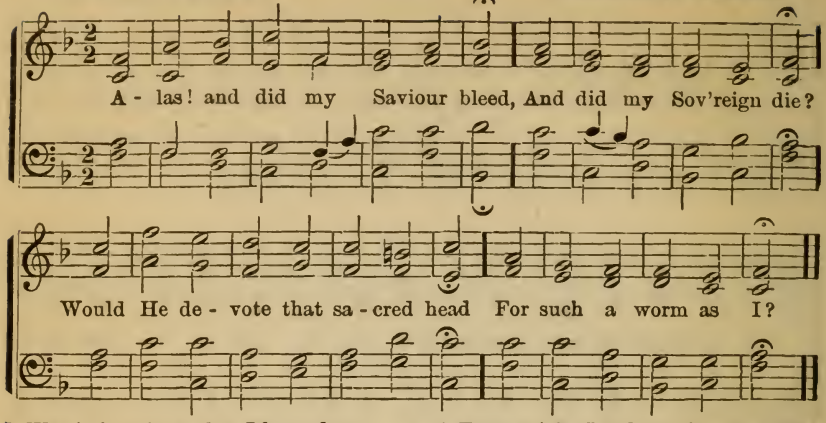
2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1719.

No. 111. Dundee. C. M.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. Guillaume Franc, 1543



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

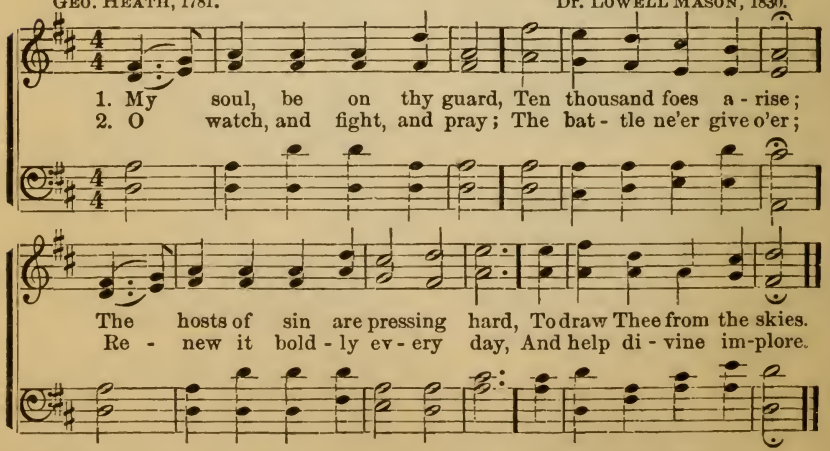
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 112. Laban. S. M.

Geo. Heath, 1781. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1830.

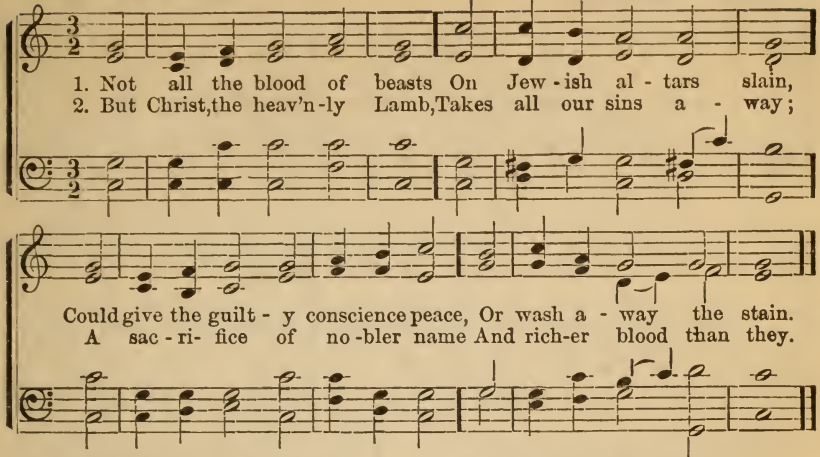


3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 113. Boylston. S. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

No. 114. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. From H. G. NAGELI.

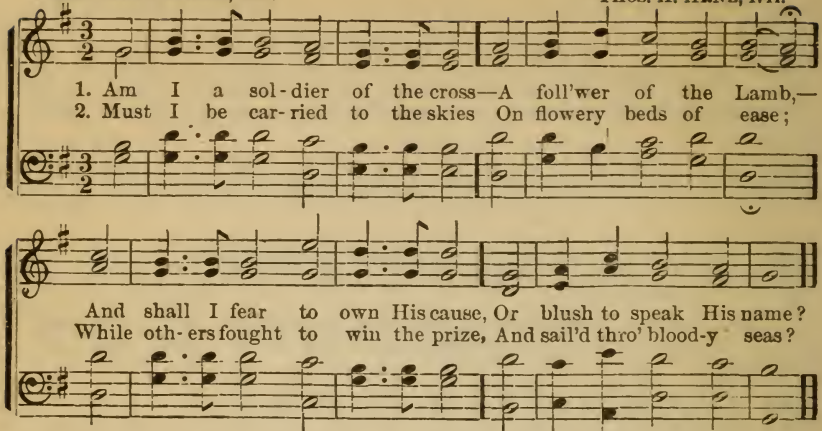


3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 115. Arlington. C. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1720. THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.

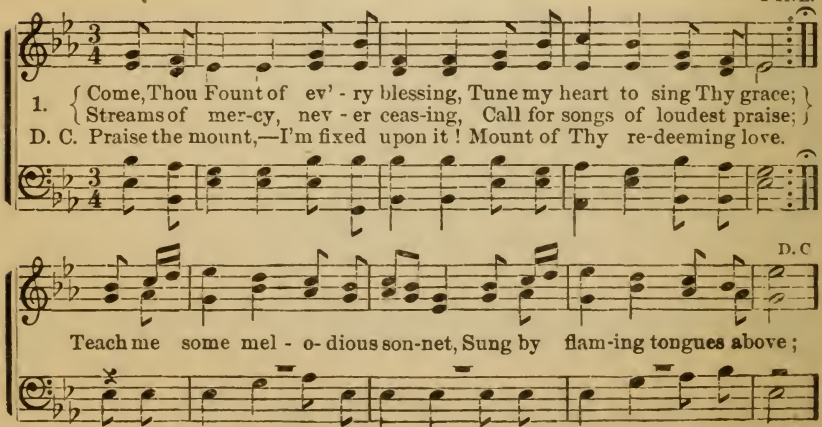


3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 116. Nettleton. 8s & 7s.

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1758. Old Melody, 1812.

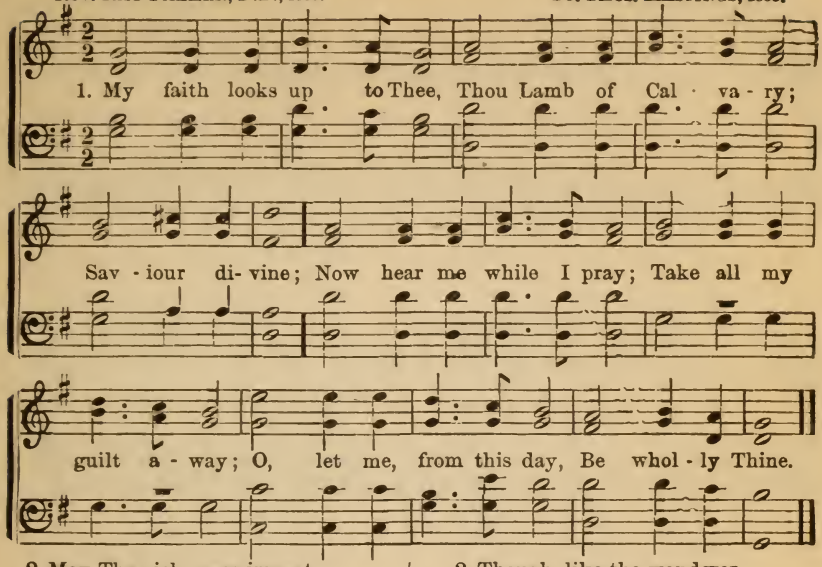


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 117. New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D., 1830. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1833.



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

No. 118. BETHANY. 6s & 4s. Key G.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

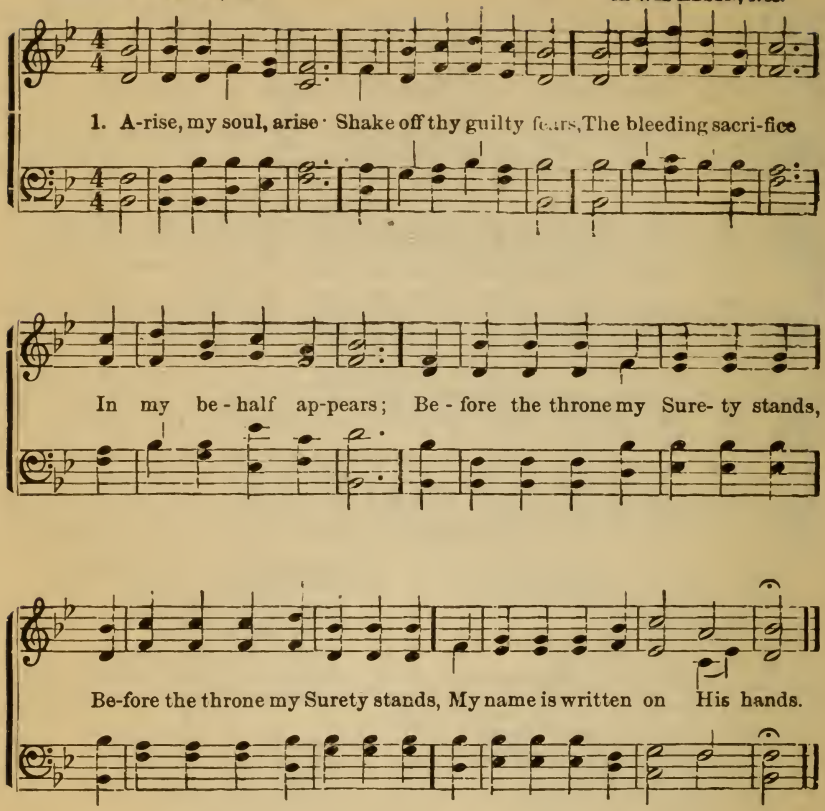
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

No. 119. Lenox. 6s & 8s.

Rev. CH. WESLEY, 1742. LEWIS EDSON, 1782.



2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 120. "YOUR MISSION." Key F.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all; [ties
With your prayers and with your boun-
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach; [herd,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

Rev. DAN'L. MARCH, 1869.

No. 121.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.
Key B♭.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr., 1858

No. 122.

TUNE—WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.
Key F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER, 1868

No. 123.

EVAN. C. M.
Key A♭.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

Rev. H. BONAR, 1857

No. 124. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key Eb.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

No. 125. 40th PSALM. C. M.

1 I waited for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

SCOTCH VERSION.

No. 126. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4. Key Eb.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us
For our use Thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY THRUPP, 1836.

No. 127. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. Key D.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam;
This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Rev. Jos. Hart, 1759.

No. 128. MARLOW. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I. Watts, 1709

No. 129. HE LOVED ME.

(*Tune on page 23.*)

1 Once I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.
Cho.—And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave himself for me?"

2 Oh height I cannot reach,
Oh depth I cannot sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!
Cho.—And can it be, &c.

3 Oh cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.
Cho.—And can it be, &c.

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.
Cho.—And can it be, &c.

Rev. A. T. Pierson

No. 130. THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. P. M. Key C.

1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request,
Cho.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
CHO.—There is rest, &c.

3 Sing, O sing ye, heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
CHO.—There is rest, &c.

Rev. SAM'L Y. HARMER, 1856.

No. 131. BOYLSTON. S. M. Key C.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Rev. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

No. 132. COME TO JESUS. Key F.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

3 He is able, He is able,
He is able just now;
Just now He is able,
He is able just now.

4 He is willing, He is willing,
He is willing just now;
Just now He is willing,
He is willing just now.

5 He is waiting, He is waiting,
He is waiting just now;
Just now He is waiting,
He is waiting just now,

6 He will hear you, He will hear you,
He will hear you just now;
Just now He will hear you,
He will hear you just now.

7 He will cleanse you, He will cleanse you,
He will cleanse you just now;
Just now He will cleanse you,
He will cleanse you just now.

8 He'll renew you, He'll renew you,
He'll renew you just now;
Just now He'll renew you,
He'll renew you just now.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you trust Him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

ENGLISH.

No. 133. HAPPY DAY. L. M. Key G.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
CHO.—Happy day, &c.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possesed.
CHO.—Happy day, &c.

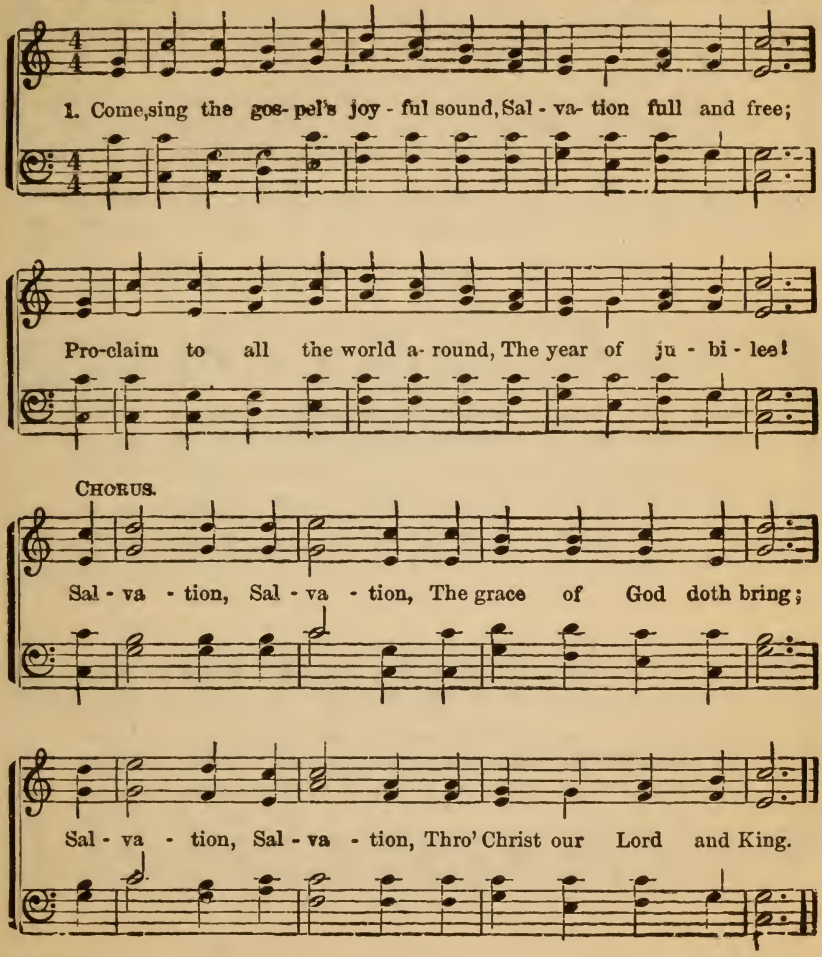
4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
CHO.—Happy day, &c.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., 1755

No. 134. Salvation.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared.—Titus 2: 11.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



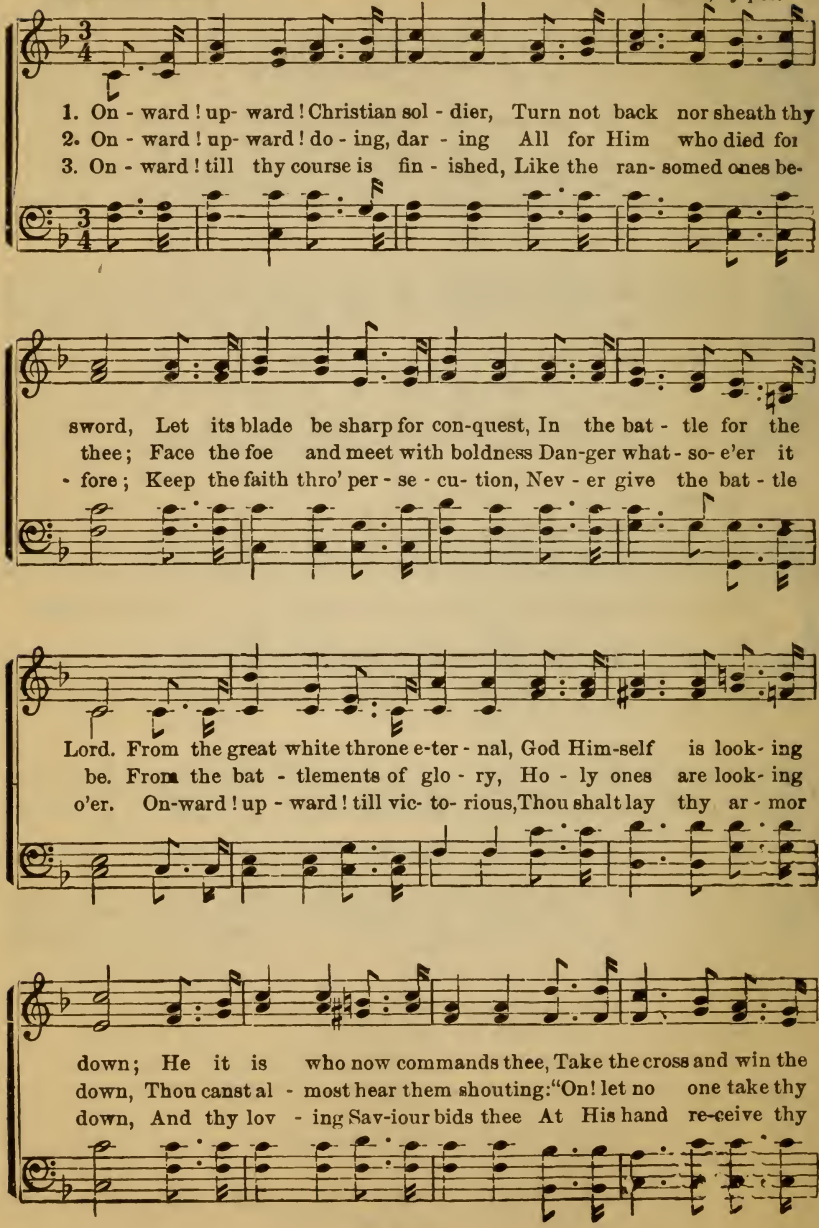
2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free!—*Cho.*

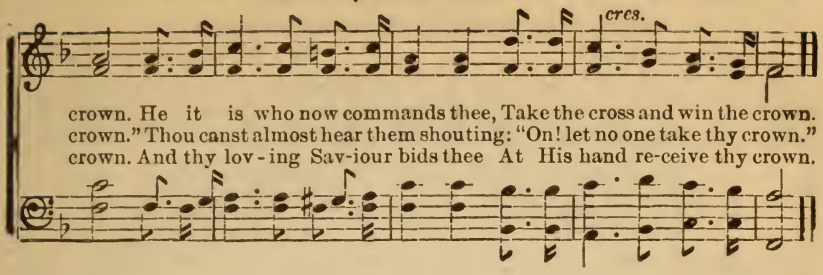
3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above.—*Cho.*

No. 135. Onward, Upward.

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey, by per.





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No. 136. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Continue ye in my love."—JOHN 15: 9.

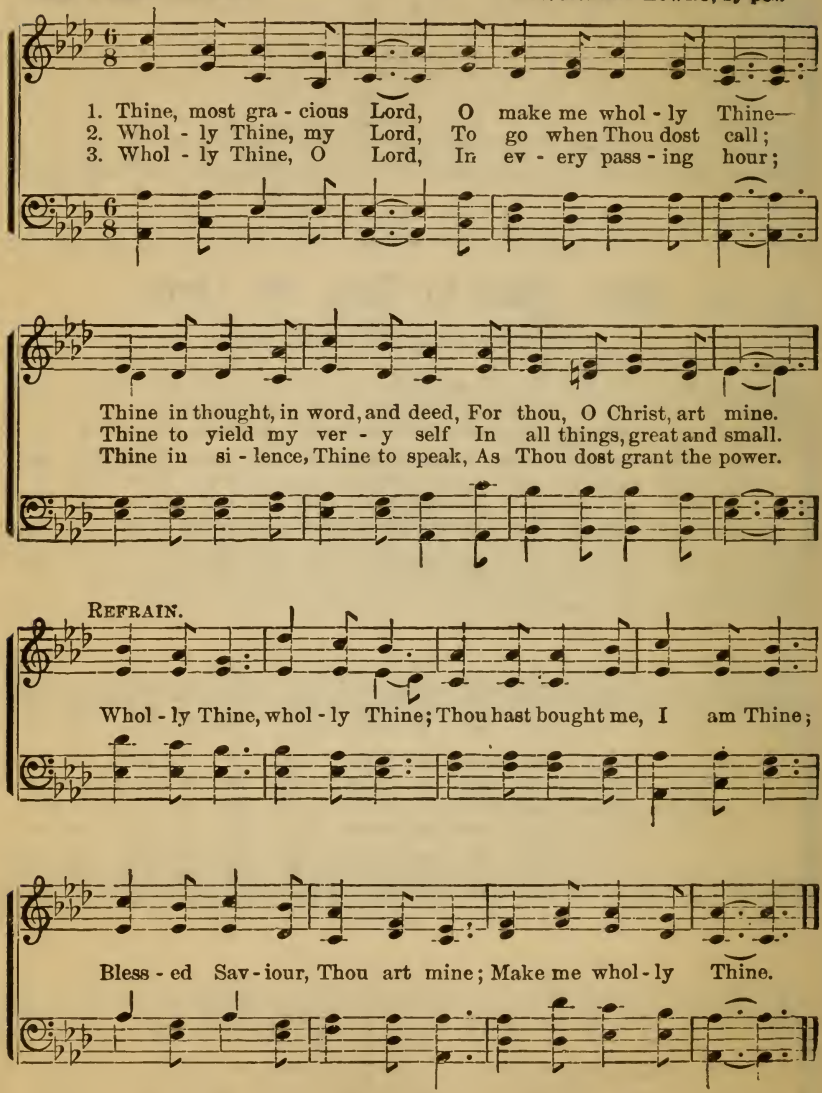
Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE, by per.



No. 137. Wholly Thine.

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—THES. 5: 23.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



4.

Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt,—
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—*Ref.*

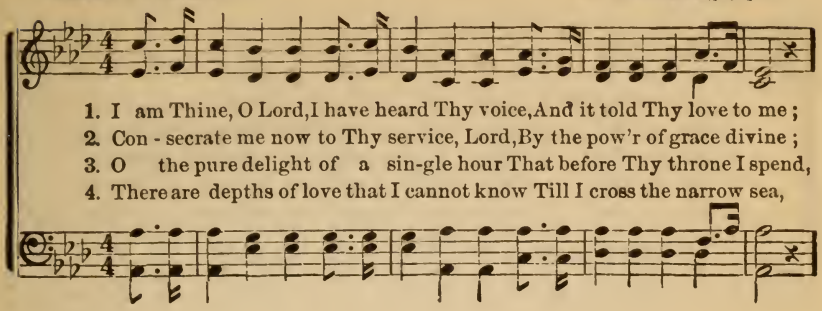
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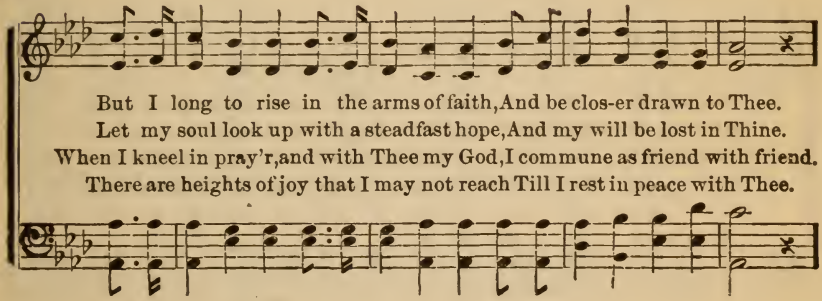
Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
For ever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love,
Abiding, sure, and free.—*Ref.*

No. 138. Draw Me Nearer.

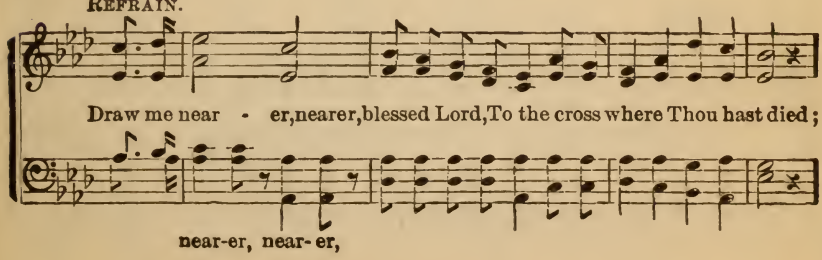
"Let us draw near with a true heart."—HEB. 10:22.

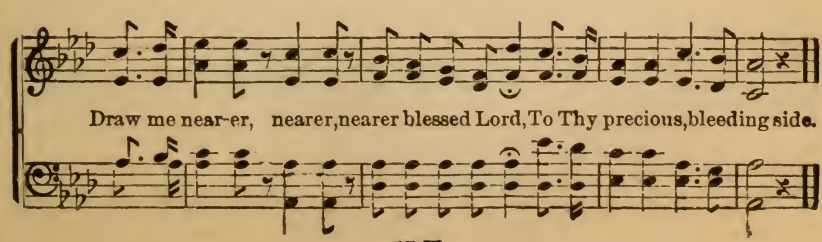
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.





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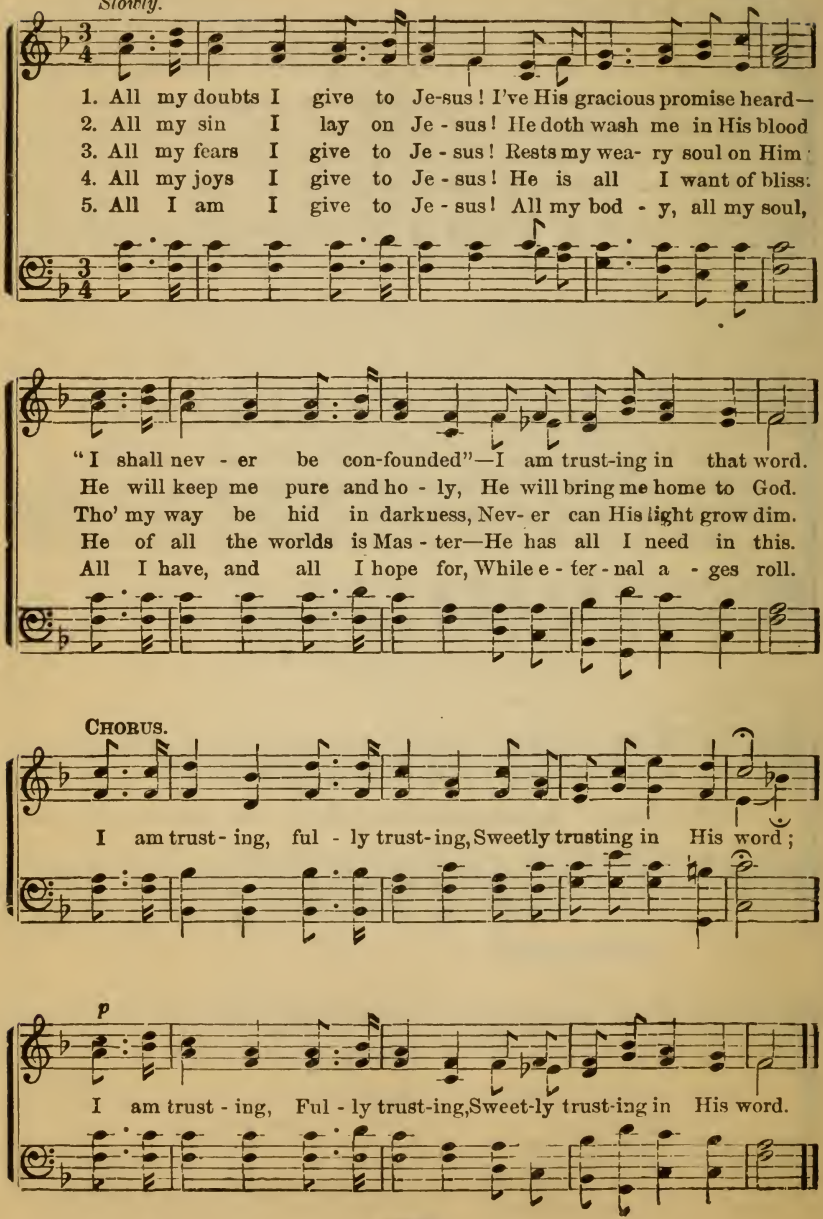




No. 139. Fully Trusting.

Fully I trust in Thy word."—Ps. 119: 42.

J. C. MORGAN. *Slowly.* GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



No. 140. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."—Isa. 53: 3.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

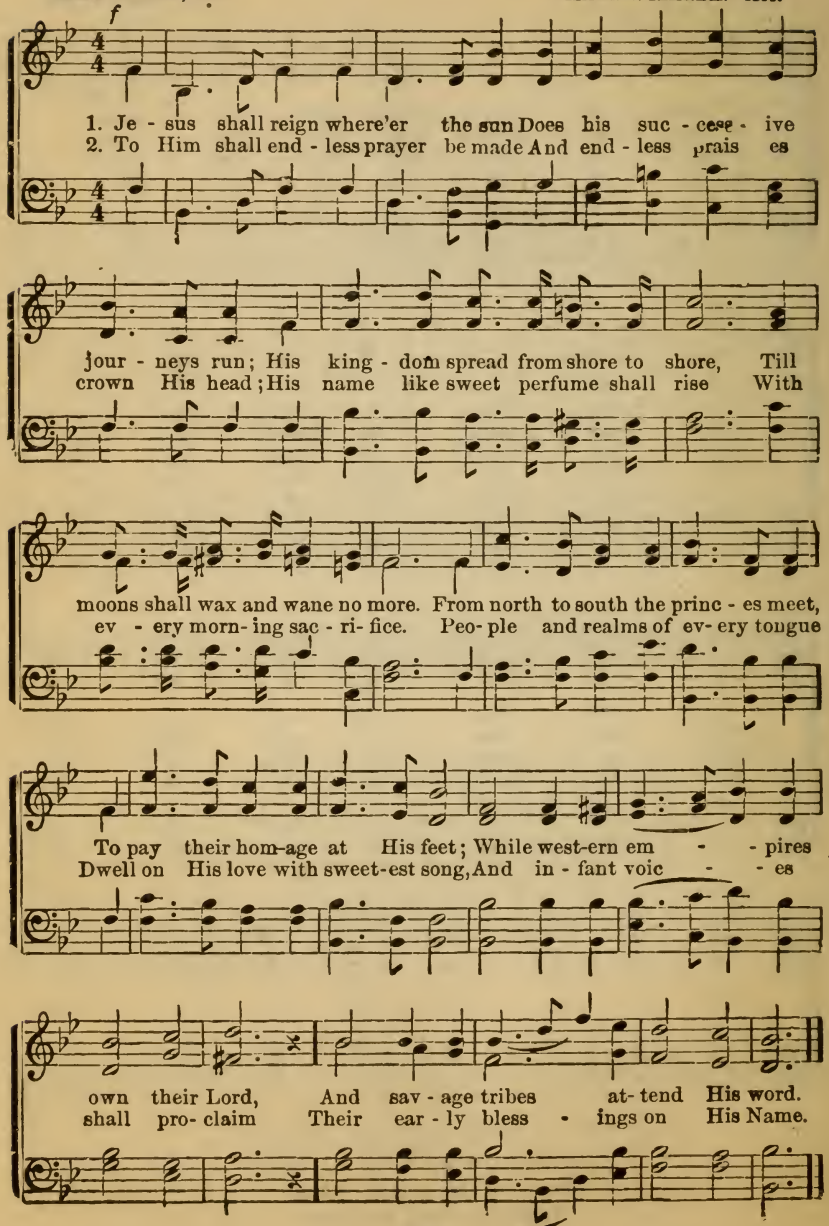


5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

no. 141. Jesus Shall Reign.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

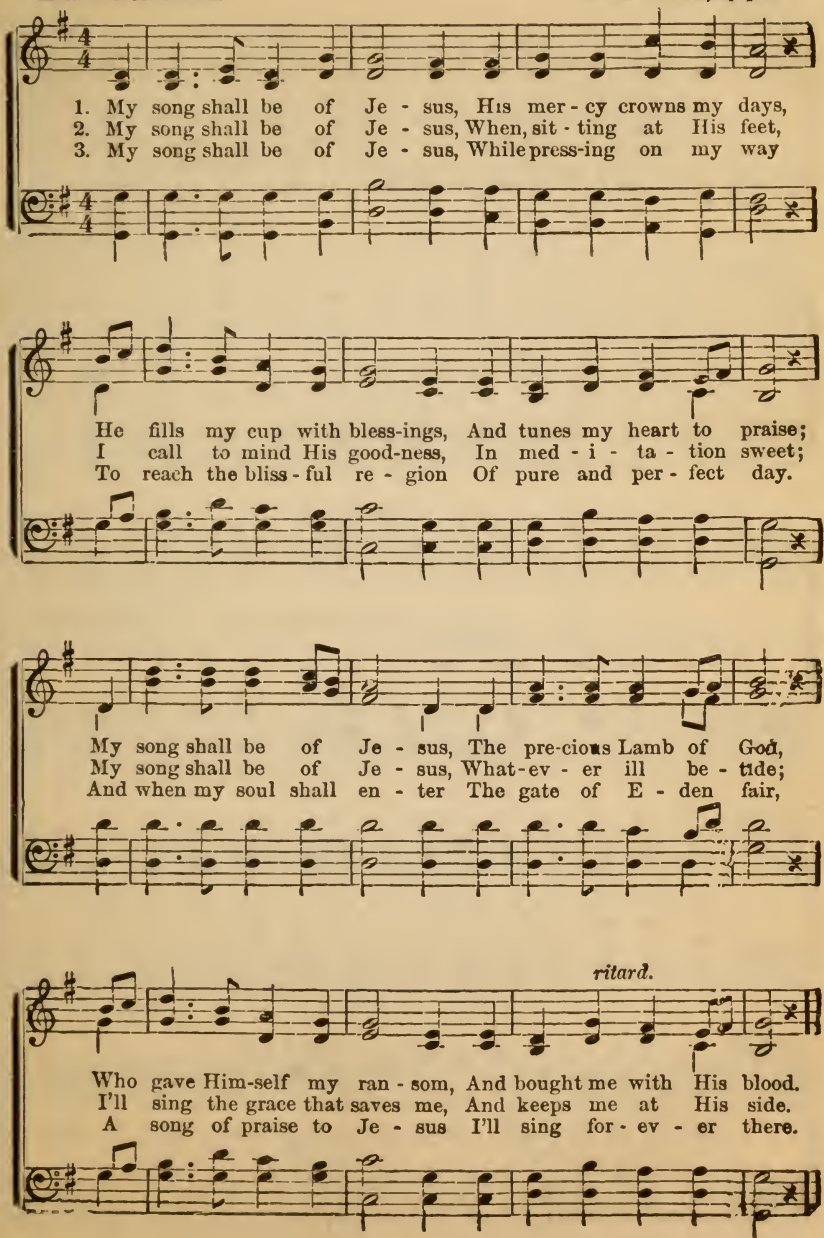
ISAAC WATTS, 1719. KARL WILHELM. Arr.



No. 142. My Song shall be of Jesus.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34 : 1.

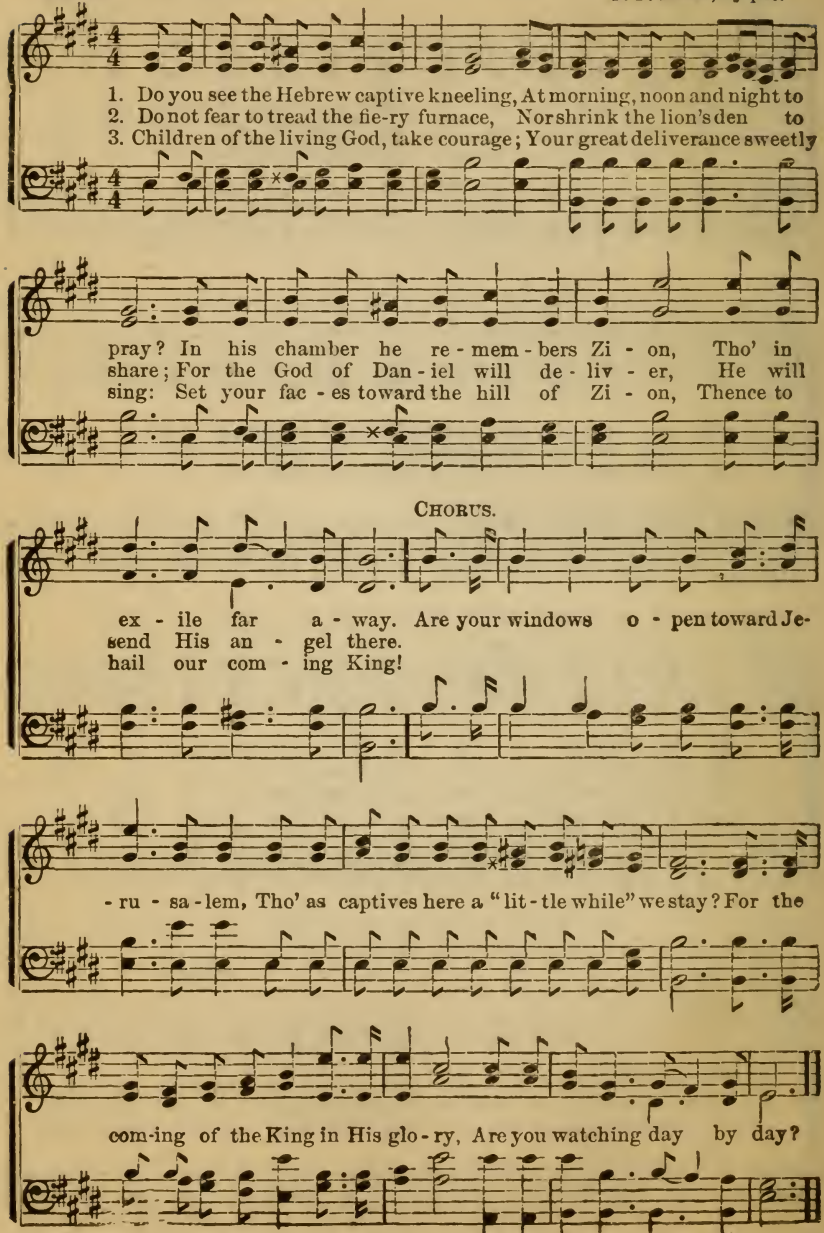
Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE, by per.



No. 143. Windows open toward Jerusalem.

"And his windows being open toward Jerusalem."—DAN. 6: 10.

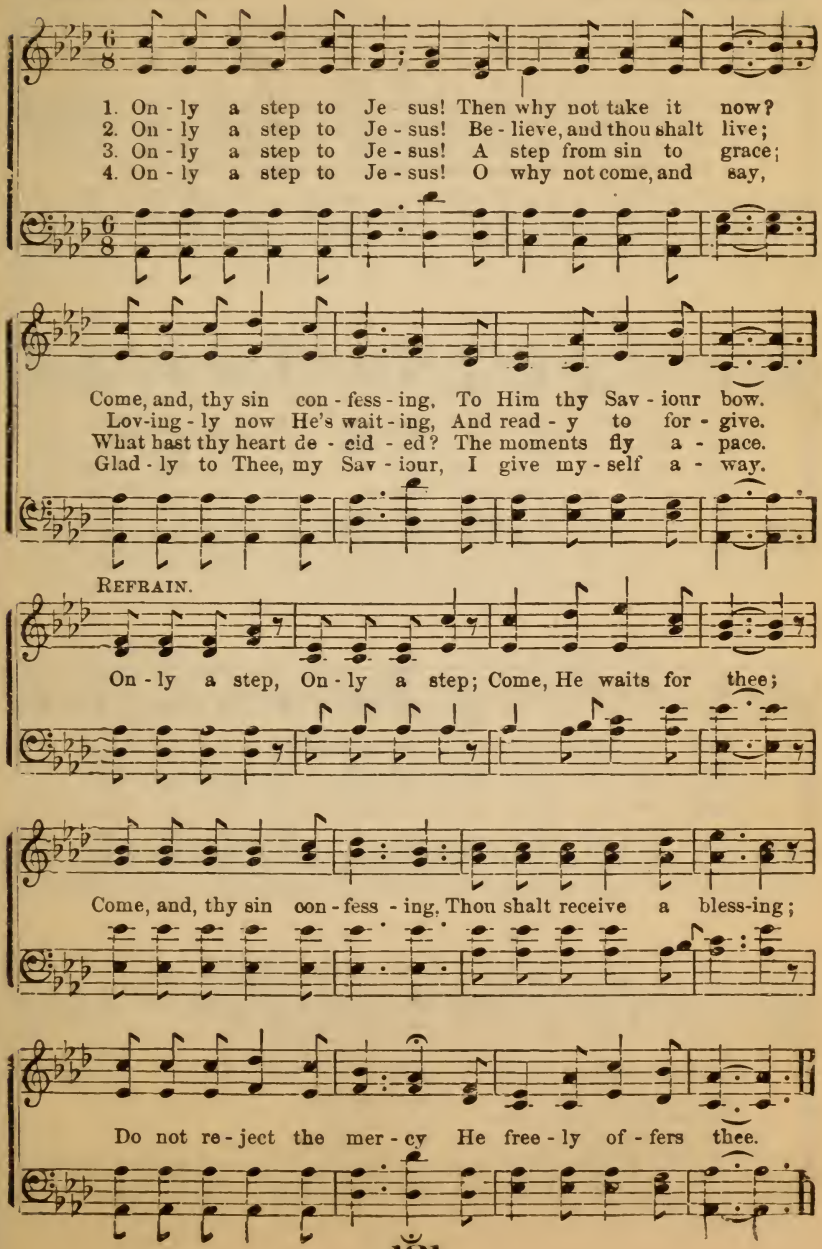
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



No. 144. Only a Step to Jesus.

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 Sam. 20: 21.

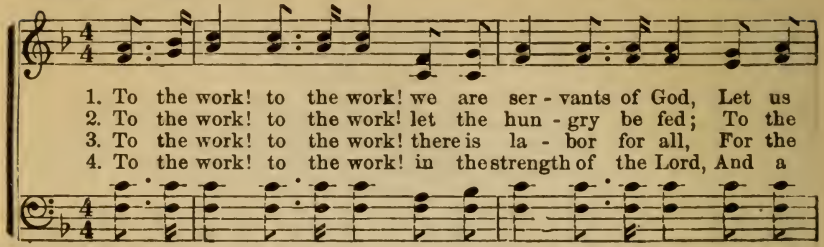
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane, by per

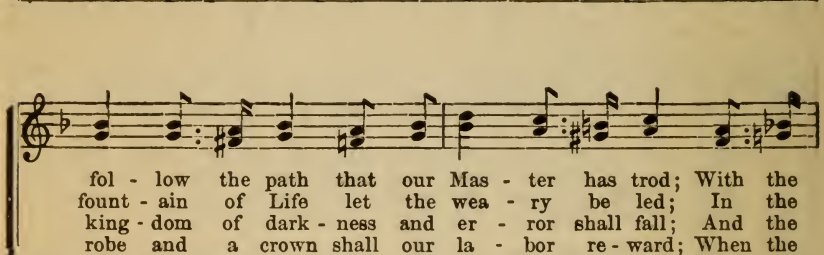


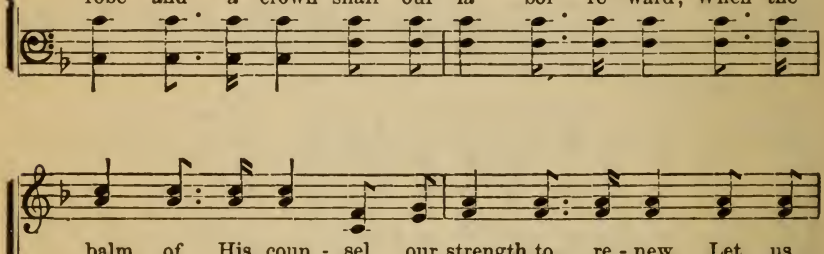
No. 145. To the Work.

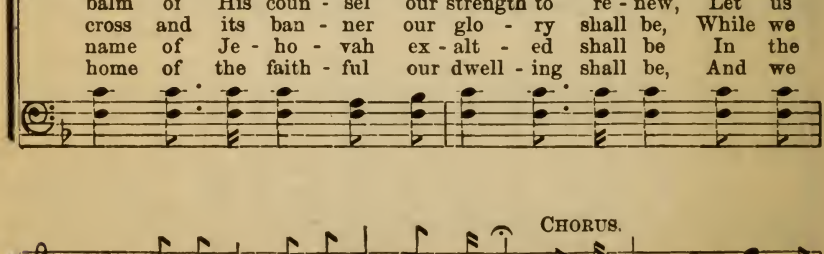
"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

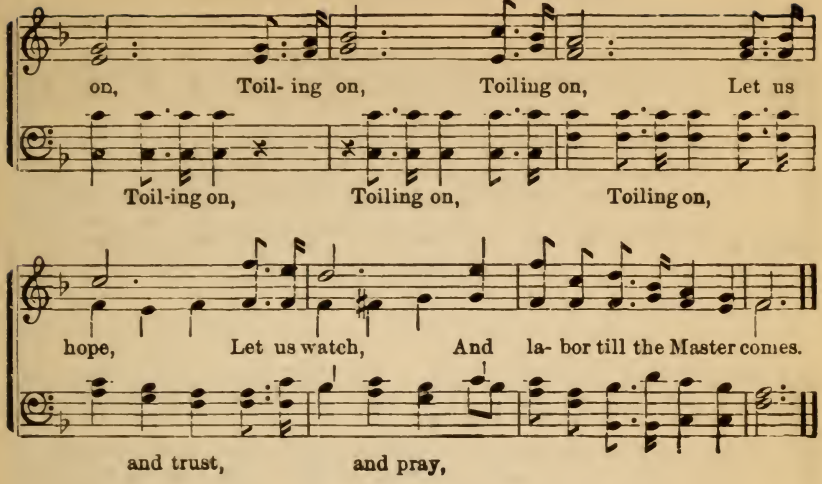
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871. W. H. DOANE, by per.









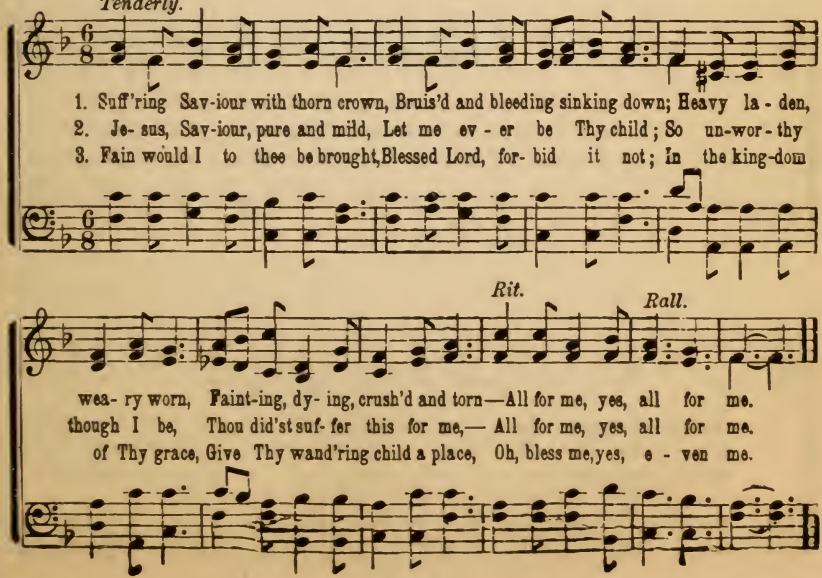


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No. 146. All for Me.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His hand."—MATT. 27 : 29.

ANON. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

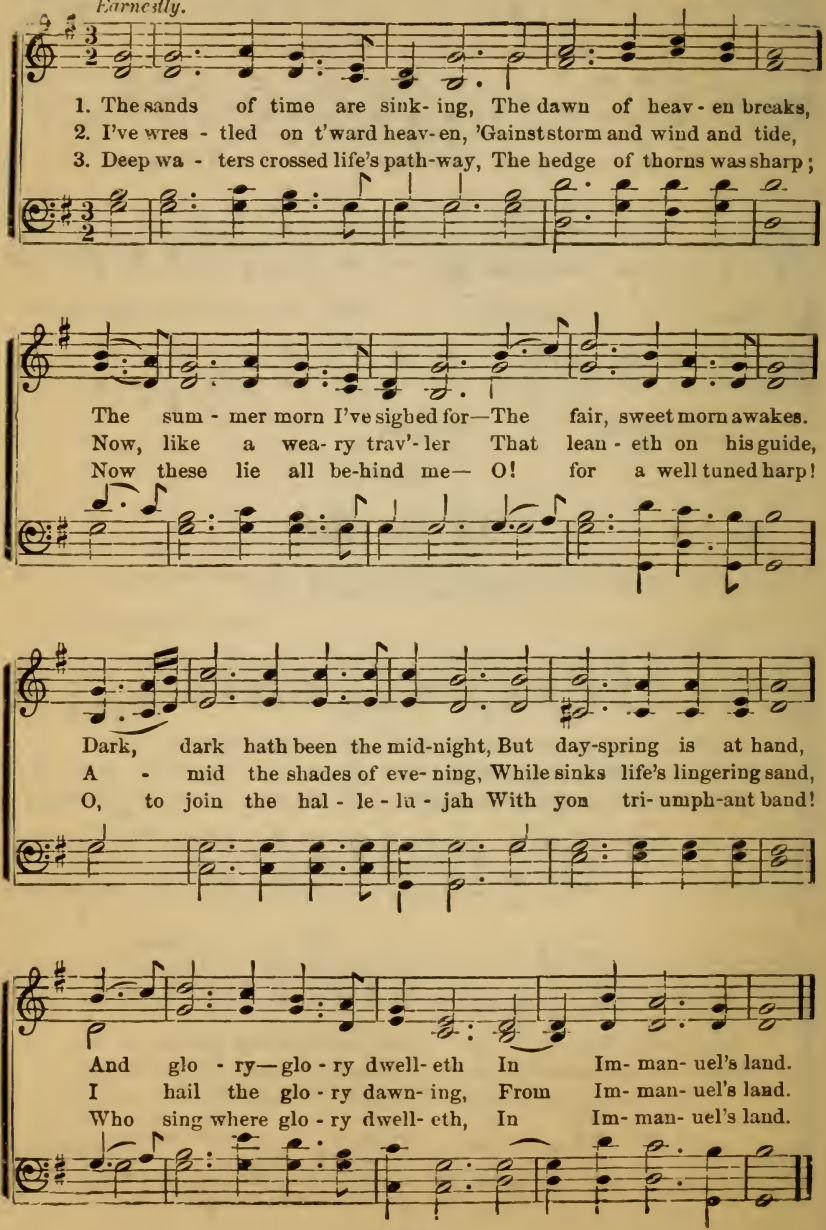


No. 147. Immanuel's Land.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22:5.

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857. C. M. WYMAN, by per.

Earnestly.



No. 148. Dark is the Night.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS, by per.



2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

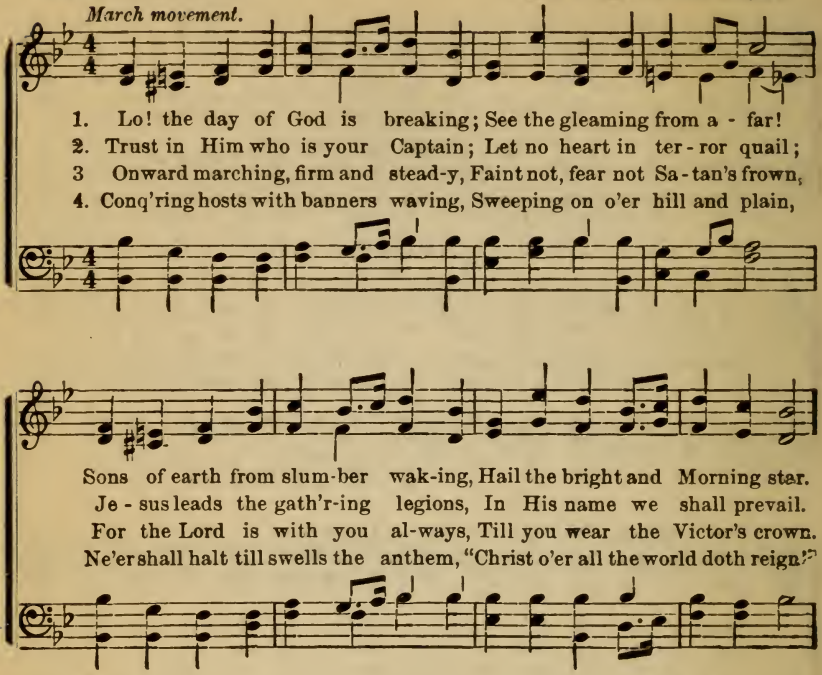
3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

No. 149. Hear the Call.

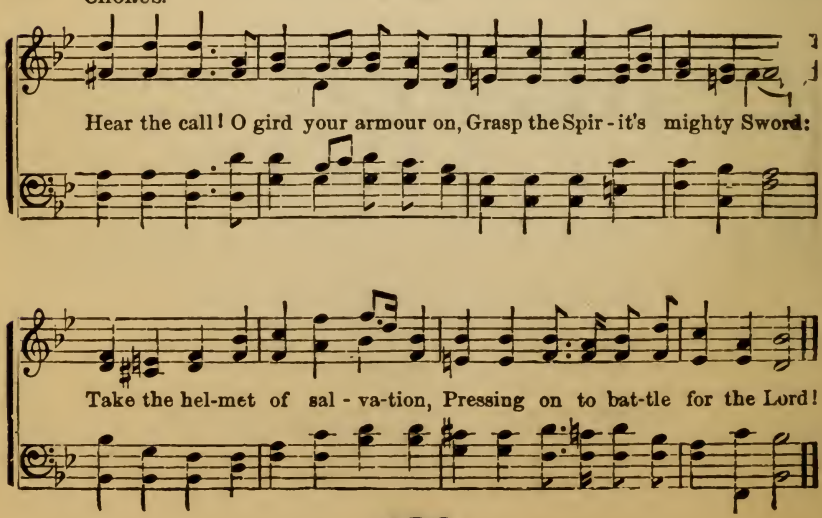
"Put on the whole armour of God."—Eph. 6: 11.

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin, 1876, by per

March movement.



Chorus.

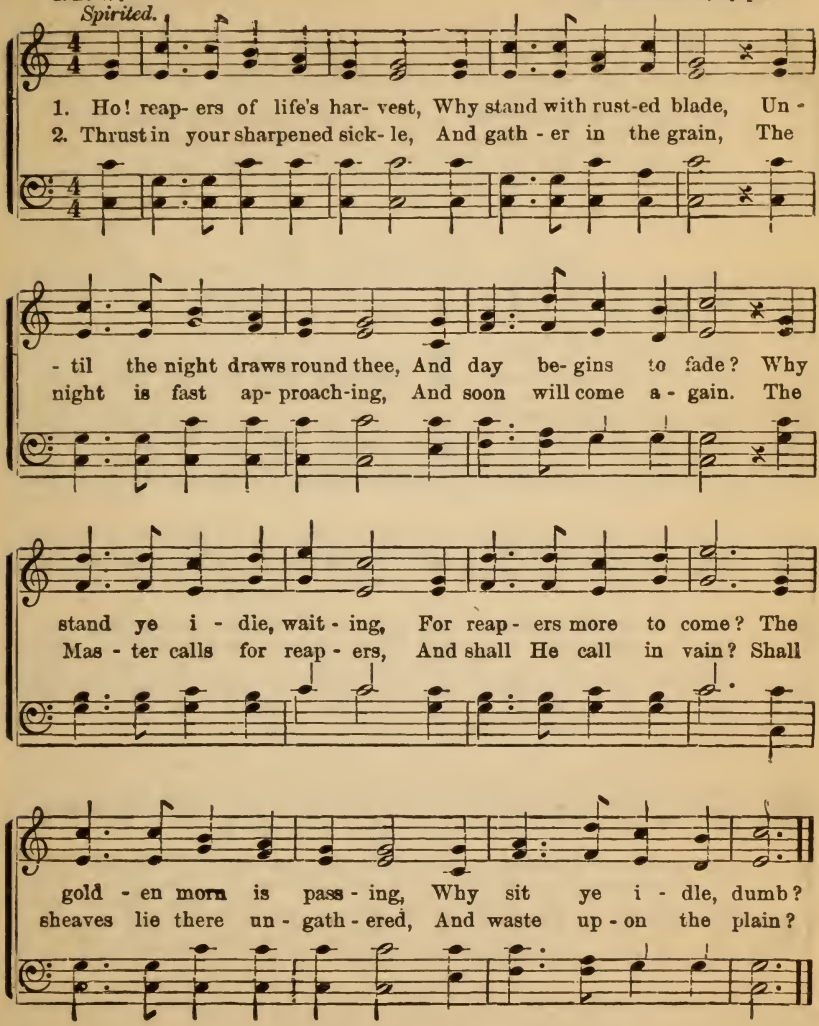


No. 150. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9 : 37.

I. B. W. I. B. WOODBURY, by per.

Spirited.



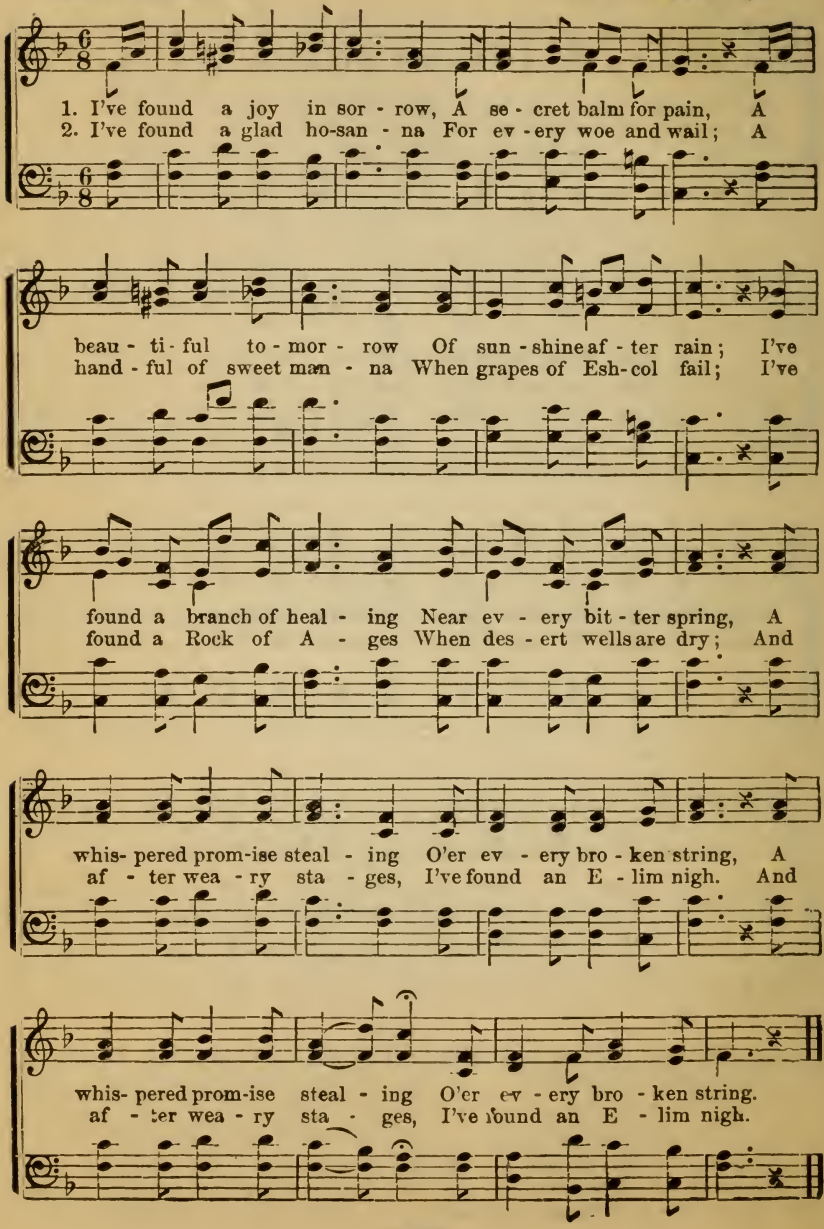
3 Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

No. 151. Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16:20.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per



Joy in Sorrow.—Concluded.

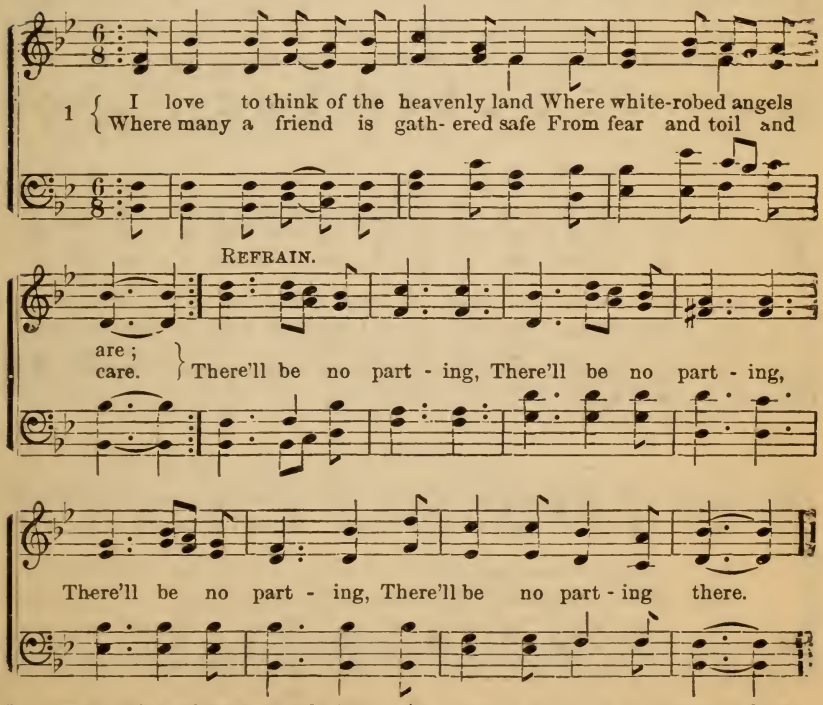
3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

No. 152. The Heavenly Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, 1858. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—*Ref.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints eternal home. [fade,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
And all our joys are one.—*Ref.*

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—*Ref.*

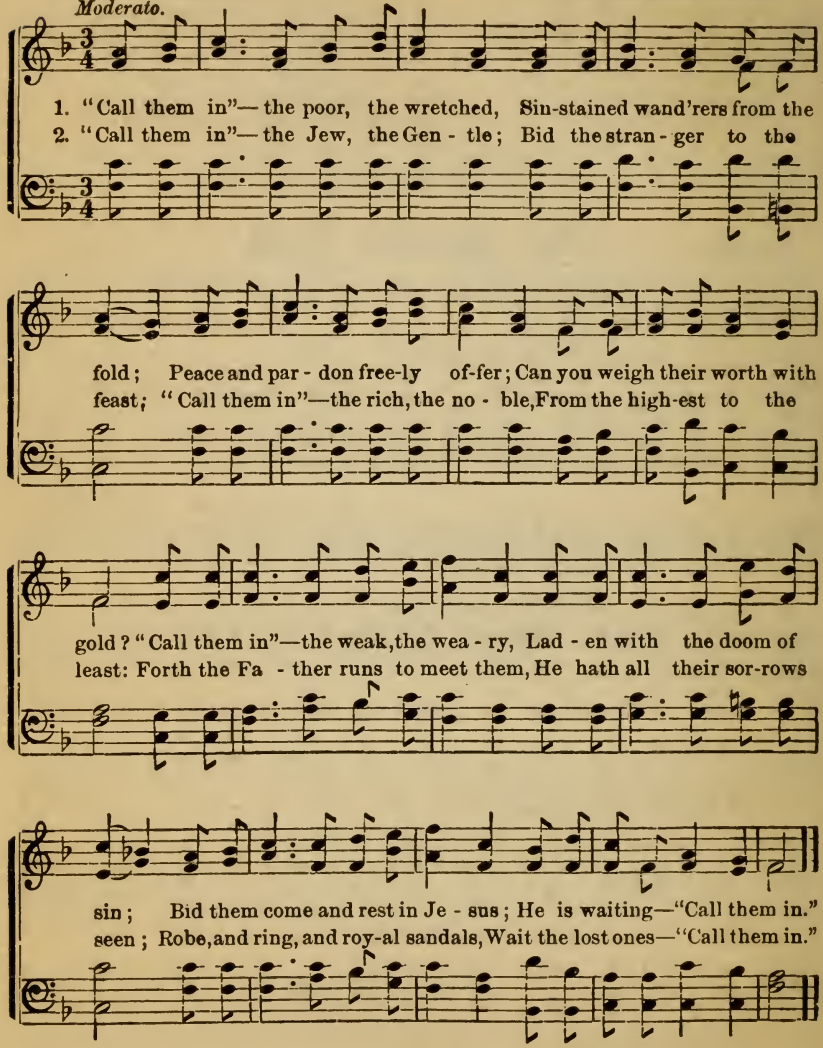
5 I love to think of the heavenly land
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.—*Ref.*

No. 153. Call Them in.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—LUKE 14 23.

Miss ANNA SHIPTON. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

Moderato.



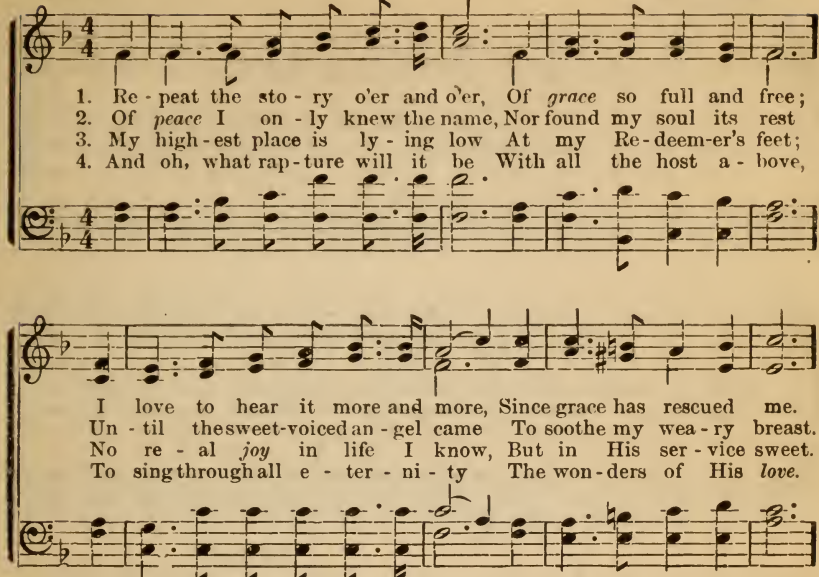
3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,
Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;
Nought of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think:
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
Pleasure seekers of the earth:
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus' priceless worth.

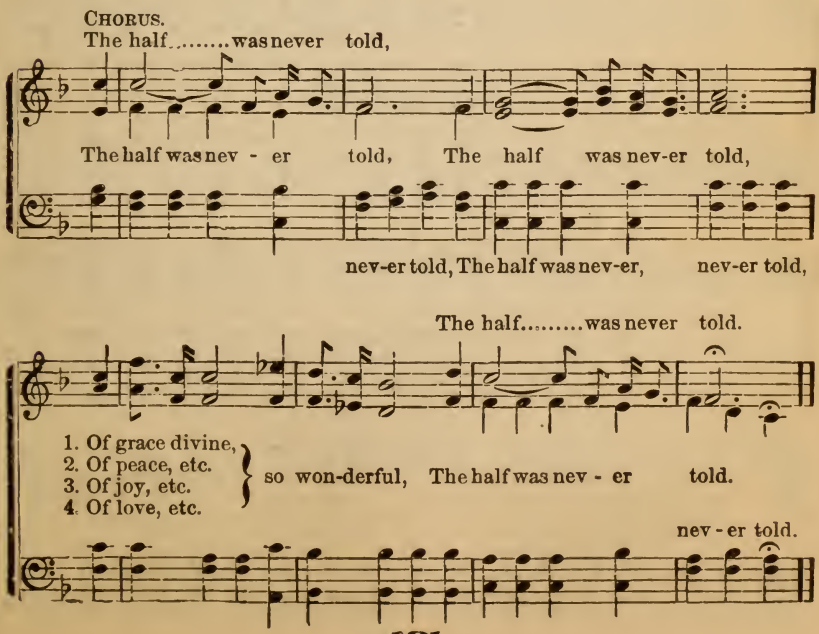
4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"Call them in."

No. 154. The Half was Never Told.

"Behold, the half was not told."—KINGS 10: 7.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



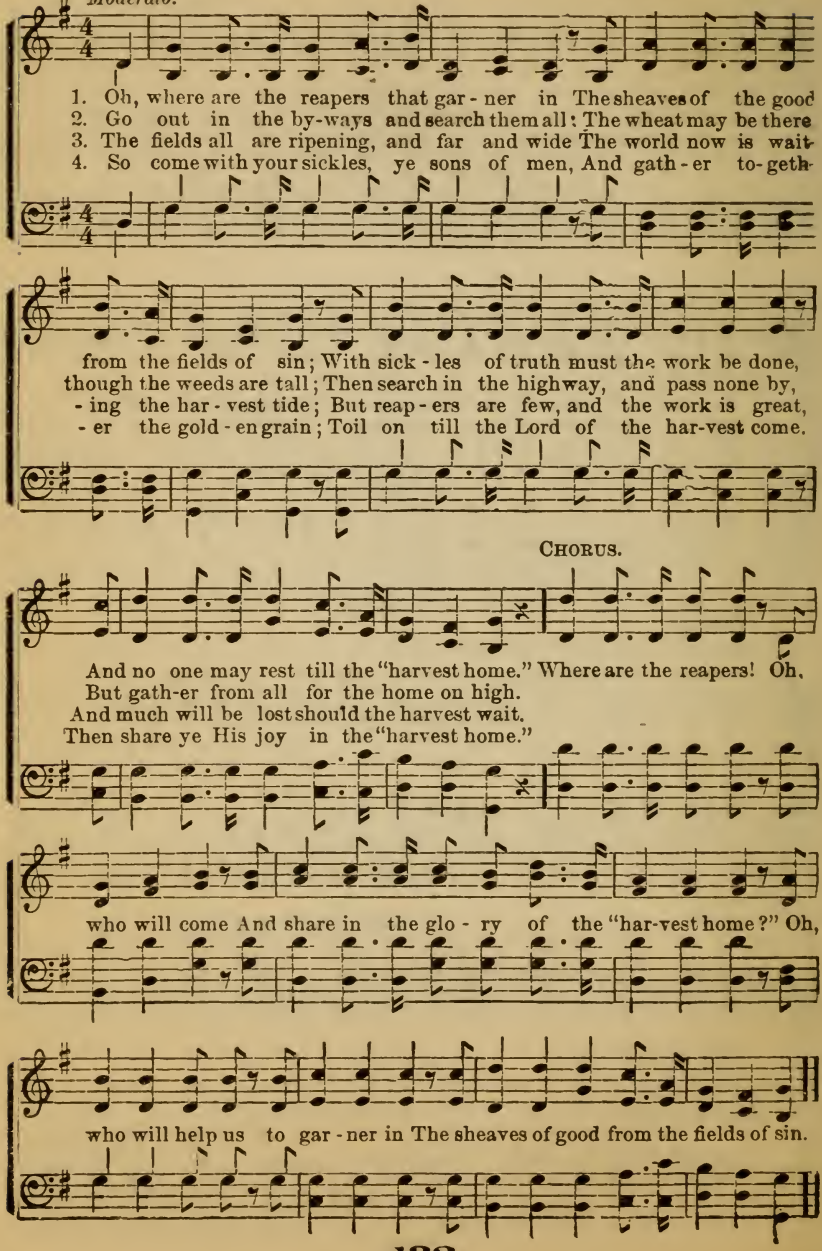


No. 155. Oh, Where are the Reapers?

"I will say to the reapers: gather the wheat into my barn."—MATT. 13: 30.

EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT, by per

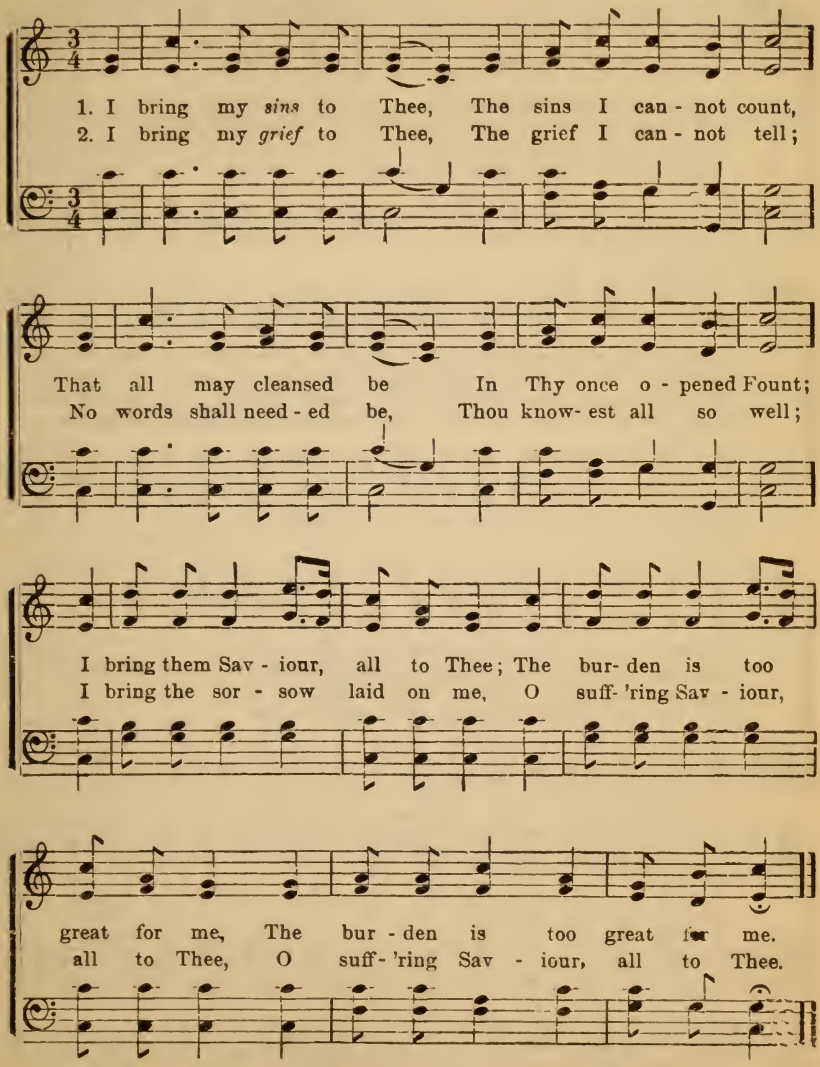
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No. 156. I Bring my Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30: 15.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS, by per.



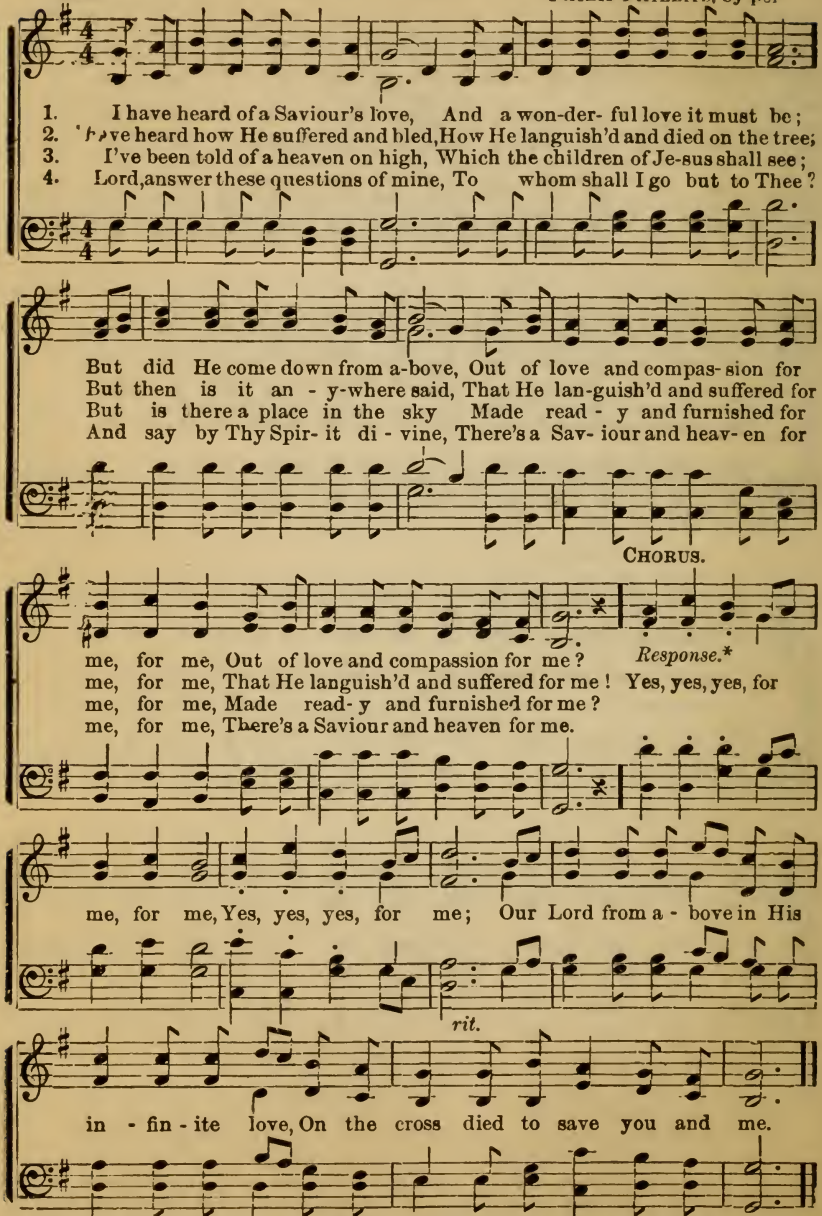
3 My *joys* to Thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven,
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My *life* I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone,
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King

No. 157 Song of Salvation.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

ANON. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per



* The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

Song of Salvation.—Concluded.

1. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. 1: 15.—*Cho.*

2. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. And with His stripes we are healed."—ISA. 53: 5.—*Cho.*

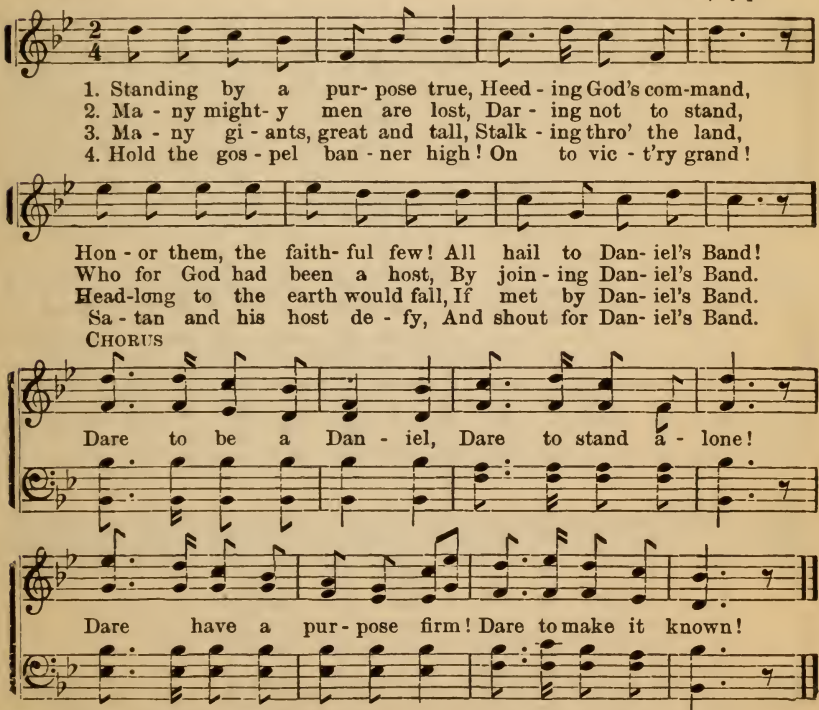
3. "In my Father's house are many mansions.....I go to prepare a place for you..... That where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 2, 3.—*Cho.*

4. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son" —REV. 21: 6, 7.—*Cho.*

No. 158. Dare to be a Daniel.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—DAN. 1: 8.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



No. 159.

Tune—GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us, O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

JOHN FAWCETT D.D., 1774.

No. 160. At the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary which also sat at Jesus feet, and heard his word."—LUKE 10. 39.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per

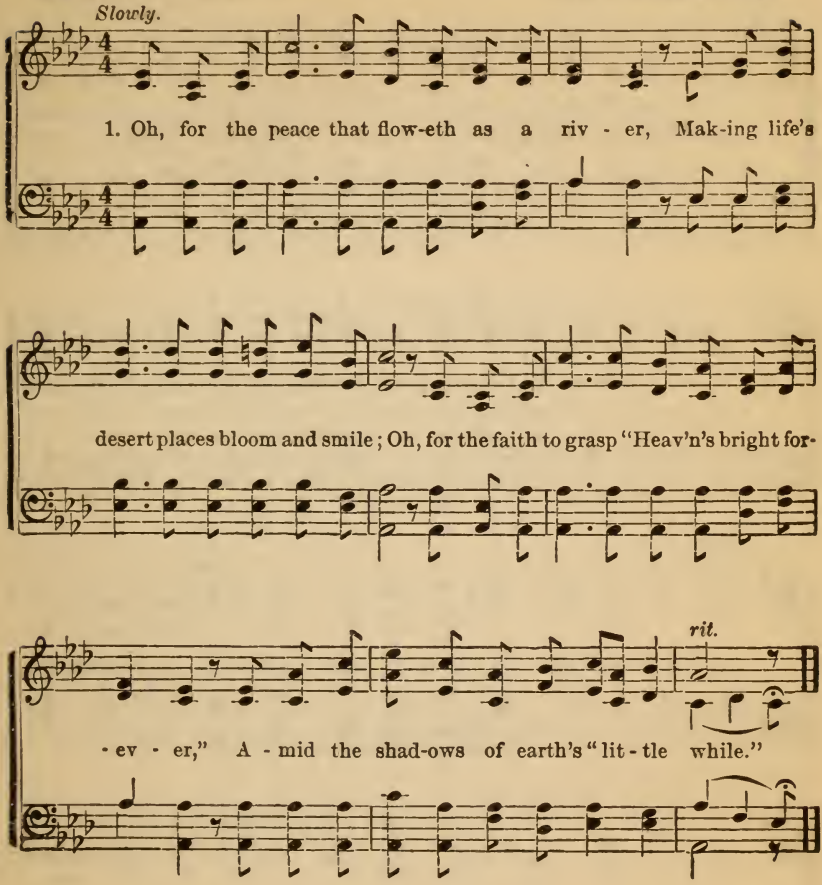
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No. 161. A Little While.

"What is this that he saith a little while."—JOHN 16: 17.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

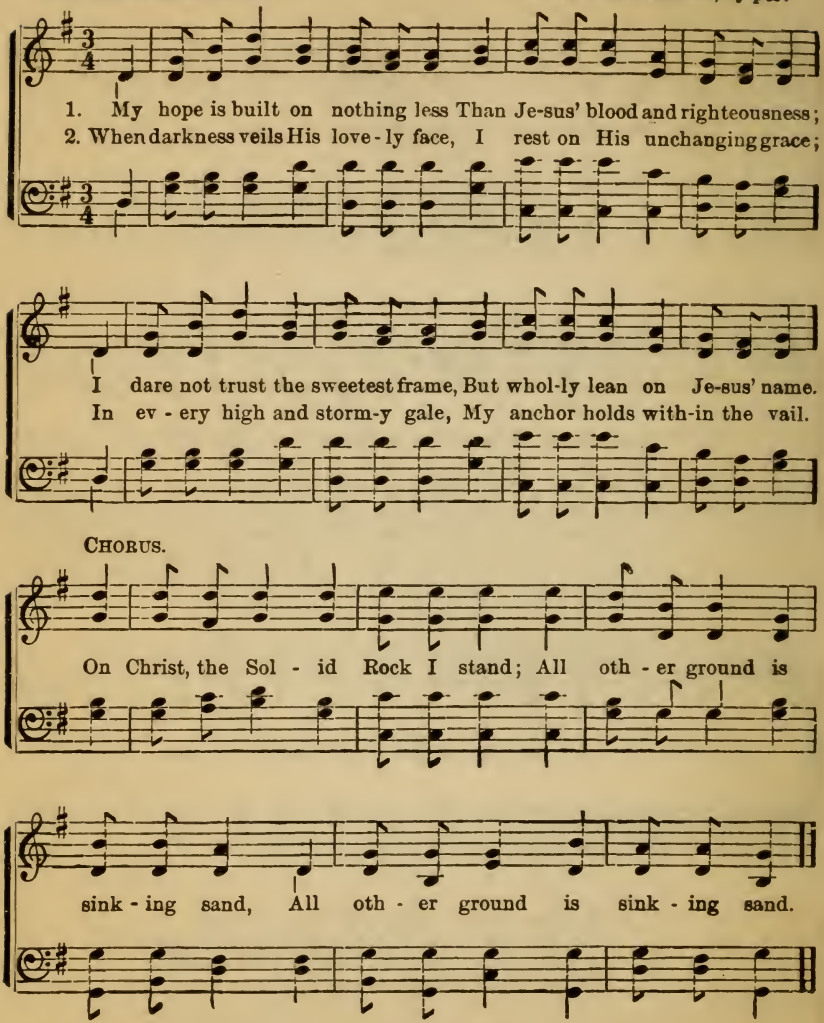
3 "A little while" the earthern pitcher taking,
To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slacking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

No. 162. The Solid Rock.

"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94 : 22.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE, 1825. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



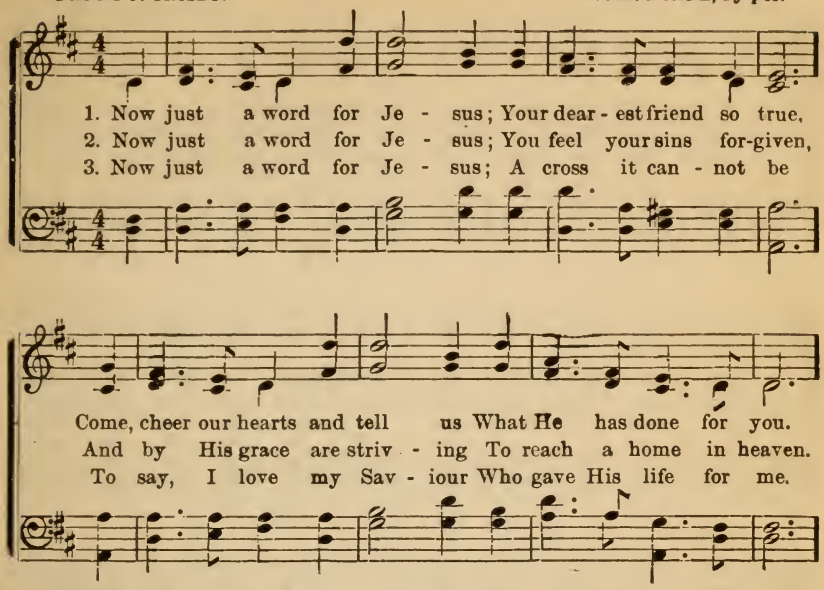
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

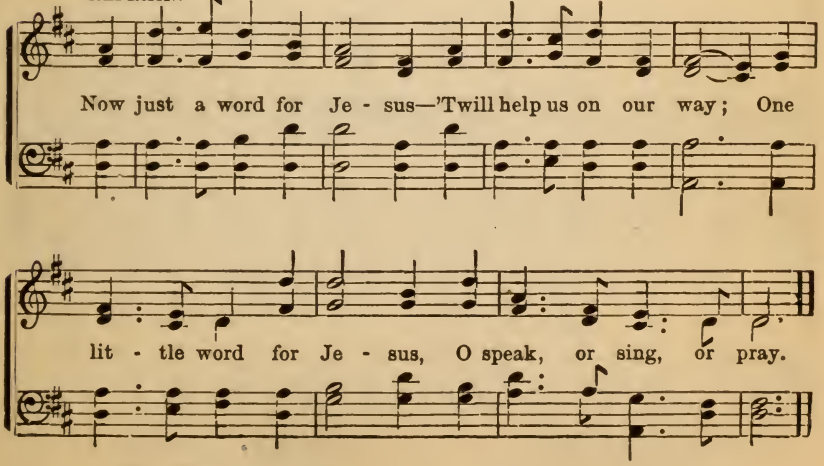
No. 163. Just a Word for Jesus.

"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. 24 : 19.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane, by per.



Refrain.



4

Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.—*Ref.*

5

Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.—*Ref.*

No. 164. Look Away to Jesus.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. 12: 2.

Rev. Henry Burton. P. P. Bliss, by per.



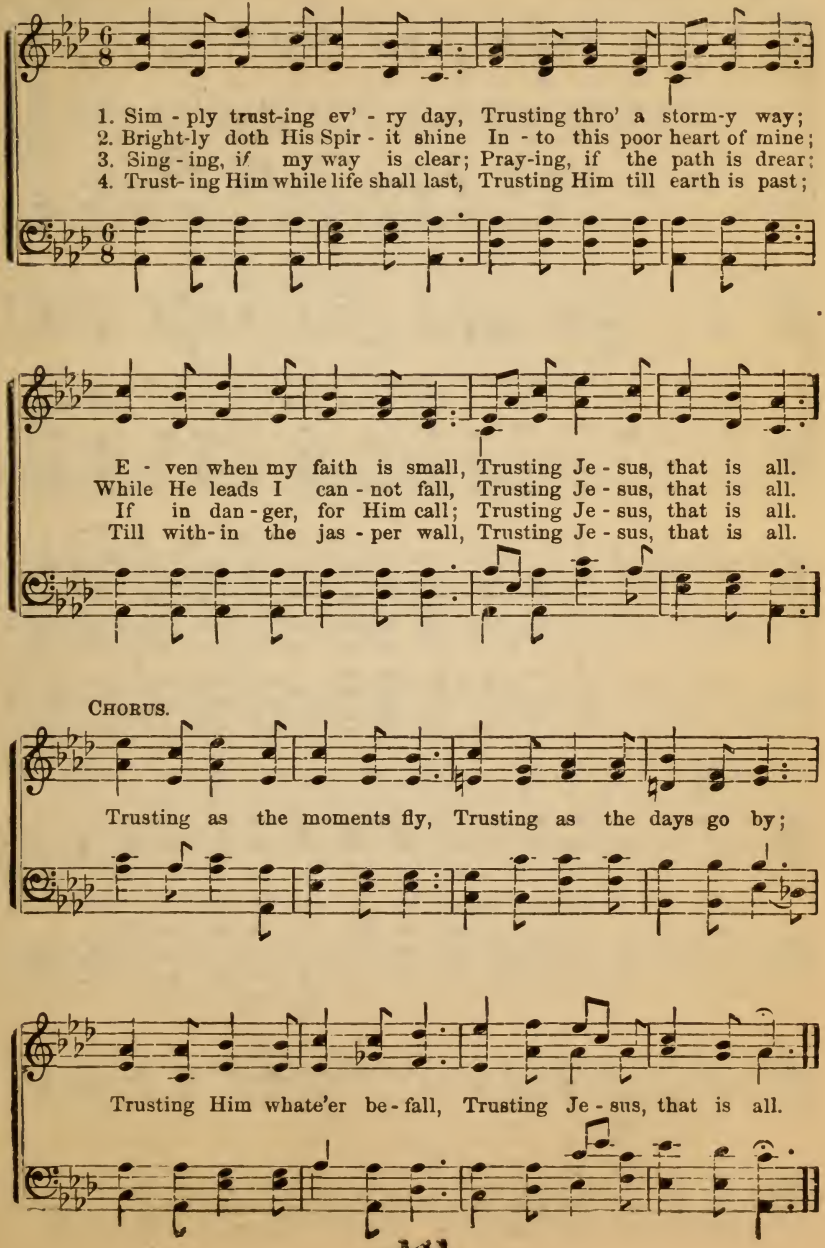
4 Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;
For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

4 When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.

No. 165. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."—Job 13: 15.

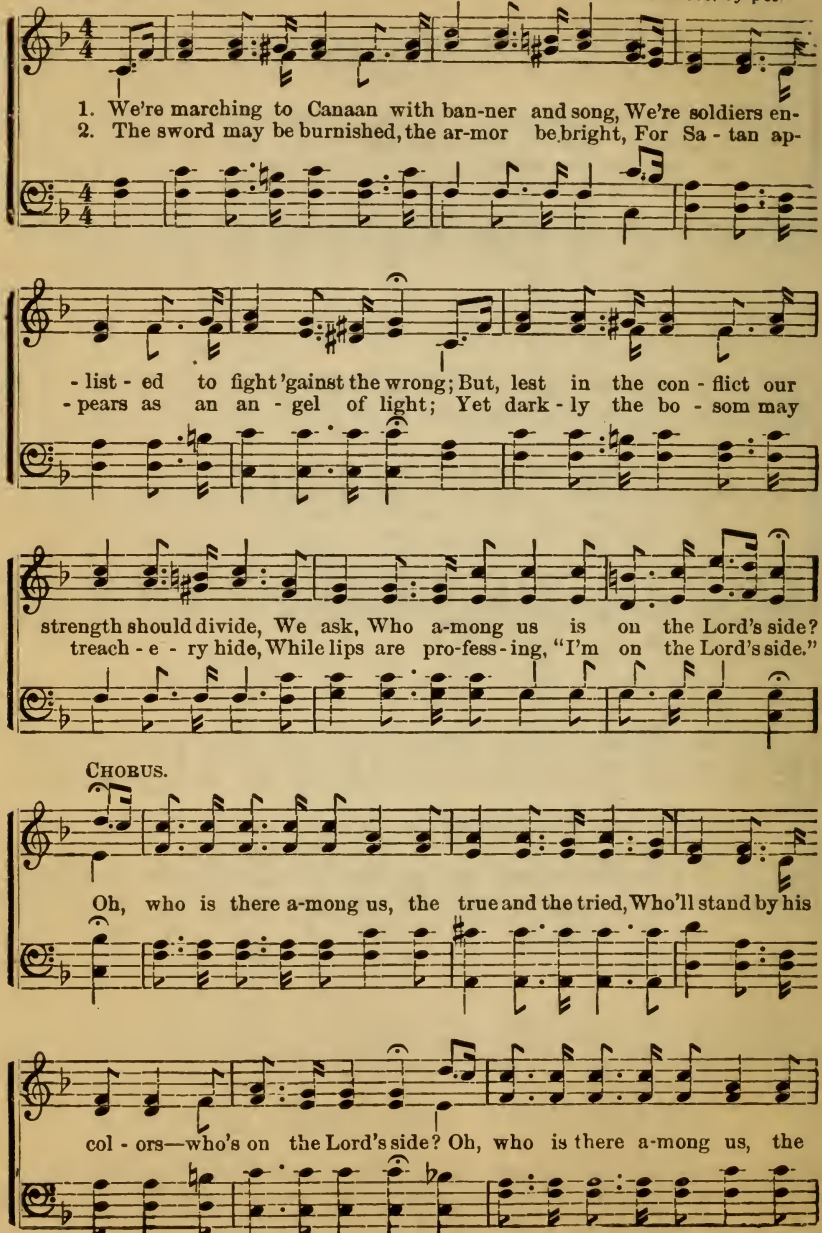
Rev. Edgar Page Stites. Ira D. Sankey, by per



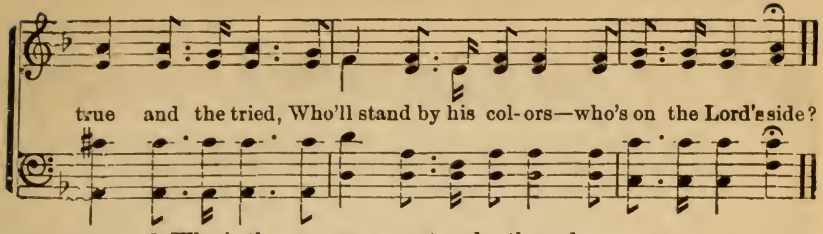
No. 166. Who's on the Lord's Side?

"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32: 26.

Mrs. E. W. GRISWOLD. P. P. BLISS, by per



Who's on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.



3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side.—*Cho.*

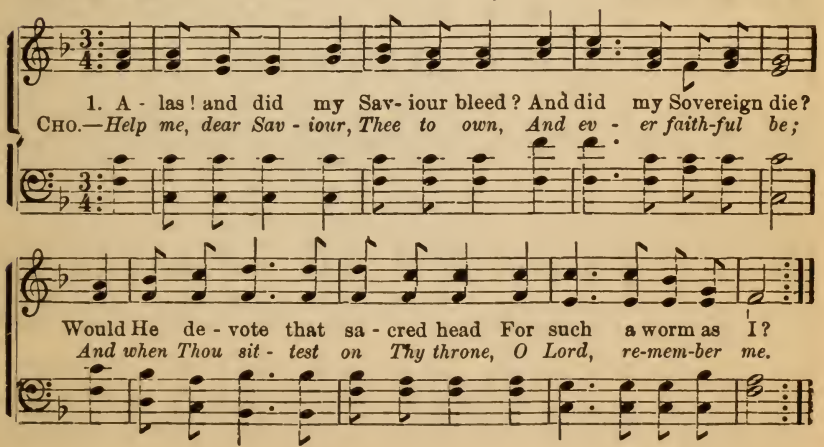
4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our convenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "*I'm on the Lord's side.*"—*Cho.*

—o—

No. 167. Remember Me.

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL, by per.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.—*Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.—*Cho.*

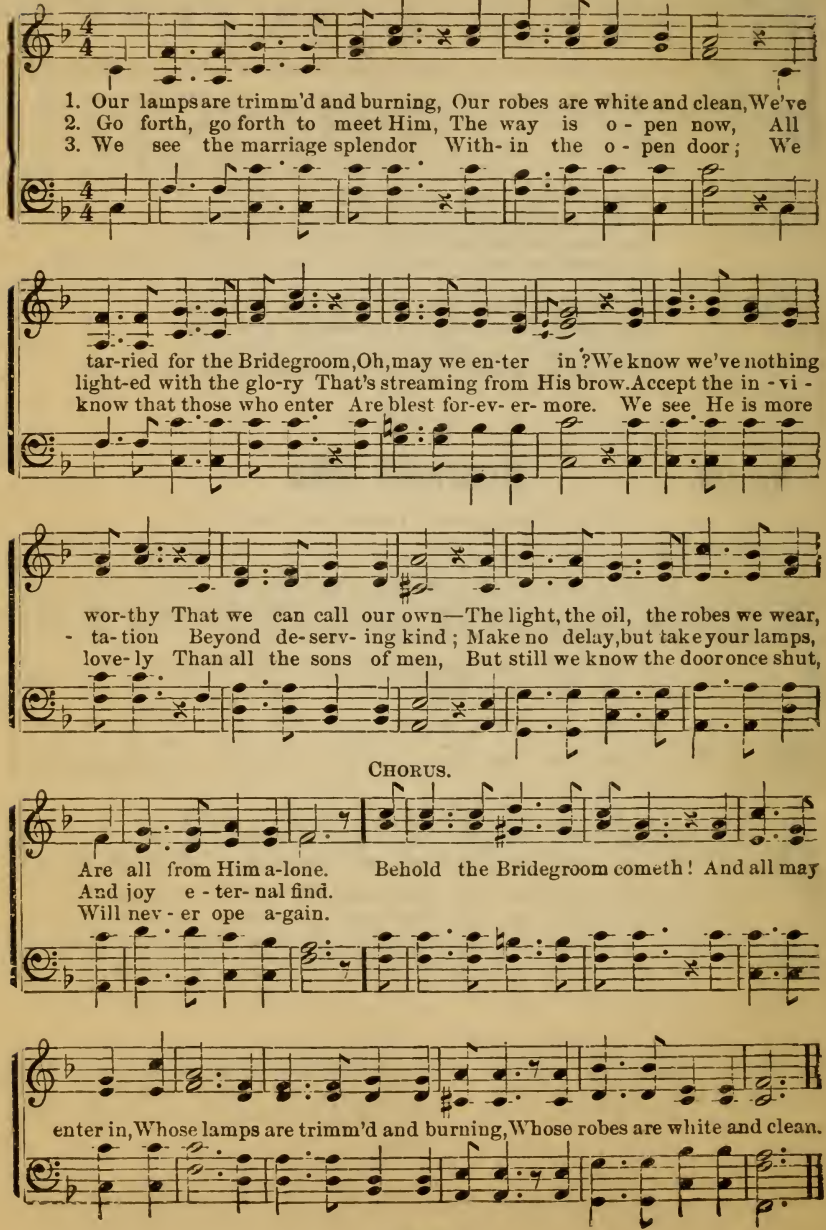
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

No. 168. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.

"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh."—Matt. 25 6.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



No. 169. Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

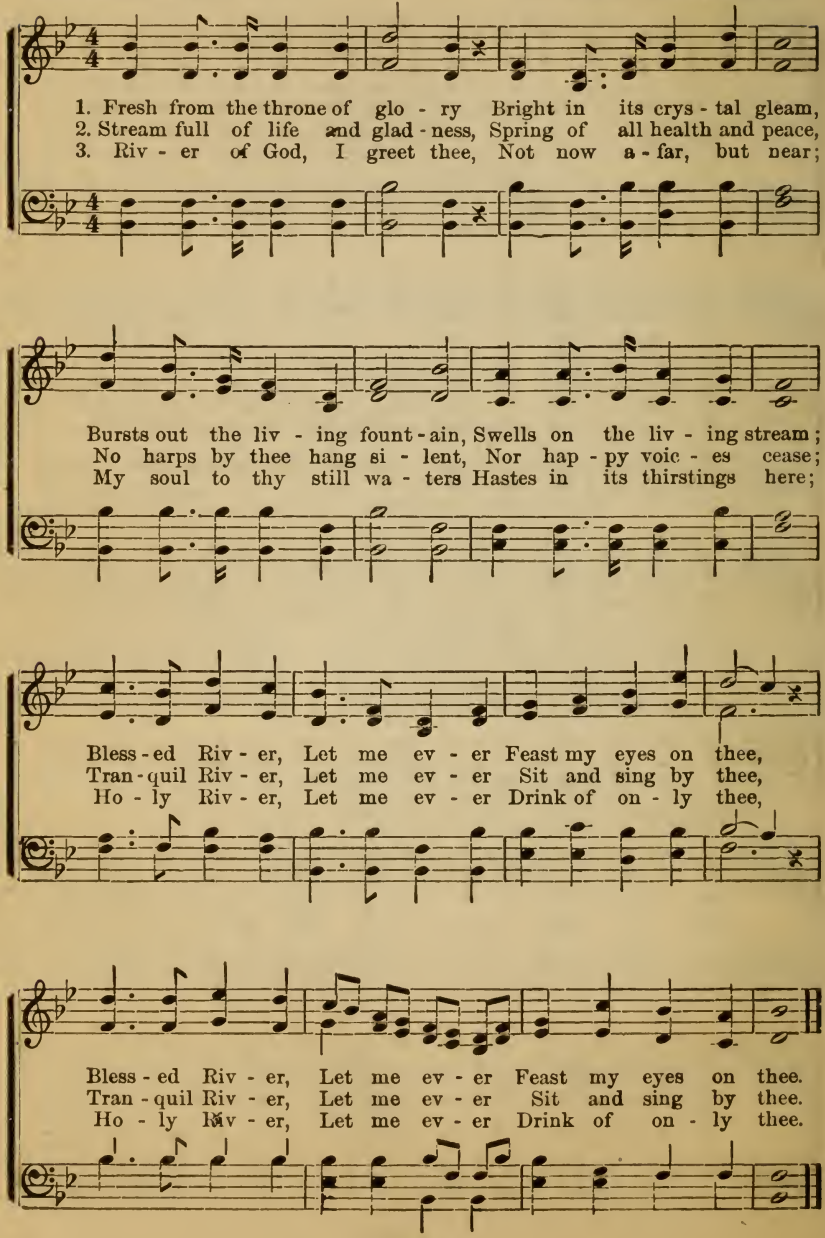
JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.



No. 170. Blessed River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

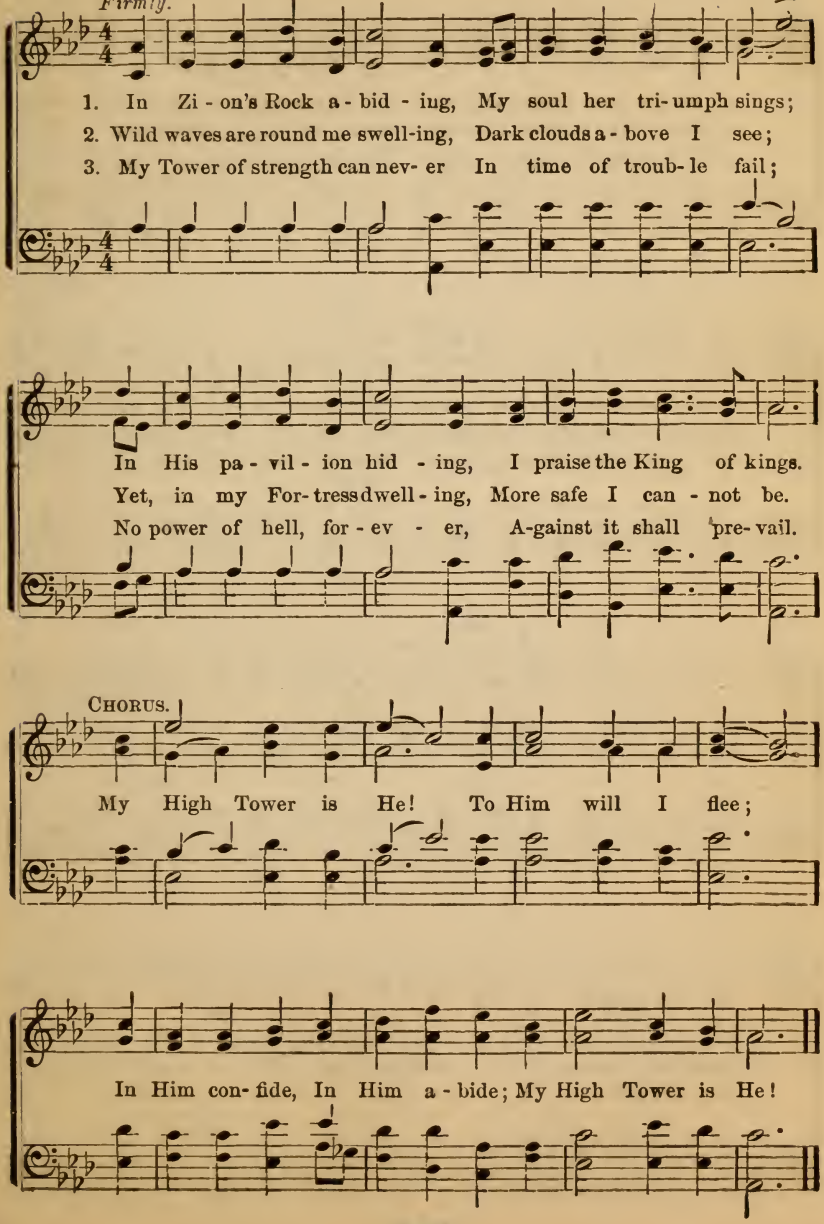


No. 171. My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps 18:2.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

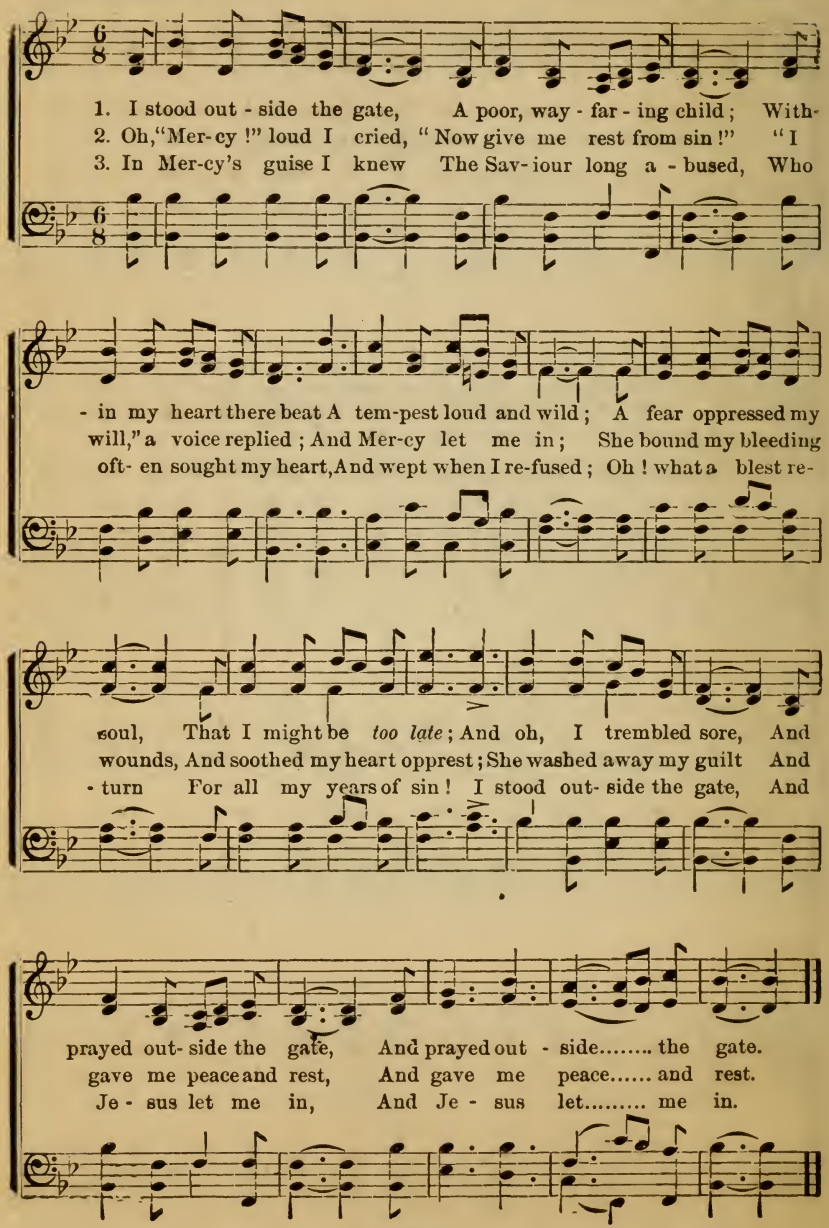
Firmly.



No. 172. I Stood Outside the Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7 : 13.

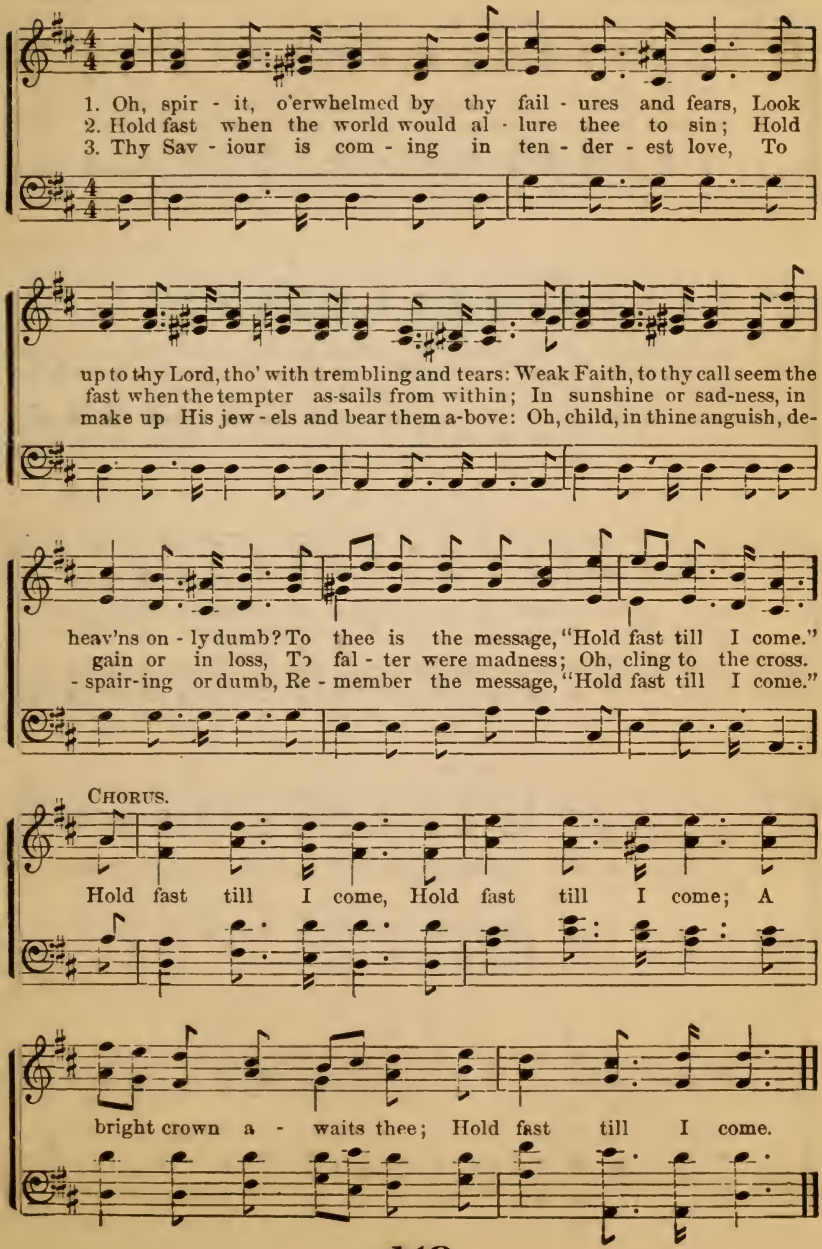
Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



No. 173. Hold Fast till I Come.

That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

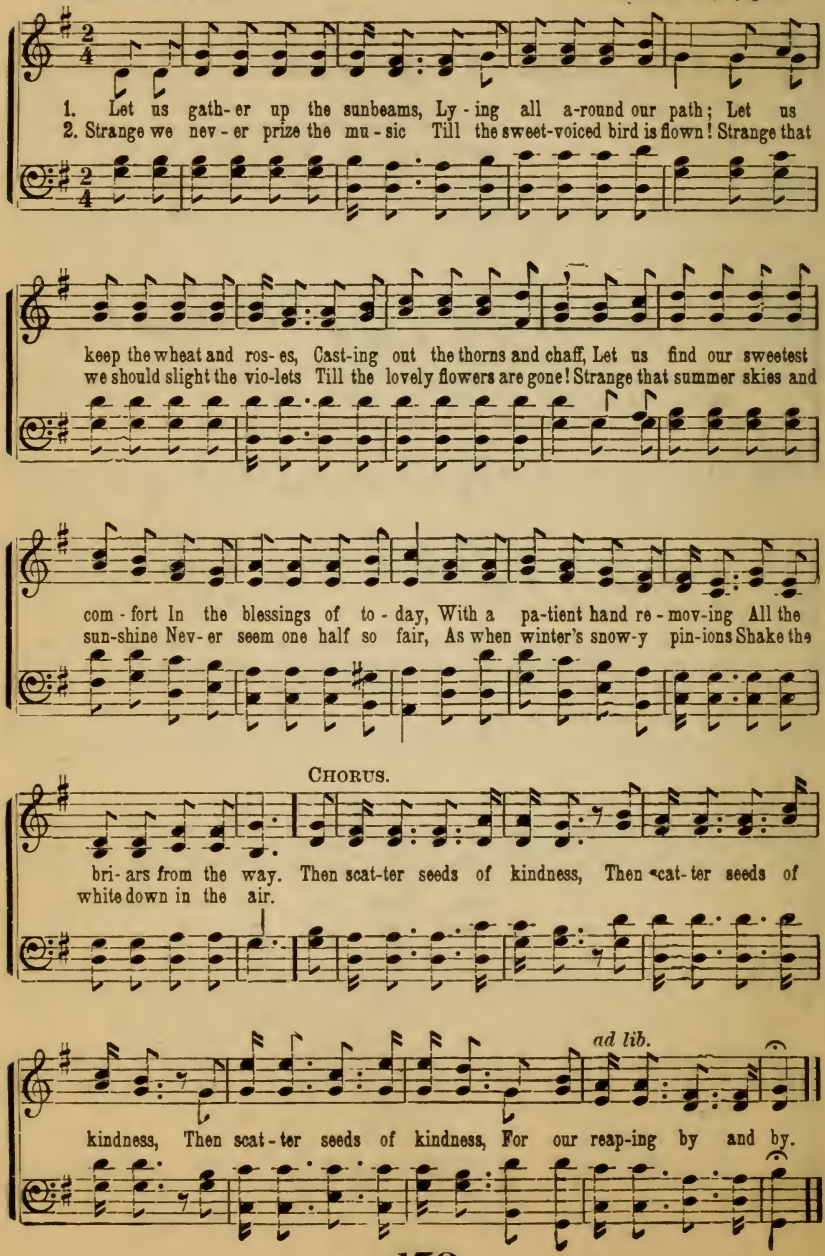
Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.



No. 174. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail, by per.



Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

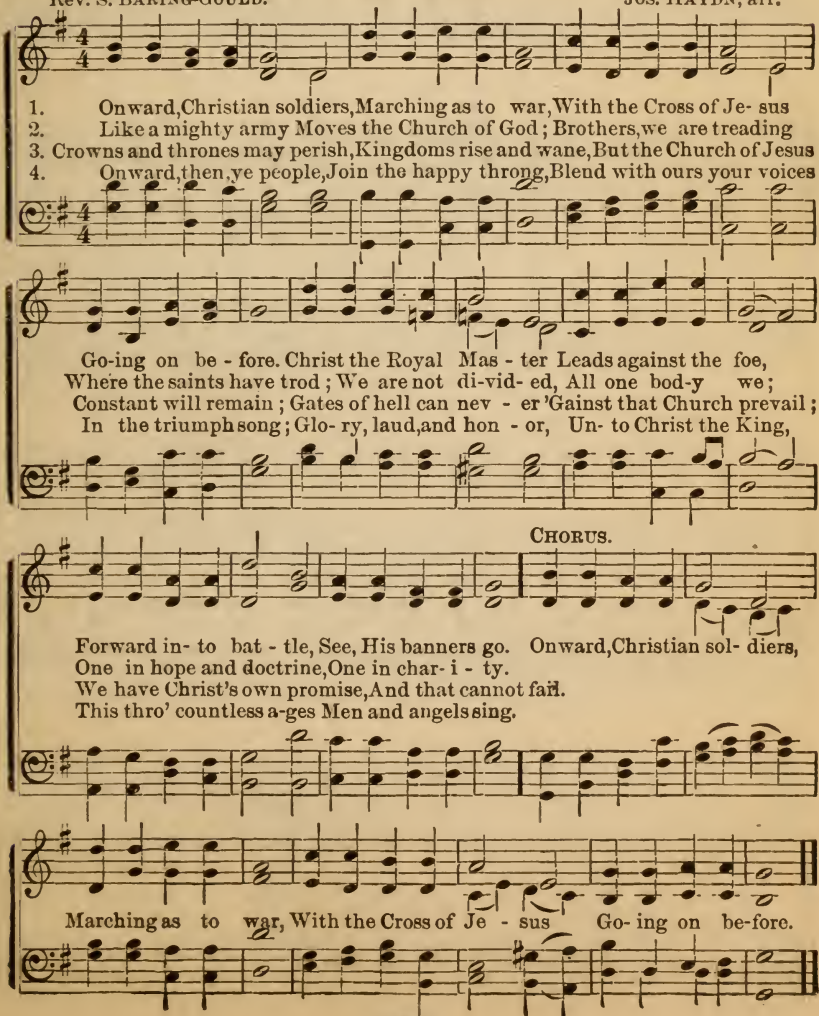
4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

—o—

No. 175. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 13.

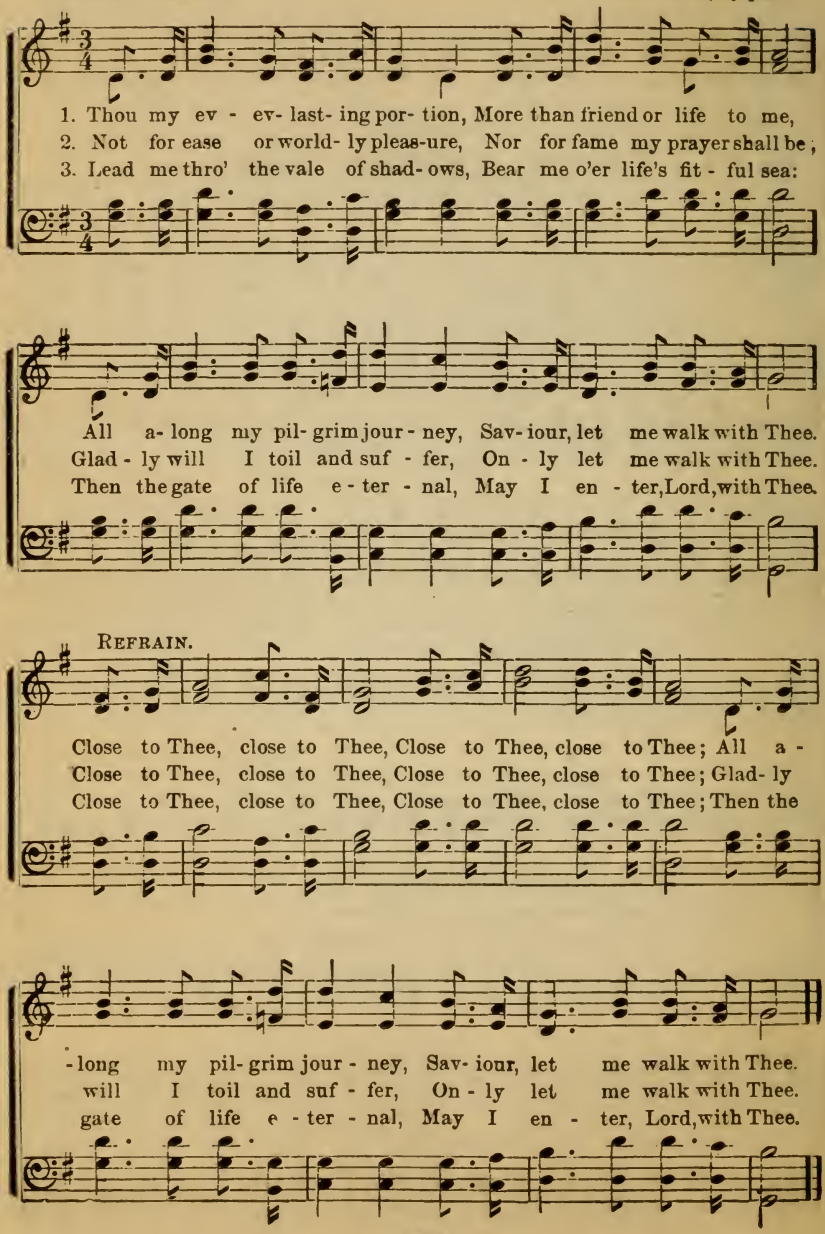
Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. JOS. HAYDN, arr.



No. 176. Close to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73. 28.

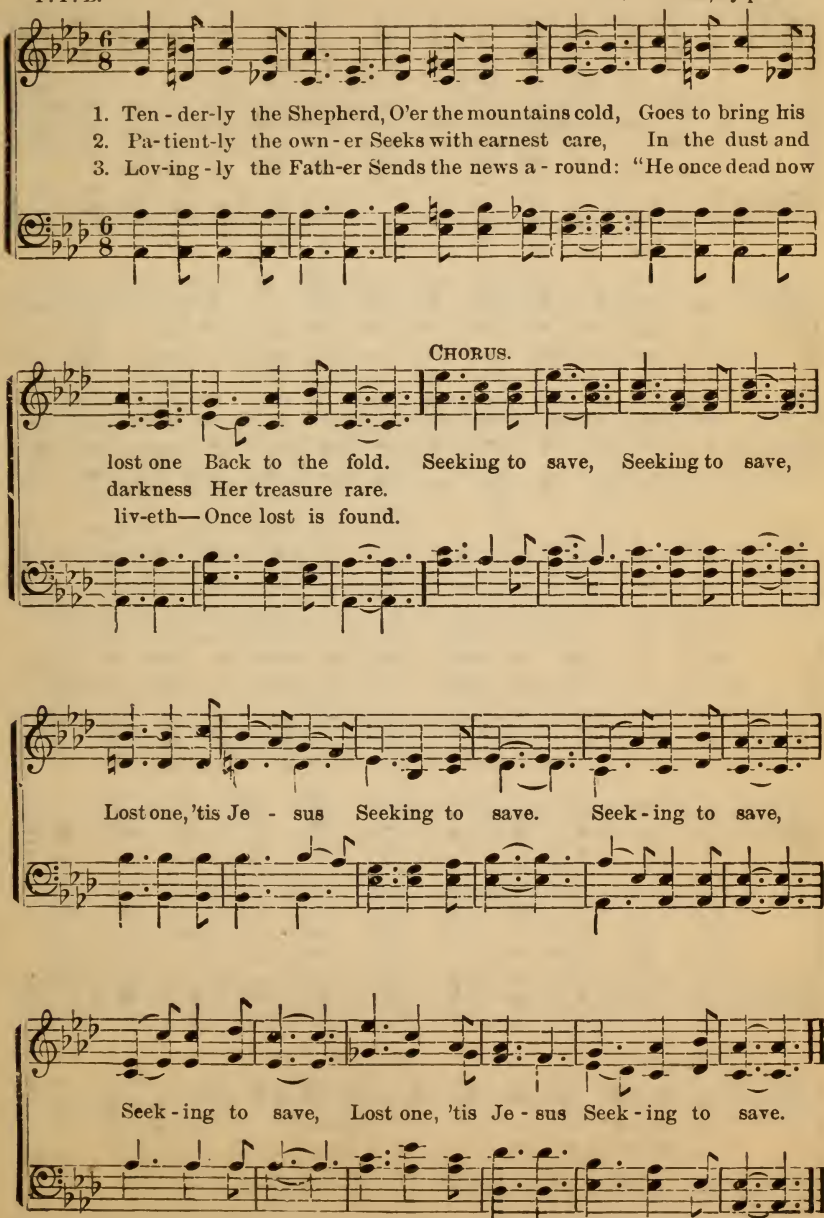
FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL, by per.



No. 177. Seeking to Save.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

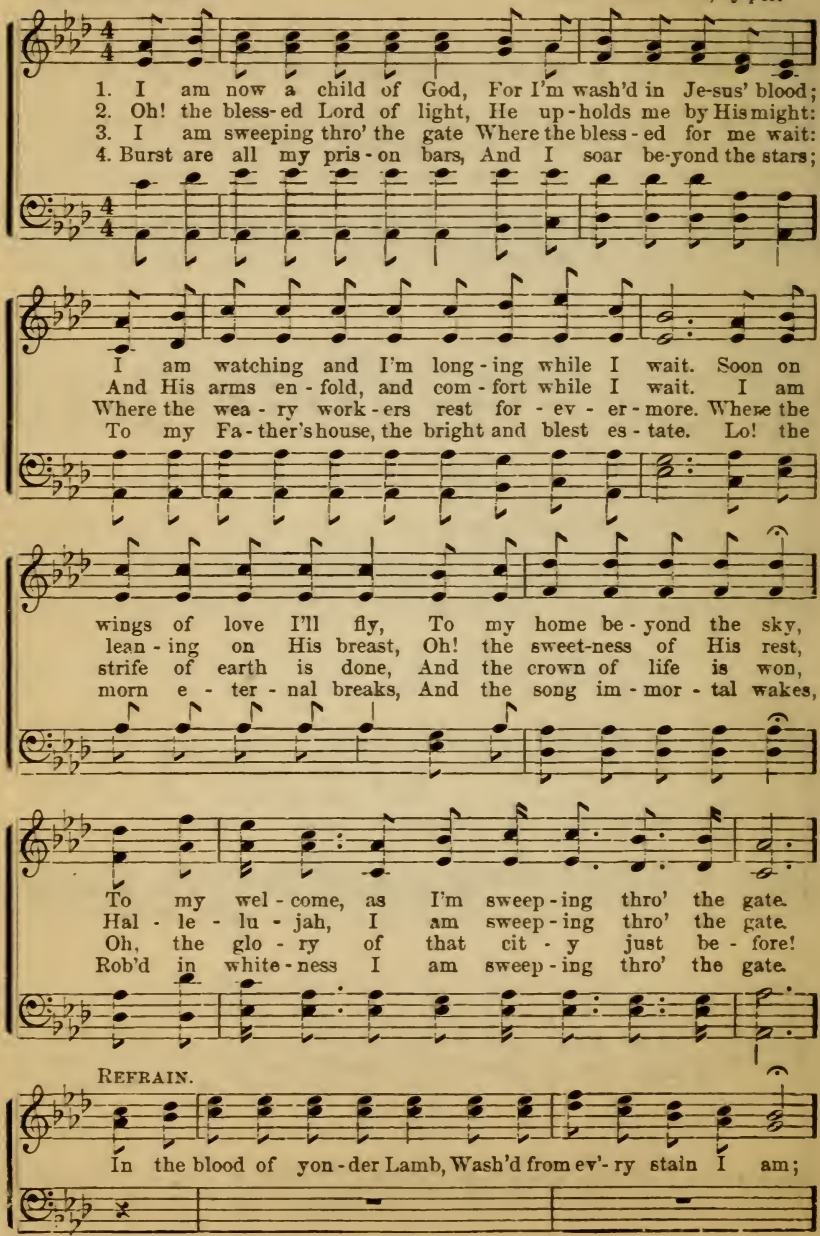
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

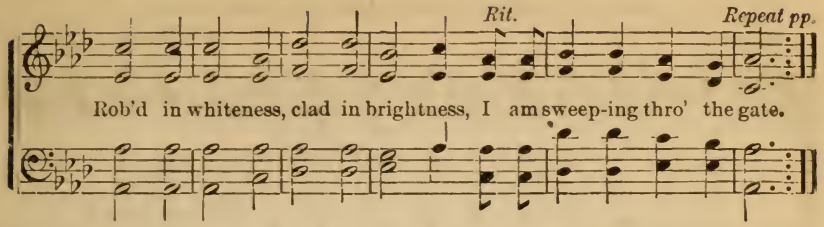


No. 178. I am Sweeping thro' the Gate.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day."—Rev. 21 : 25.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.





No. 179. Jesus is Mine.

"My beloved is mine."—Song of Solomon 2: 16.

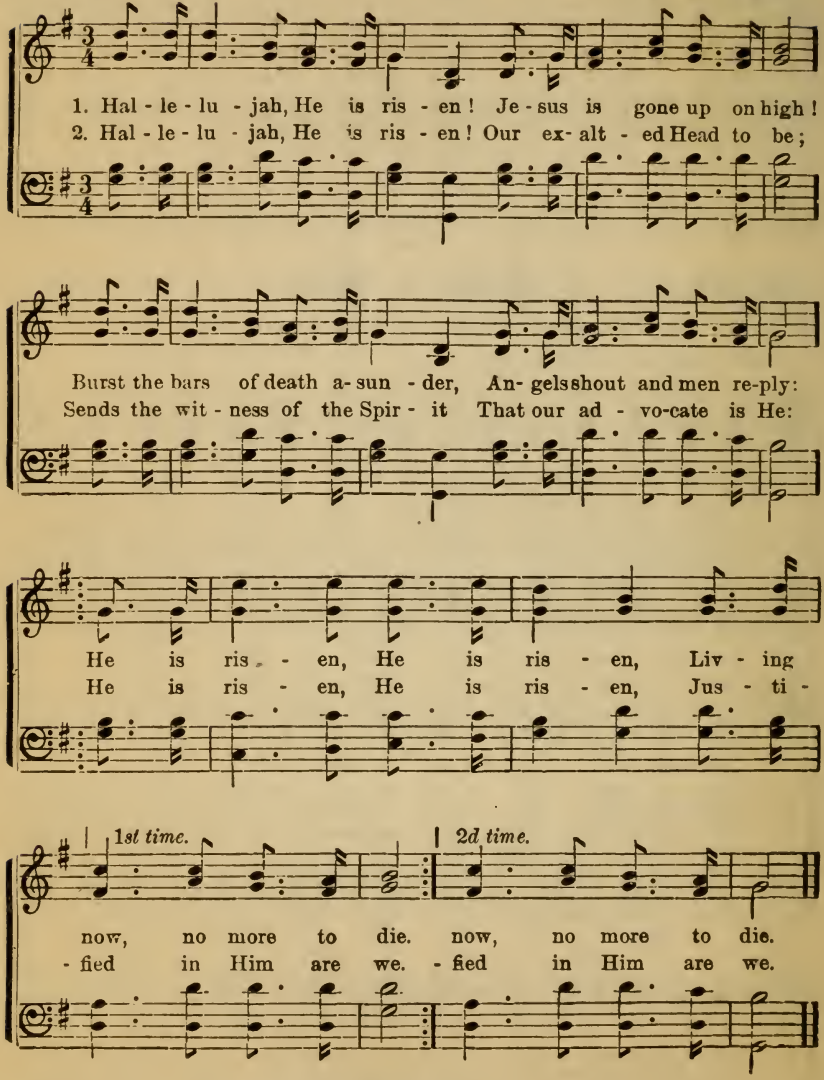
Mrs. Catherine J. Bonar, 1843. T. E. Perkins, by per.



No. 180. Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 23:6.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring:
‖: He is risen,
Living Lord and coming King. :‖

No. 181. O Crown of Rejoicing.

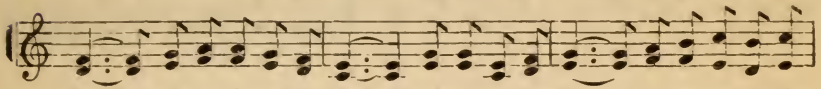
"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—2 Tim. 4: 8.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. P. P. Bliss, by per.

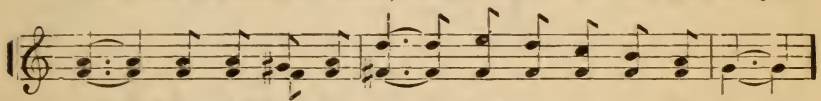
Duet.



1. O crown of re - joic - ing that's waiting for me, When finished my
2. O won-der-ful song that in glo - ry I'll sing, To Him who re-
3. O joy ev-er - last- ing when heaven is won, For-ev- er in
4. O won-der-ful name which the glo-ri-fied bear, The new name which

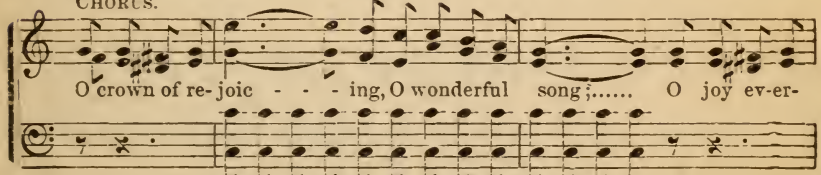


course, and when Jesus I see, And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding
- deemed me to Jesus my King; All glo-ry and hon - or to Him shall be
glo - ry to shine as the sun; No sorrow nor sighing—these all flee a-
Je - sus bestows on us there; To him that o'er-com- eth 'twill on-ly be

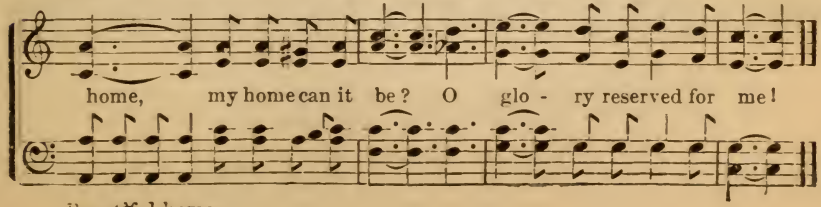


word: "Re-ceive, faith-ful ser - - vant, the joy of thy Lord."
given, And prais- es un - ceas - ing for- ev- er in heaven.
- way, No night there, no shad - ows—'tis one end-less day.
given, Blest sign of ap - prov - al, our wel-come to heaven.

Chorus.



O crown of re- joic - - - ing, O wonderful song;..... O joy ev-er-
Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful, wonderful song;
- last - - ing, O glo - ri - fied throng;..... O beauti- ful
Joy ev- er- last - ing, O glo - ri - fied, glo- ri-fied throng;



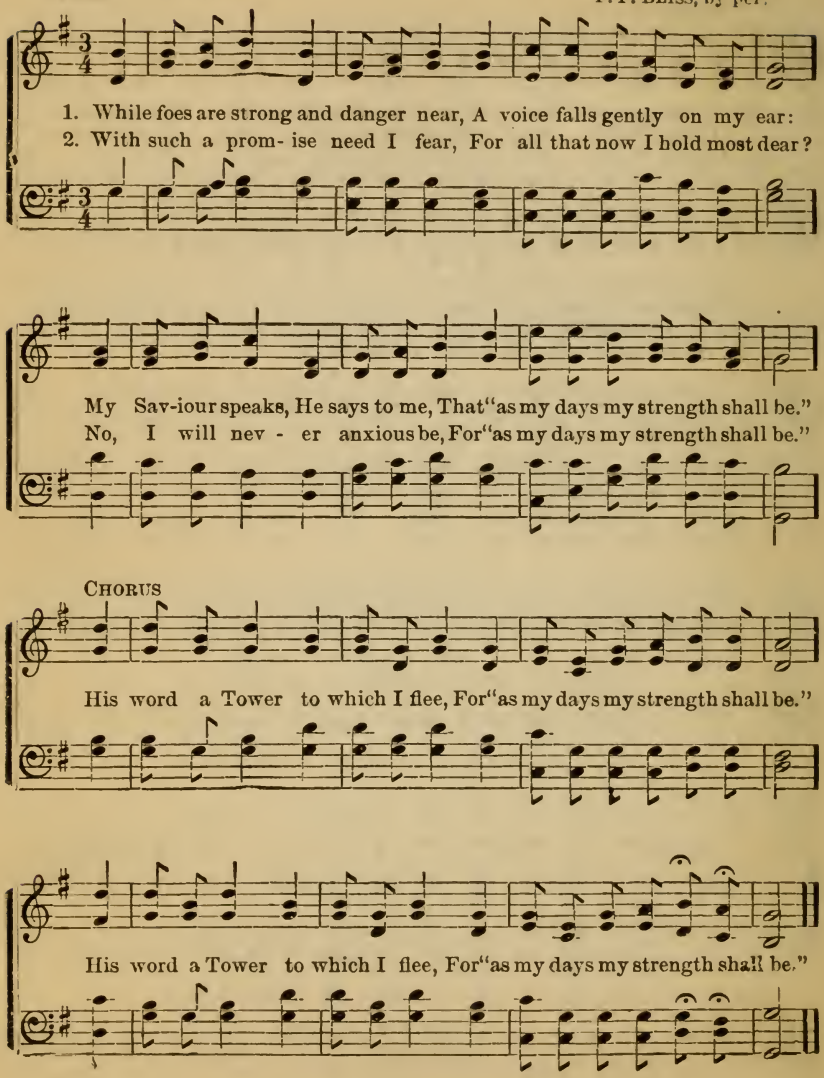
home, my home can it be? O glo - ry reserved for me!
Beautiful home,

No. 182.

His Word a Tower.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be?"—DEUT. 33 : 25.

ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 And when at last I'm called to die,
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
That "as my days my strength shall be."
CHO.—His word a Tower, &c.

No. 183. In the Silent Midnight Watches.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. A. C. Coxe, D. D. Geo. F. Root, by per.

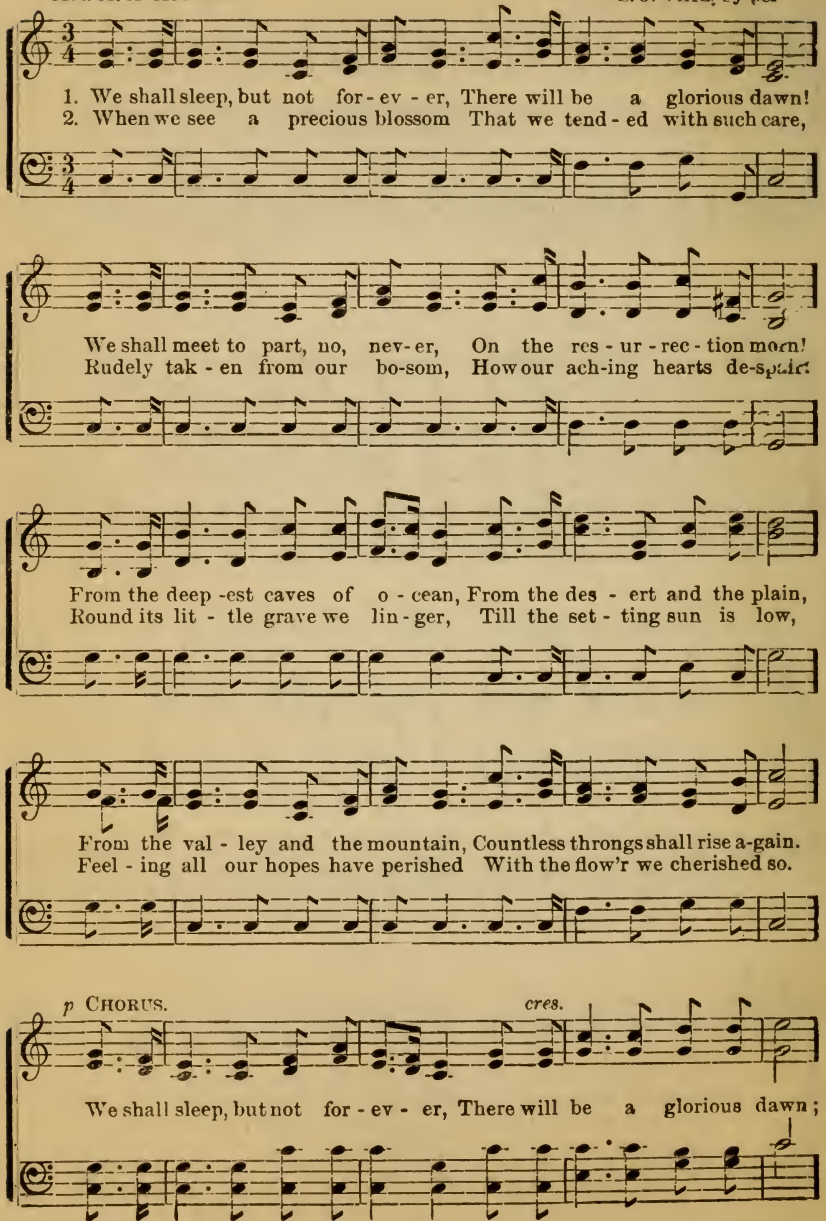
Piano e Marcato.



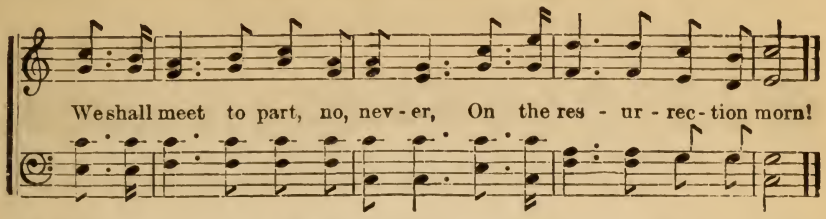
No. 184. We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

"Sown in corruption....raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15: 42.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail, by per.



We shall Sleep.—Concluded.



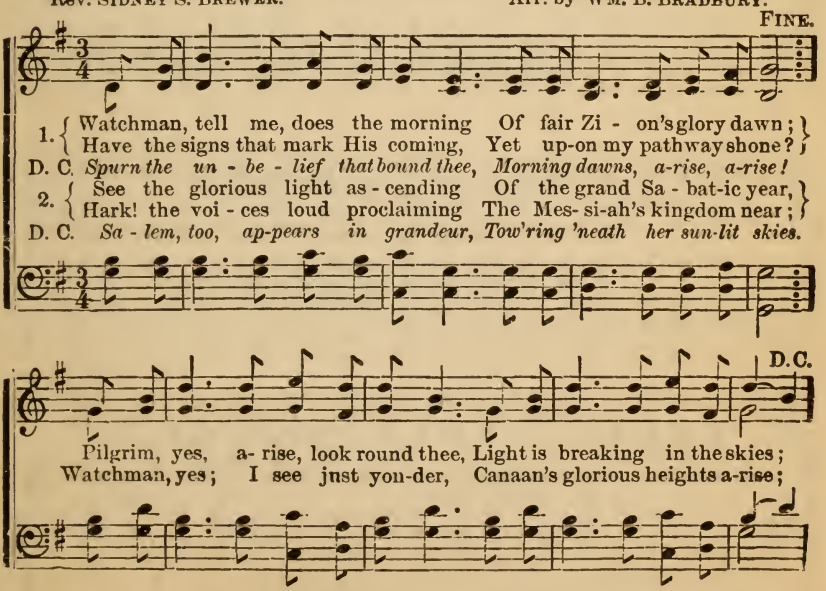
3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
Cho.

In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.
Cho.

No. 185. Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night."—ISA. 21: 11.

Rev. SIDNEY S. BREWER. Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.



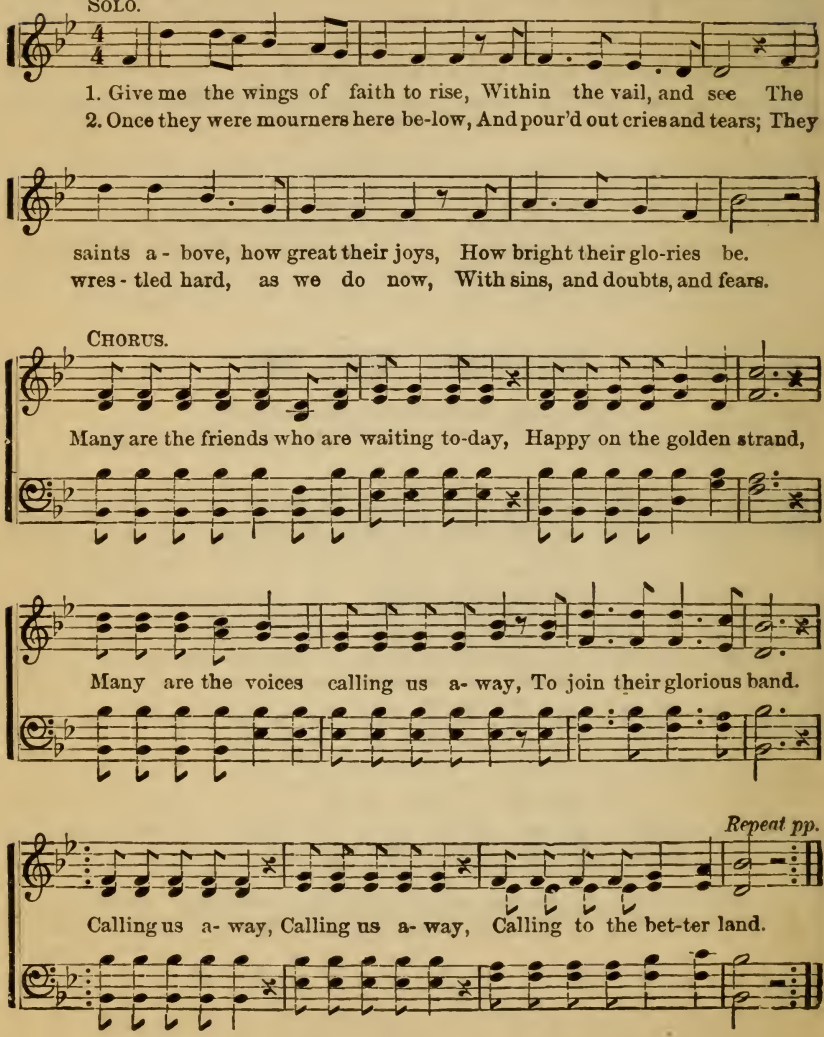
3 Pilgrim in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth to sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

No. 186. Give me the Wings of Faith.

"Here we have no continuing city."—HEB. 13: 14.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709. Arr. by WALTER KITTREDGE.



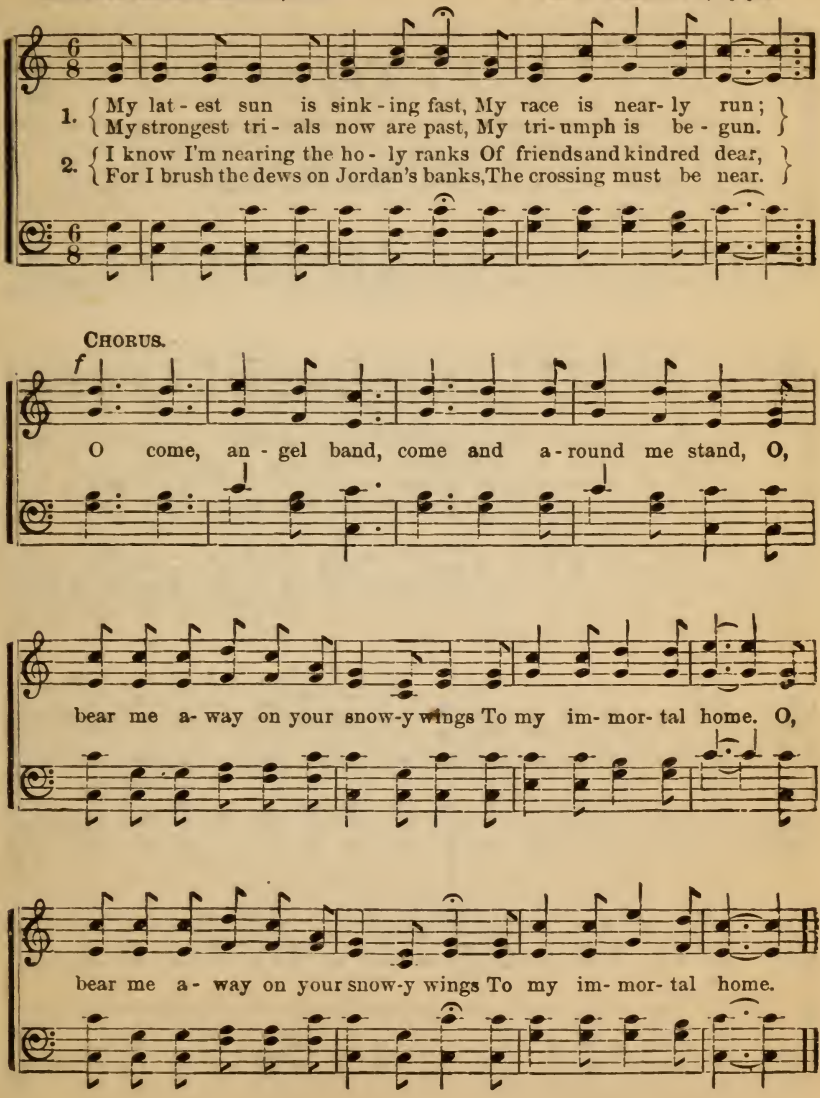
3.

I asked them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
Cho.—Many are the friends, &c.

No. 187. The Land of Beulah.

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—ISA. 62: 4.

Rev. JEFFERSON HASCALL, 1860. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
Thy holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

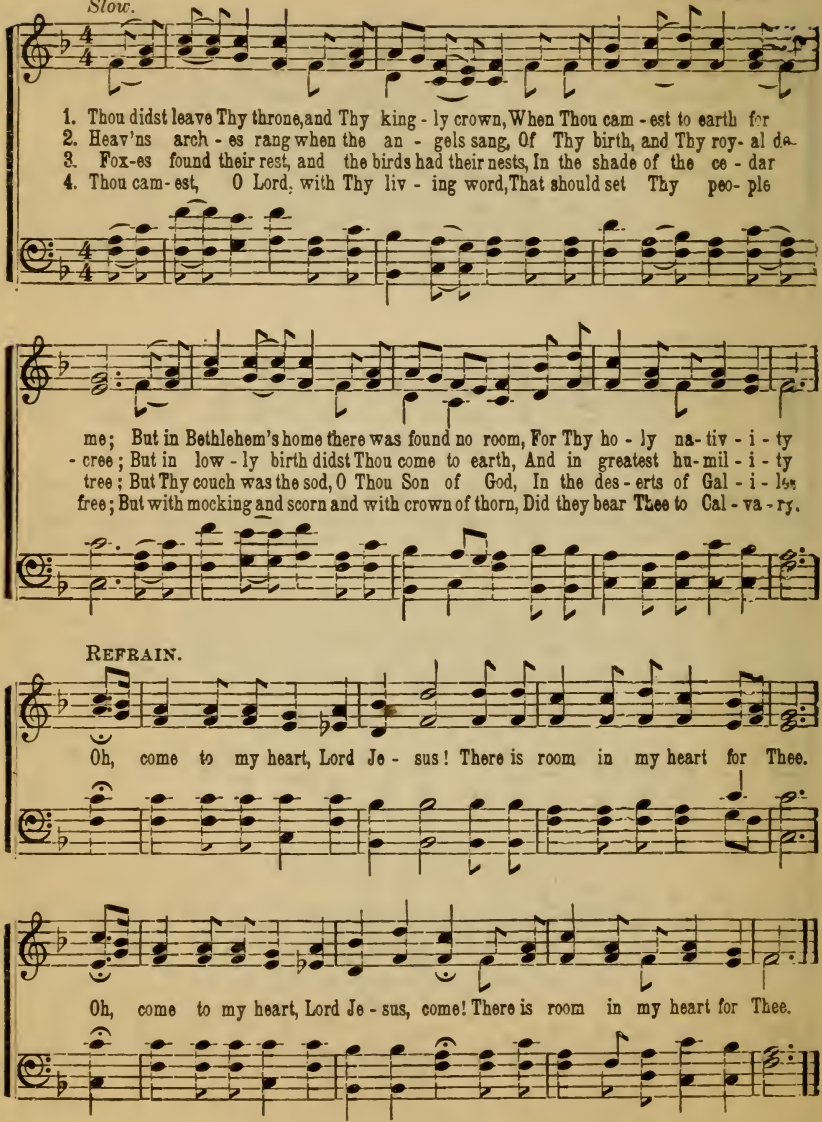
4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

No. 188. Room for Thee.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE 2: 7.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow.



5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,"
There is room at My side for thee.—*Ref.*

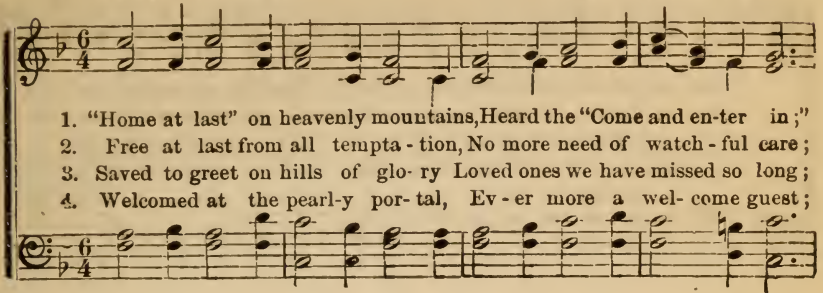
No. 189.

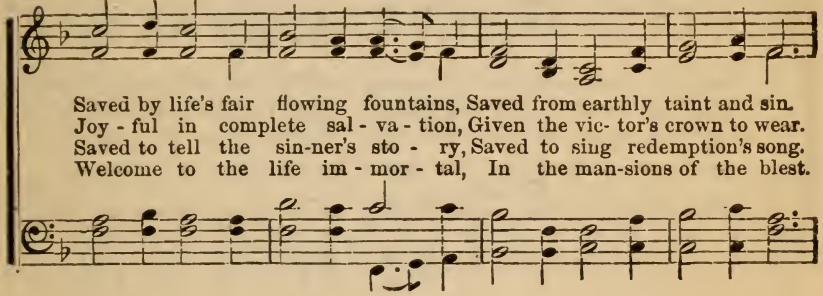
Home at Last.

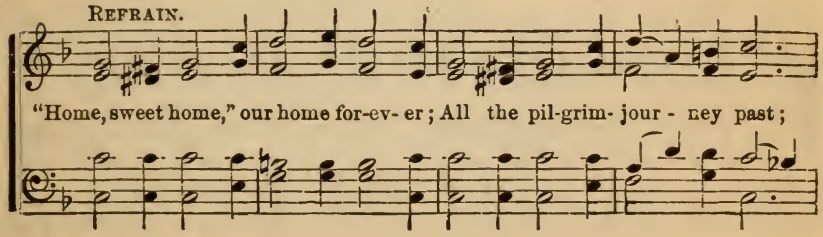
"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

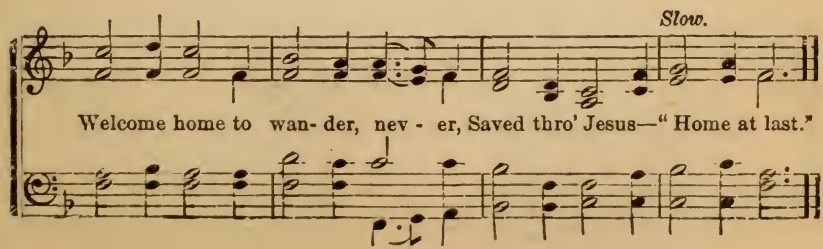
"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

Mrs. MARIA P. A. CROZIER. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.







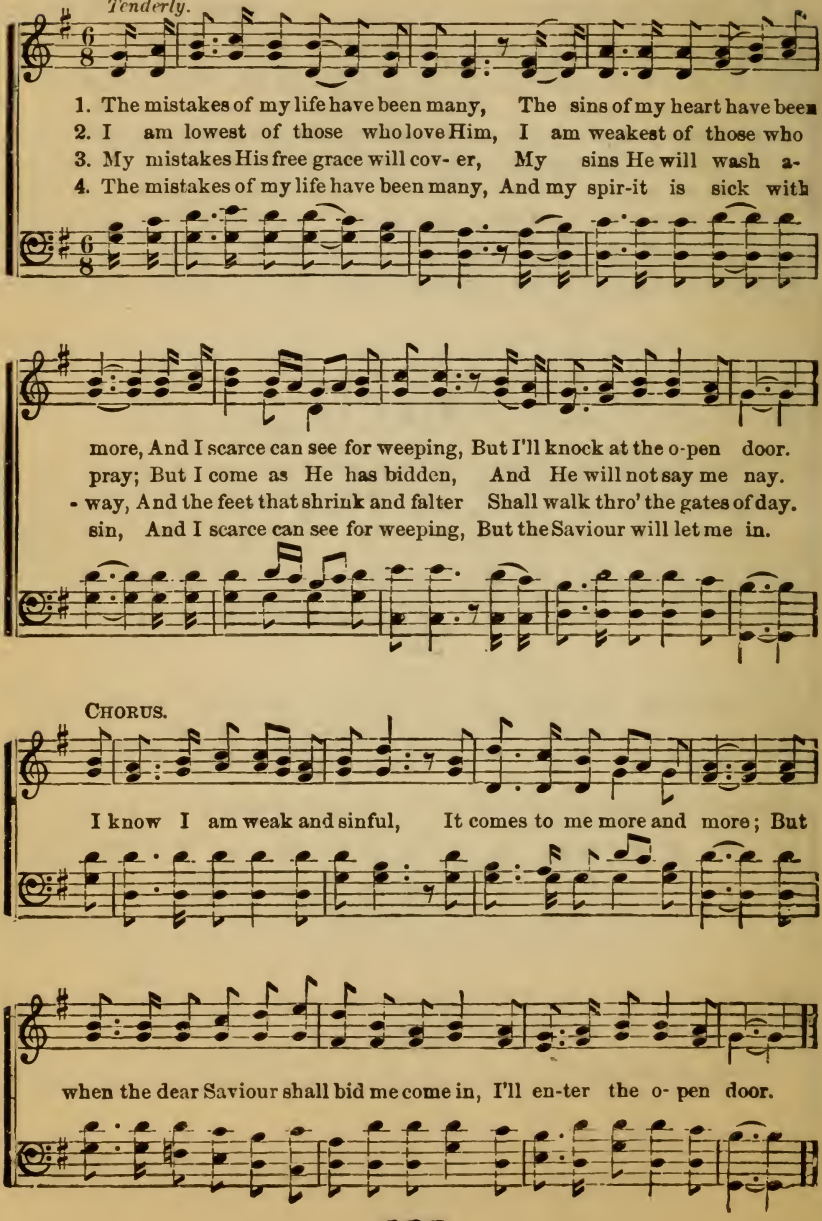


No. 190. The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. 3: 8.

Mrs. Urania Locke Bailey. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per

Tenderly.



No. 191. Come; for the Feast is Spread.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS, by per



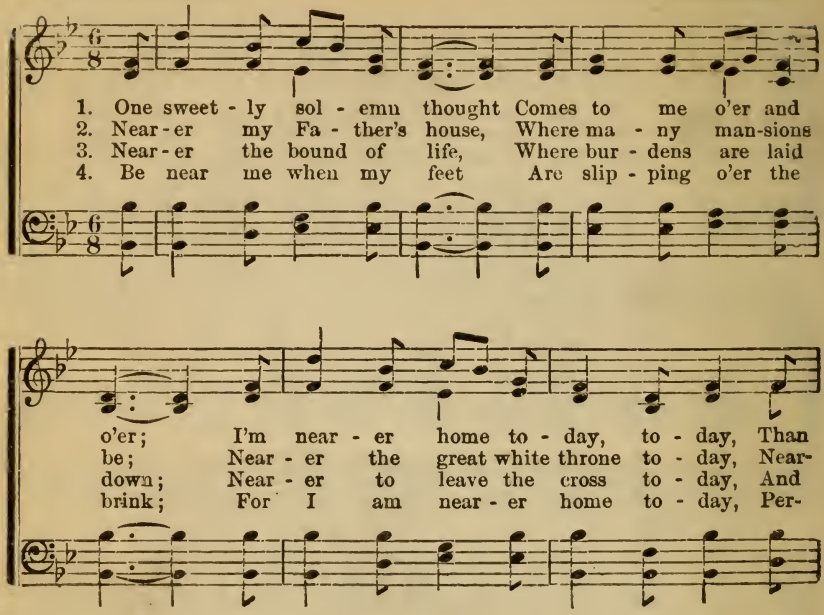
4 Come to the Better Land,
Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand—
Wilderness waste!
Here are the harps of gold,
Here are the joys untold—
Crowns for the young and old;
Come, pilgrim, come.

5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

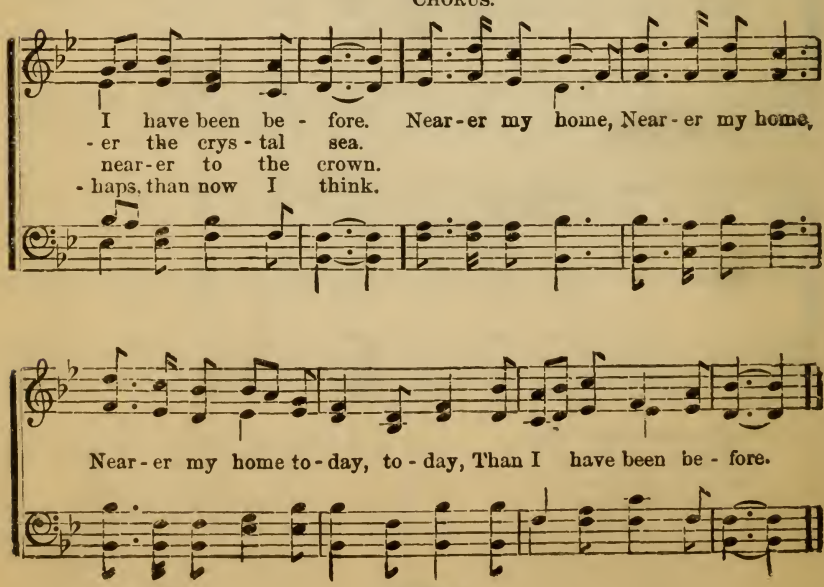
No. 192. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Miss Phoebe Carey. Philip Phillips, by per



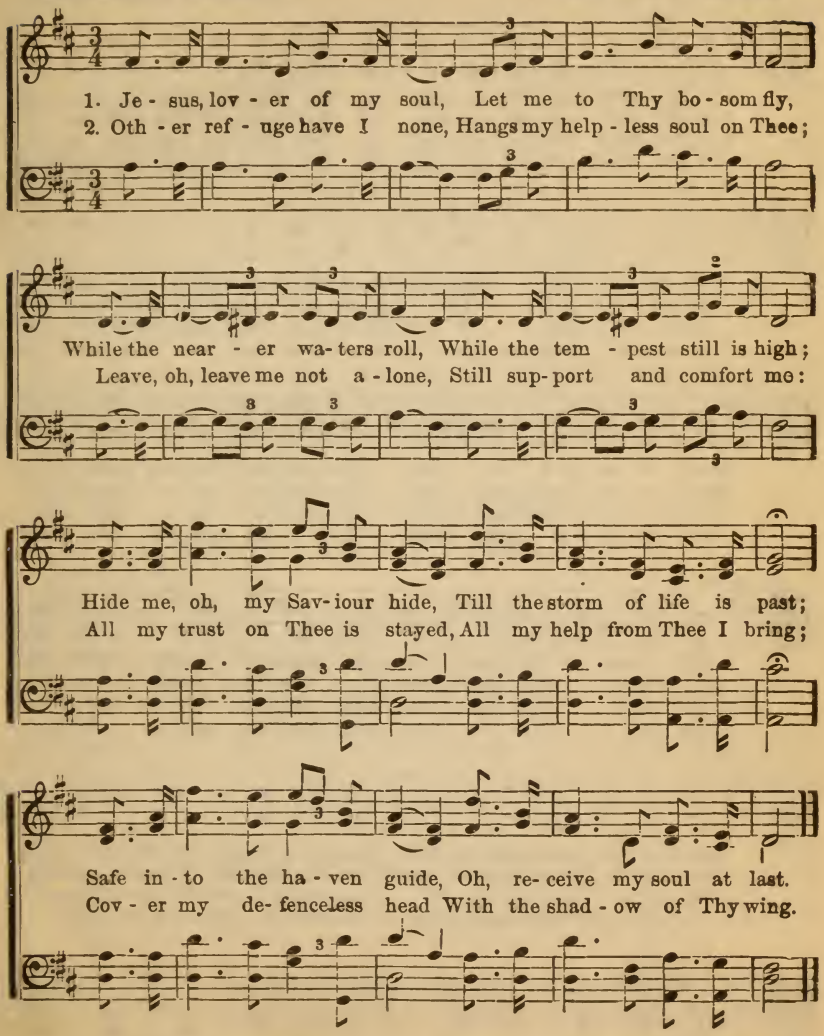
Chorus.



No. 193. Refuge. 7s.

"The Lord also will be a refuge.....in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. Jos. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



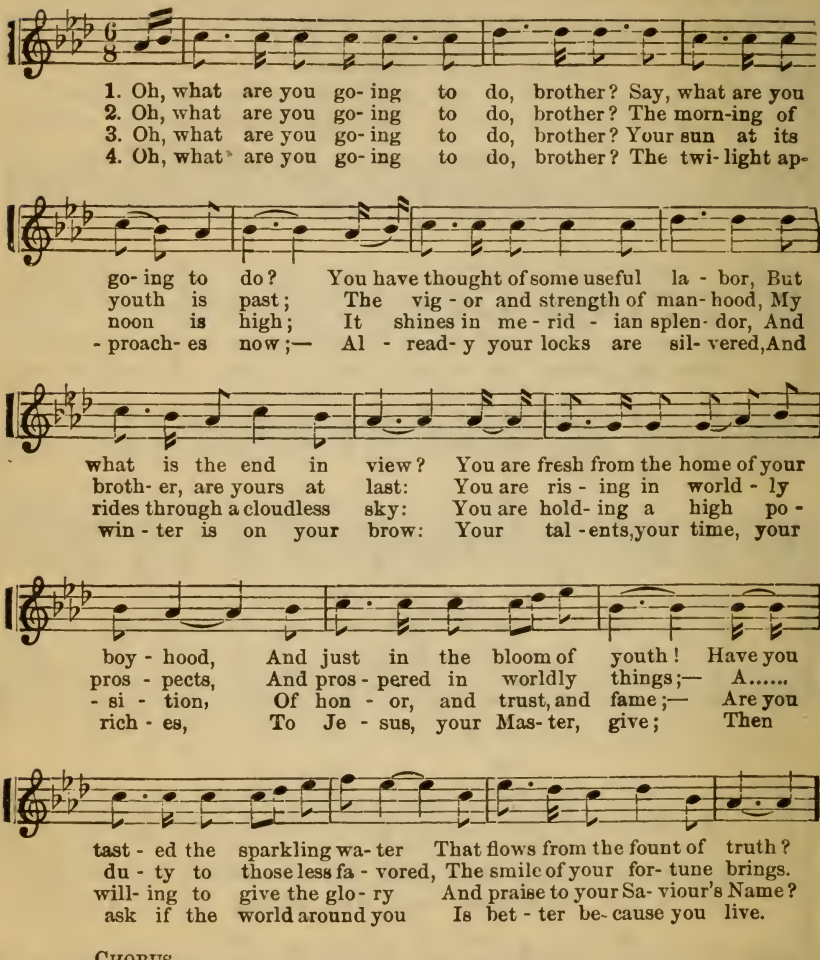
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within,
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

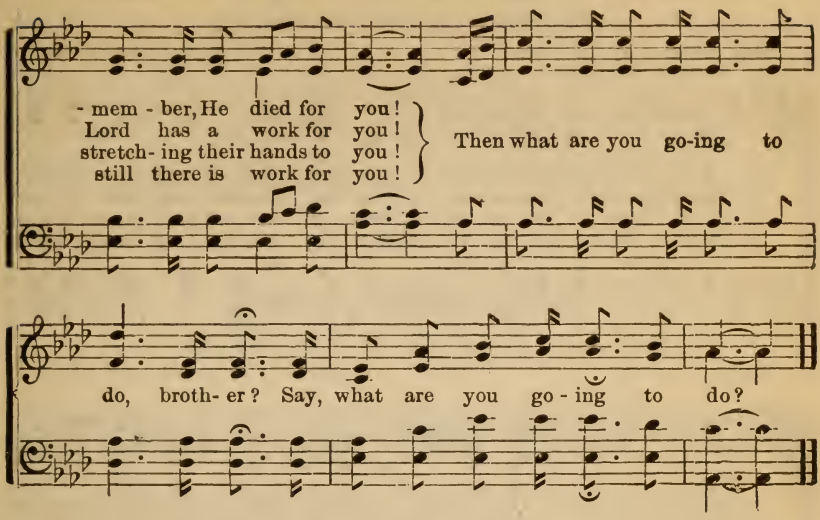
No. 194. Oh, what are You Going to Do?

"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS 18: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



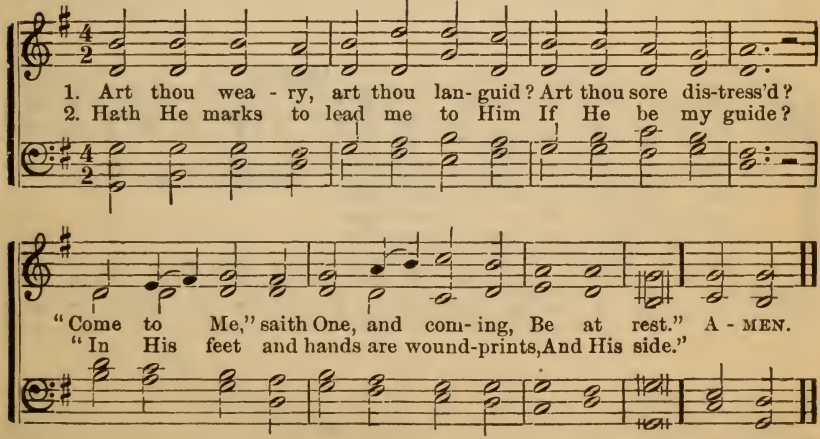
Oh, what are You Going to Do?—Concluded.



No. 195. Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11:28.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, trans. Rev. HENRY W. BAKER, 1868.



3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

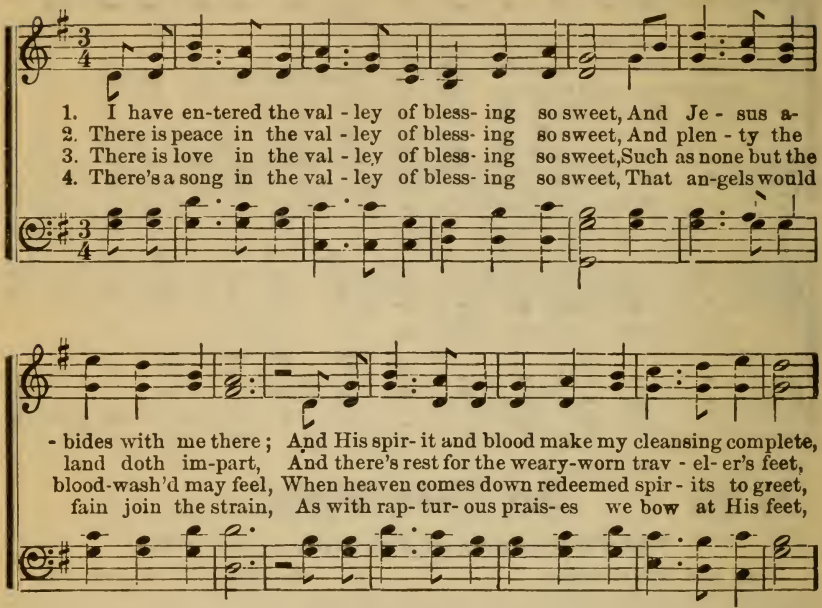
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

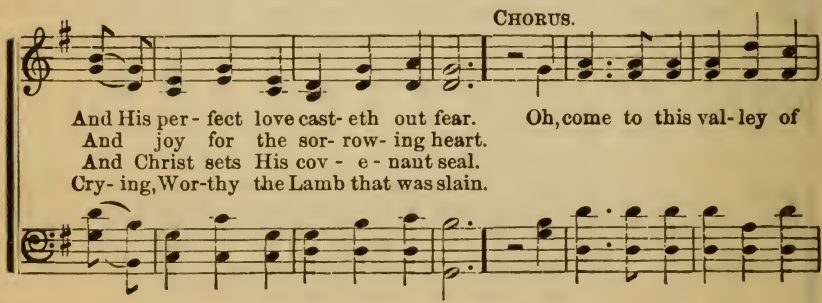
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

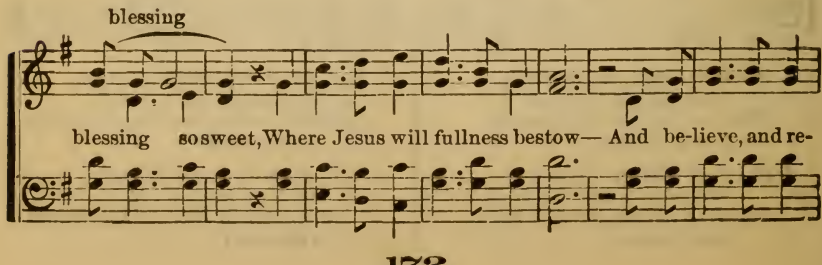
No. 196. The Valley of Blessing.

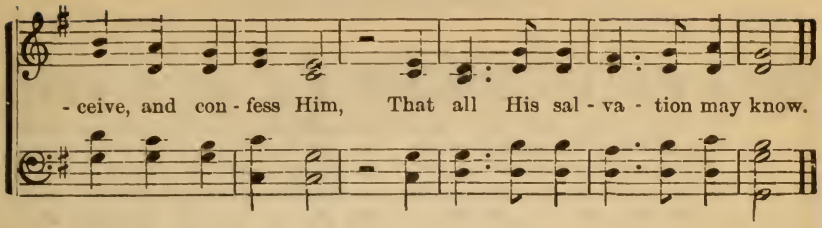
"The valley of Berachah."—2 CHR. 20: 26.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.





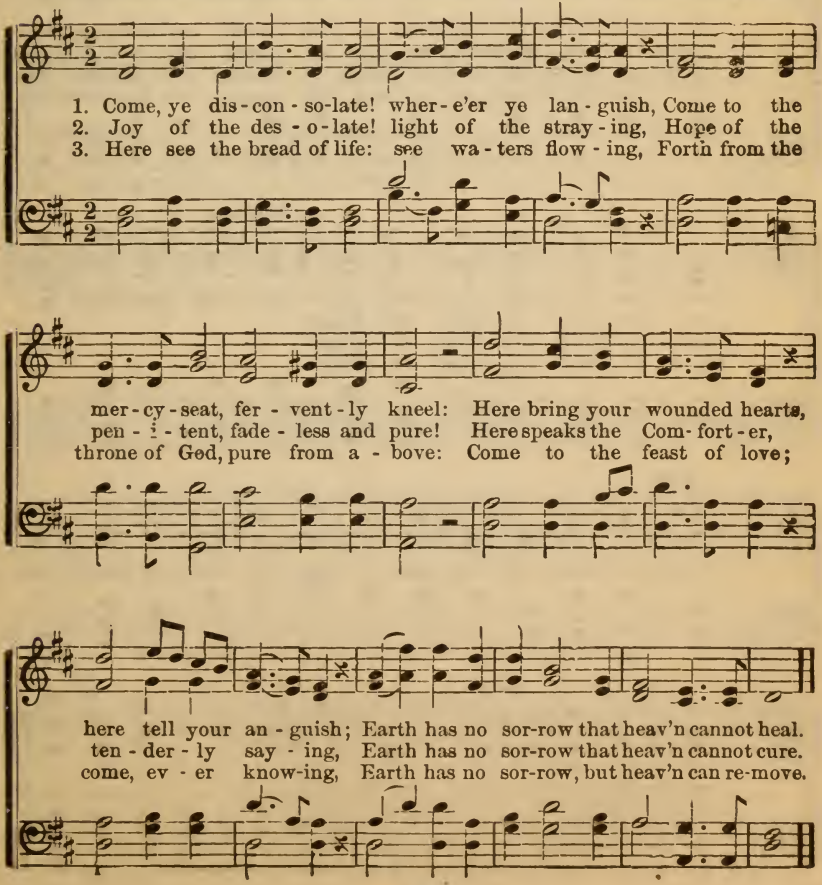




No. 197. Come, ye Disconsolate.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

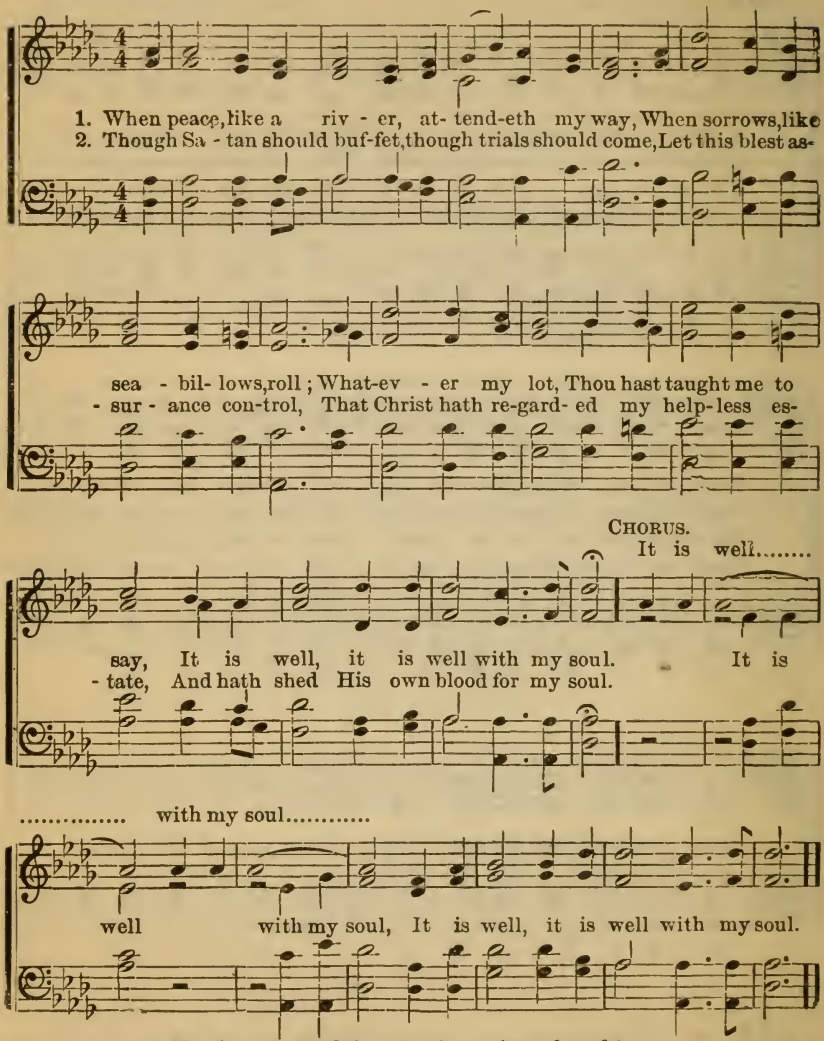
THO'S. MOORE & THO'S. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.



No. 200. It is Well with My Soul.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55: 18.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!—*Cho.*

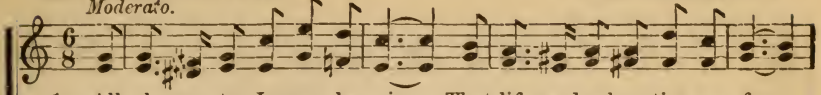
4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.—*Cho.*

No. 201. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

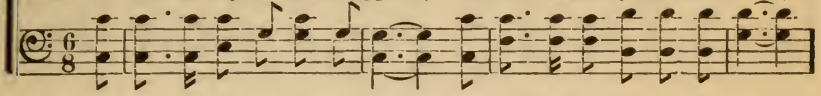
"Mighty to save."—ISA. 63: 1.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

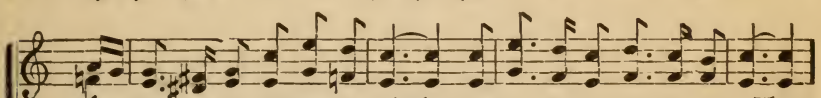
Moderato.



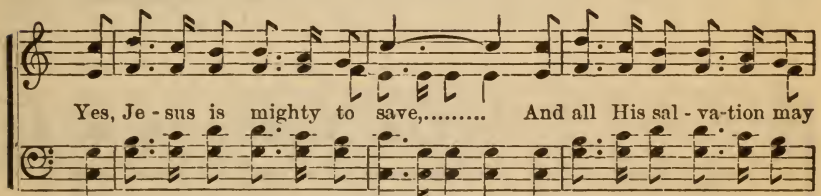
1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal-va-tion are free;
2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the light of His love,
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
4. In Him all my wants are supplied, His love makes my heaven be - low,



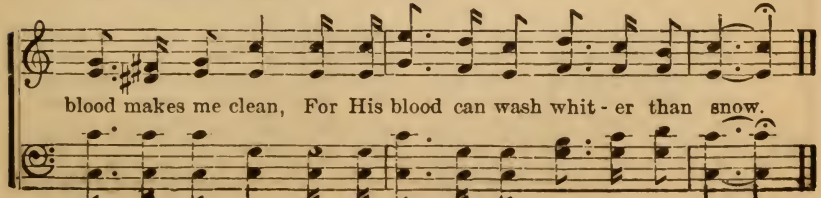
And all may be wash'd and forgiven, And Je - sus can save ev - en me.
He has brought me and made me an heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.
My soul all His fullness would prove, And live in His lov-ing em-brace.
And free- ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.



CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save,..... And all His sal - va-tion may
is mighty to save, sal-
know..... On His bo - som I lean, And His
- va - tion may know,

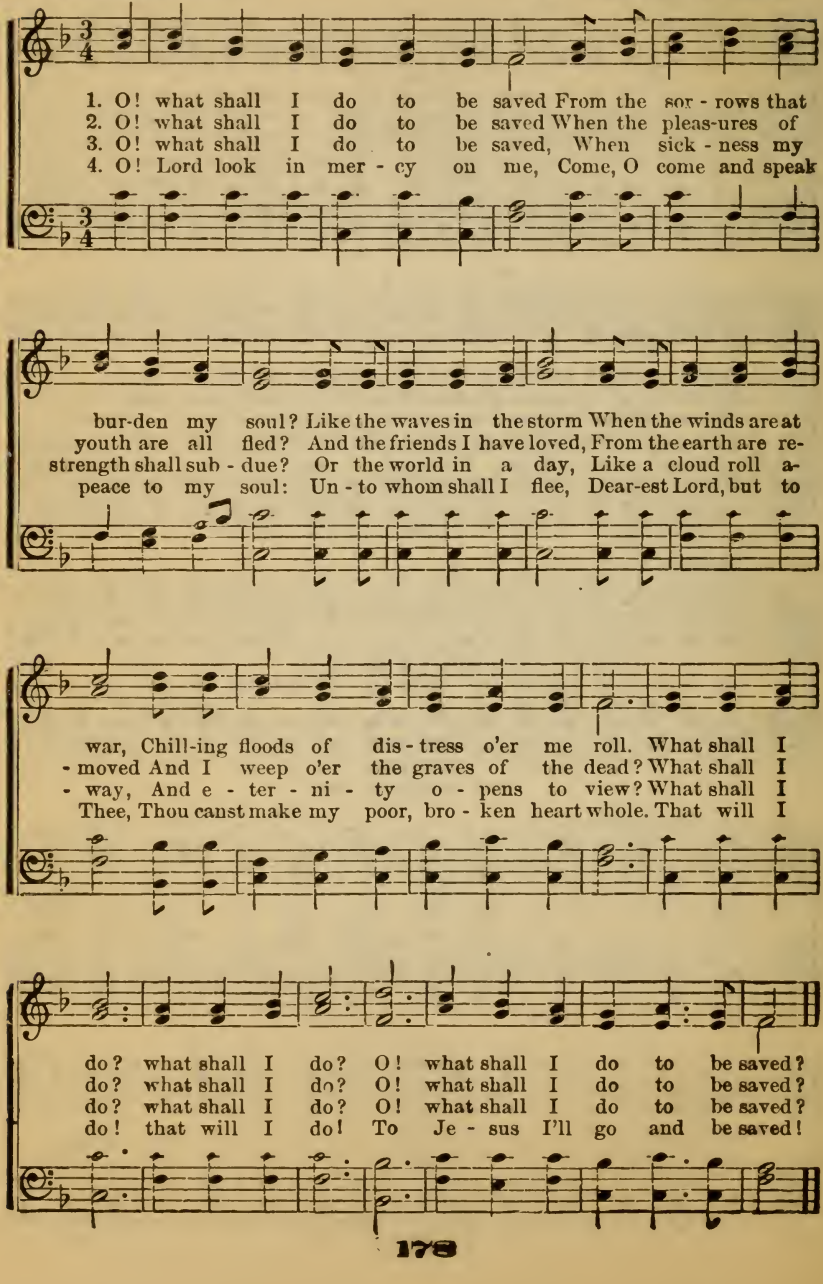


blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whit - er than snow.

No. 202. What shall I do to be Saved?

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts. 16: 30.

J. W. Holman, 1852. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

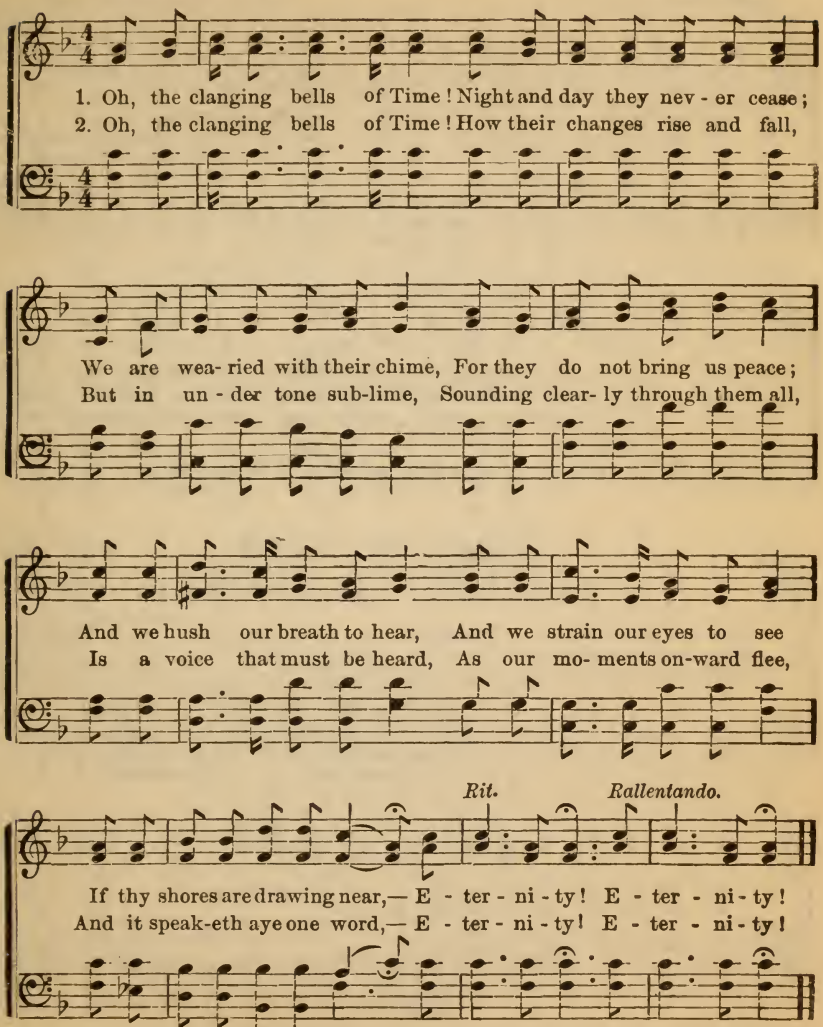


No. 203.

Eternity!

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89 : 47.

Mrs. ELLEN M. H. GATES. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound,
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,—
Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break
Eternity! Eternity!

No. 204. Sweet By-and-By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

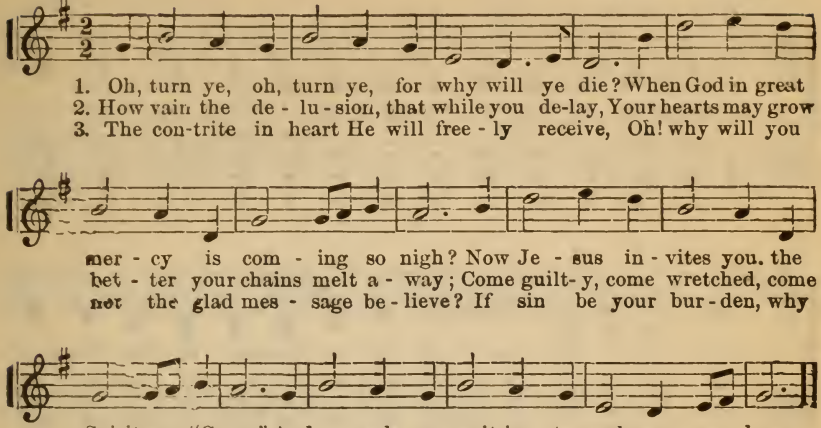
S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster, by per.



No. 205. Expostulation.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—EZE. 33: 11.

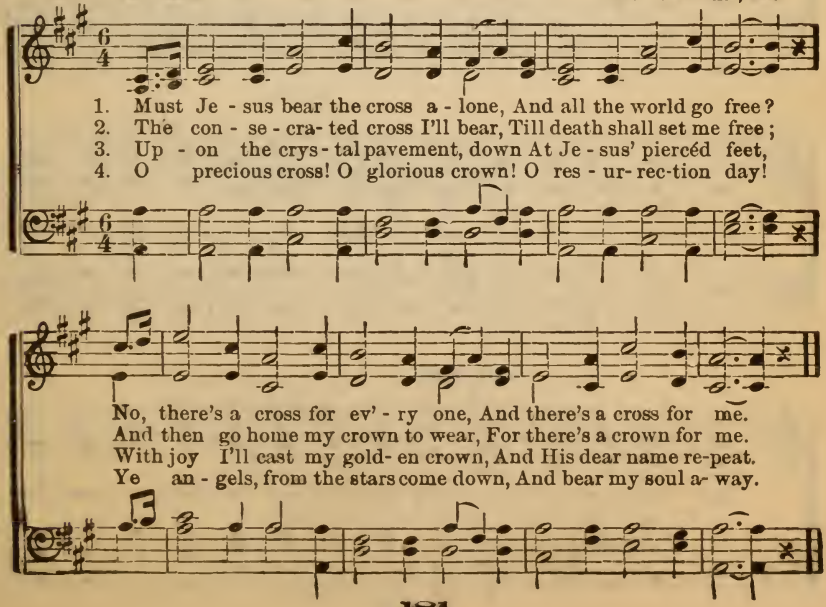
J. H. Rev. JOSIAH HOPKINS, 1880.



No. 206. Cross and Crown.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

THO'S. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN, 1849.

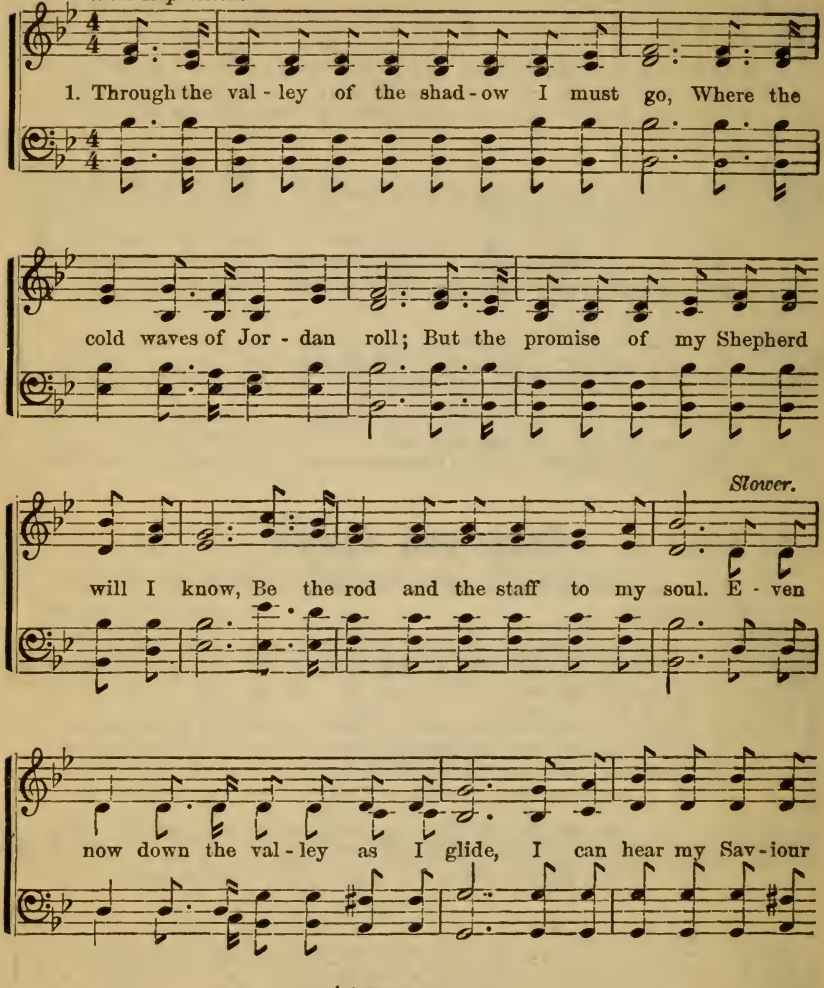


No. 207. There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley * * * I will fear no evil."—PSA. 23: 4.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

With Expression.



There's a Light in the Valley.—Concluded.

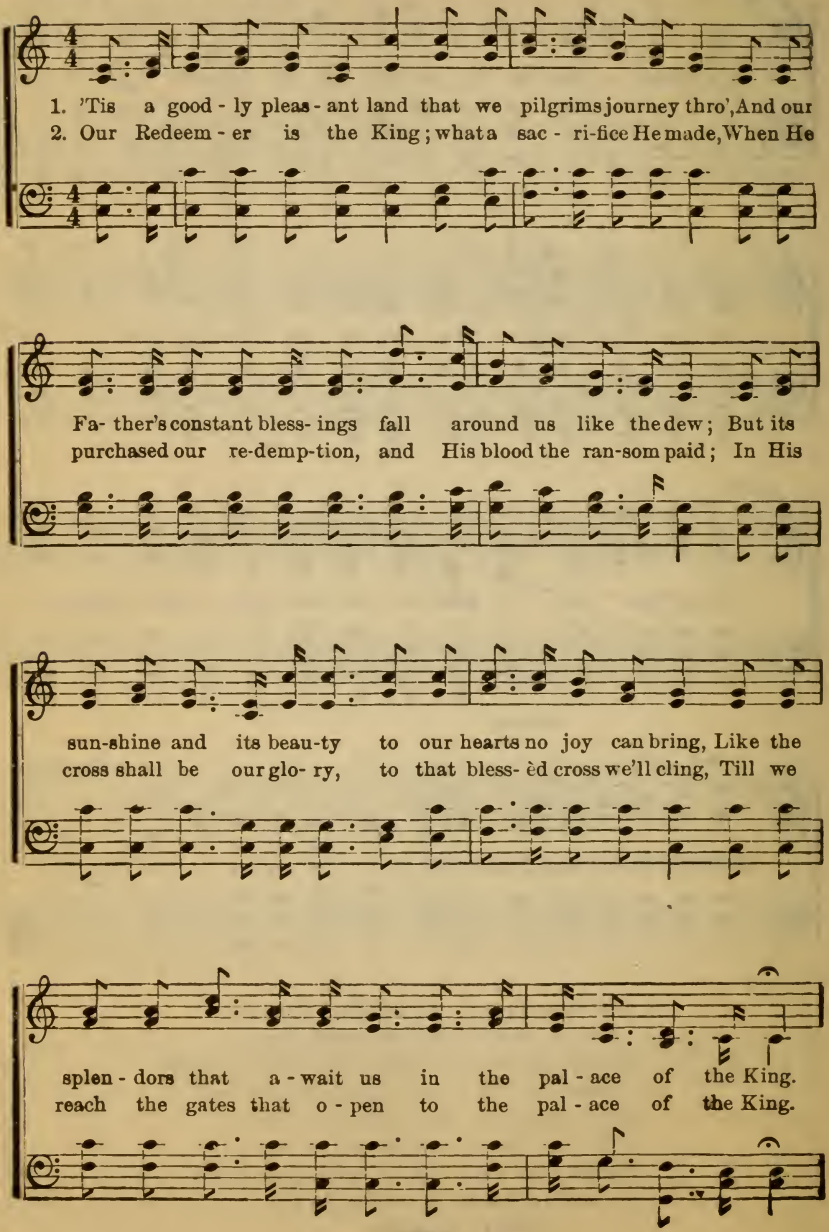


2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
As they beat on the turf-bound shore;
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,
Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.
I shall find down the valley no alarms,
For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;
He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms,
There's a light in the valley for me,
There's a light, &c.

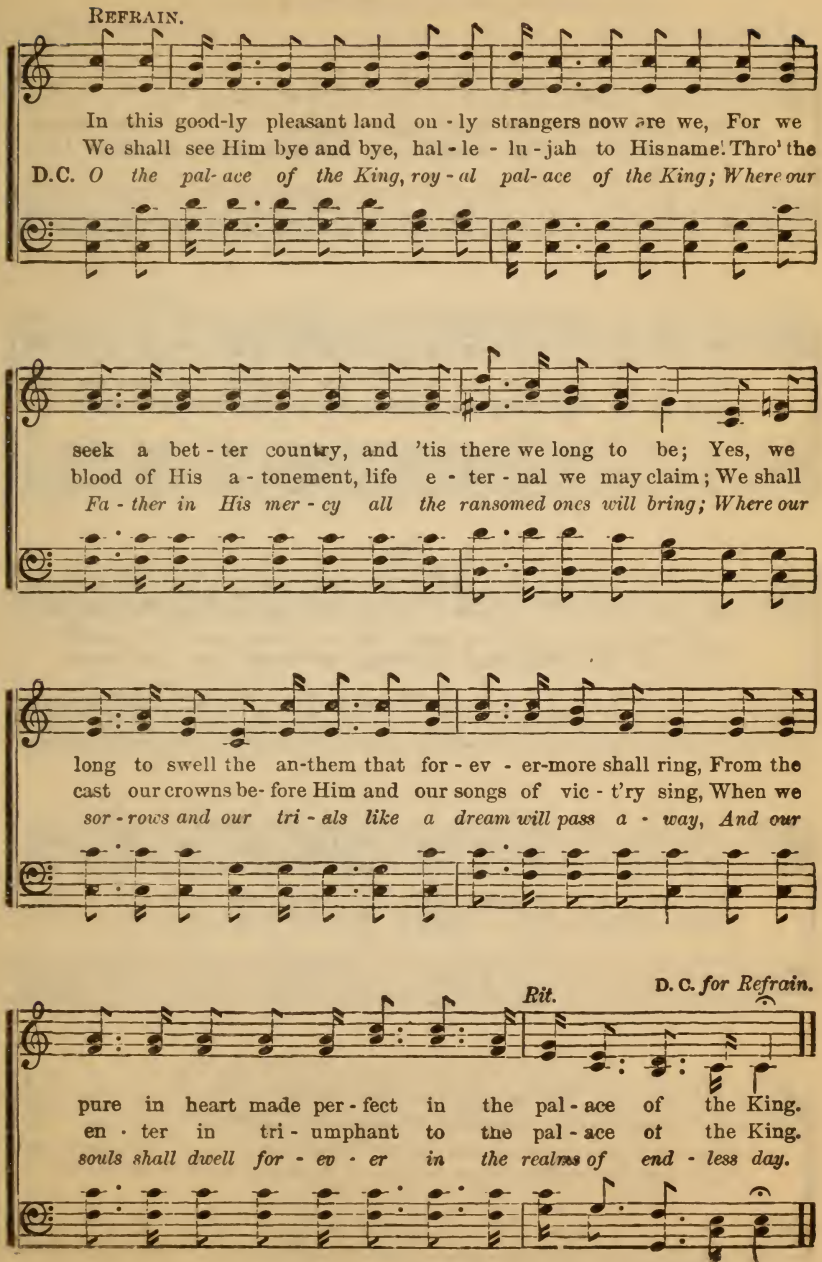
No. 208. The Palace of the King.

"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 48: 15.

Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY, 1876. S. J. VAIL, by per.



The Palace of the King.—Concluded.



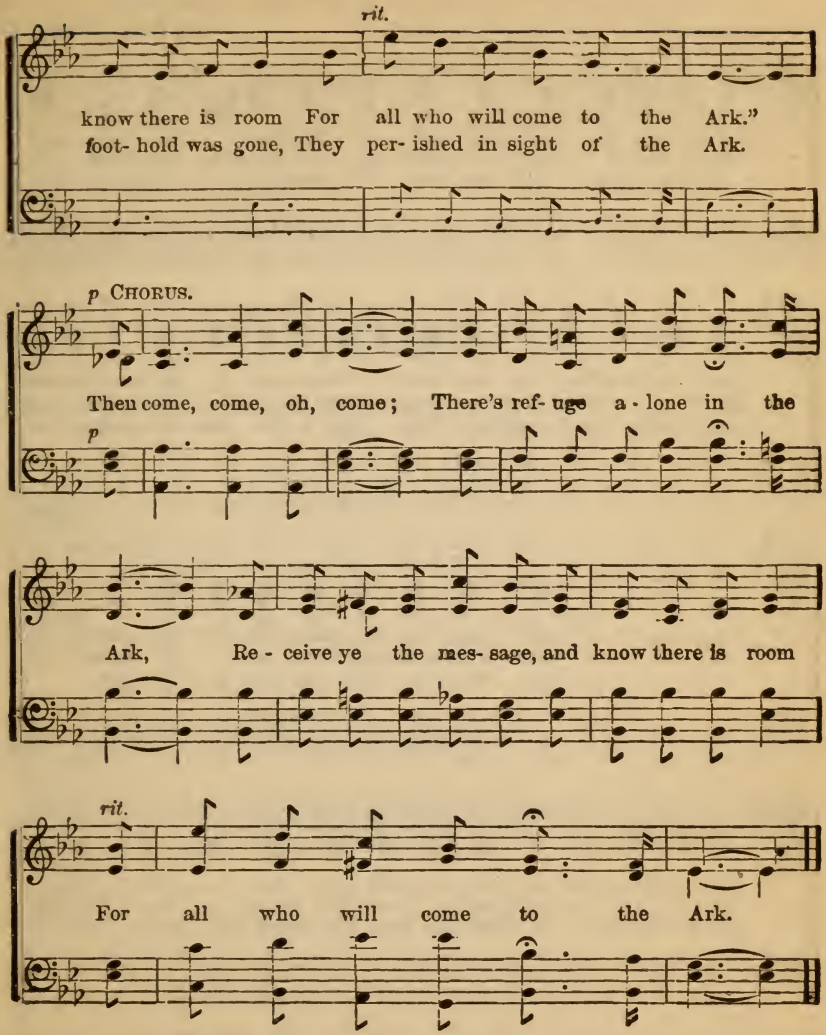
No. 209. Out of the Ark.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—Gen. 7: 1.

Kate Harrington. P. P. Bliss, by per.



Out of the Ark.—Concluded.



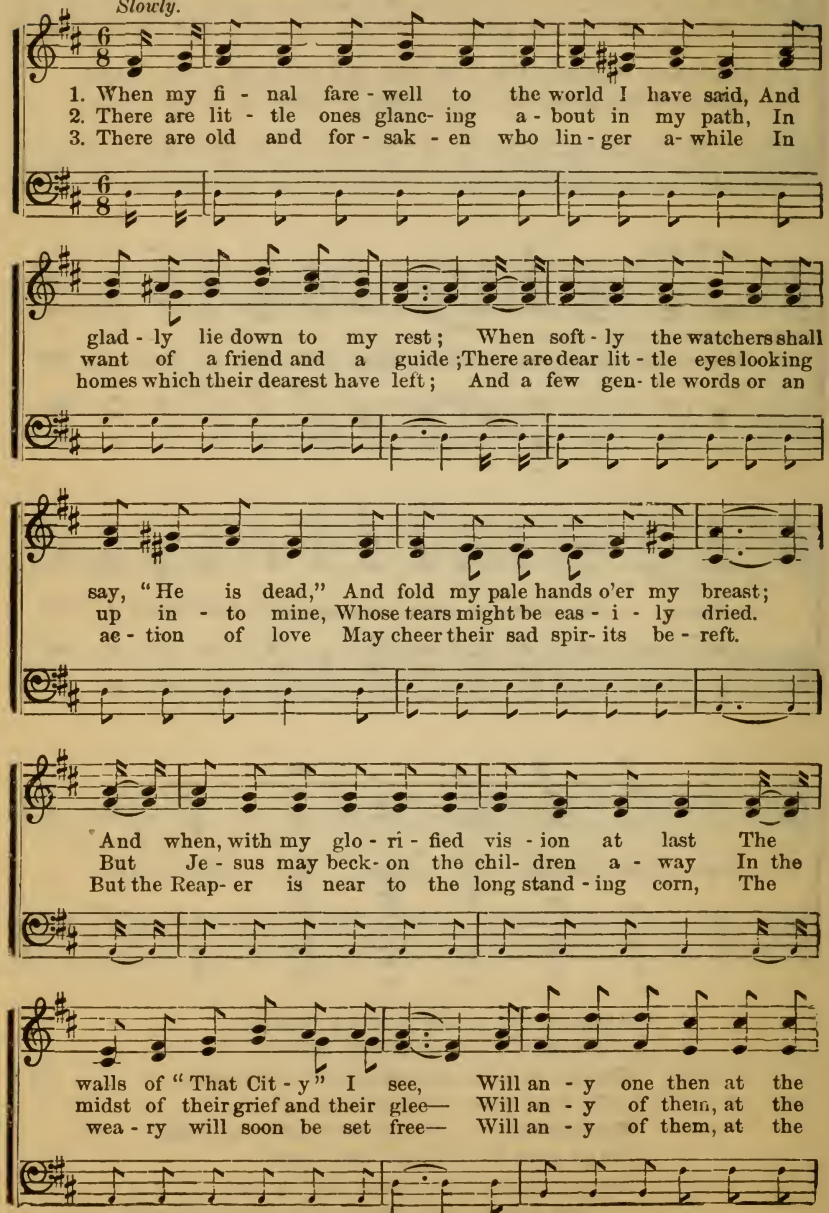
3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,
And when by its fury you're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said,
"They heard—they refused—*and were lost!*"—*Ch.*

No. 210. Waiting and Watching for Me.

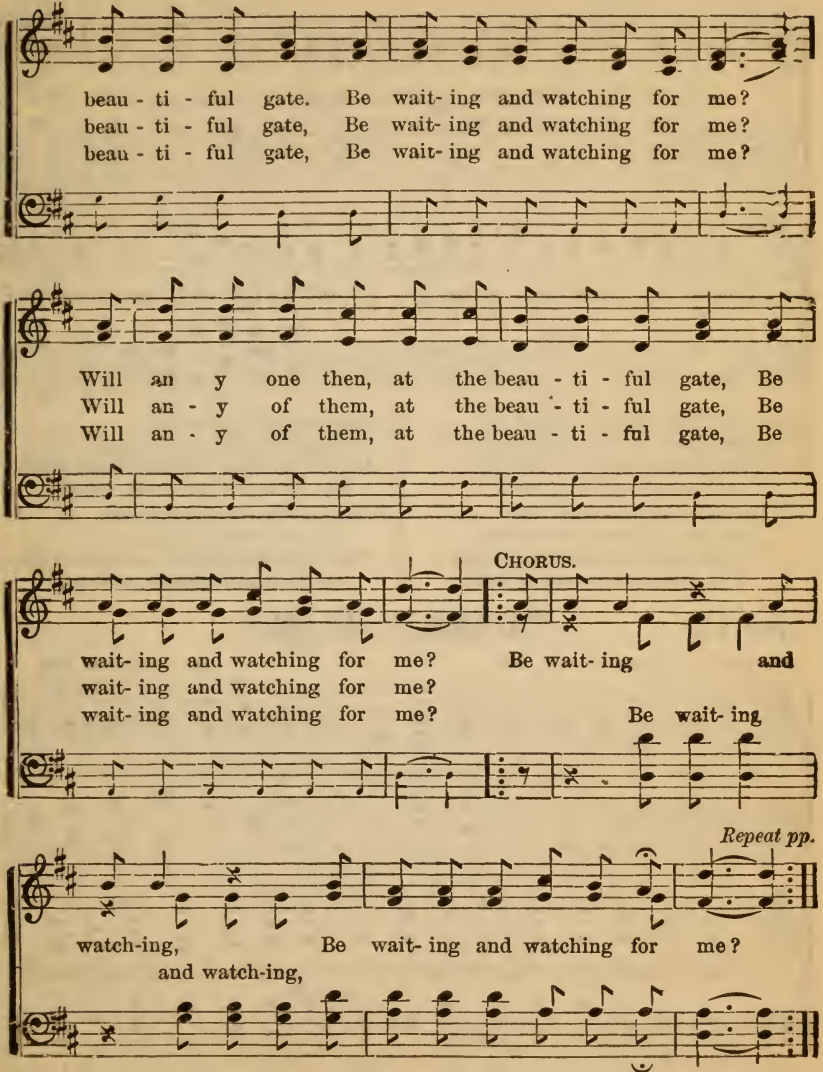
"I shall go to him * * * he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. 12: 23.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM HEARN, 1862. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Slowly.



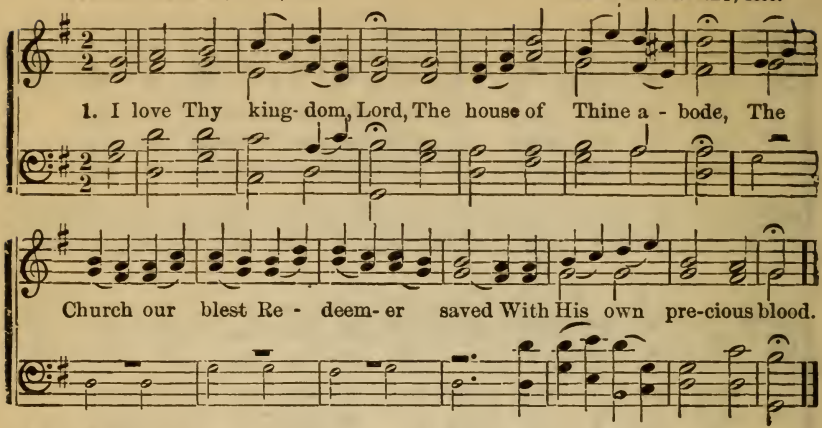
Waiting and Watching for Me.—Concluded.



4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
‖: Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me! :‖—Cho.

No. 211. Shirland. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., 1800. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

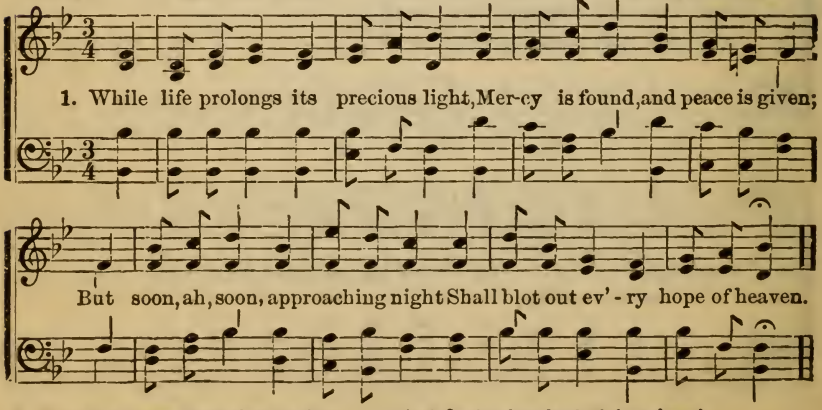
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 212. Hebron. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., 1800. Dr. L. MASON, 1839.



2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

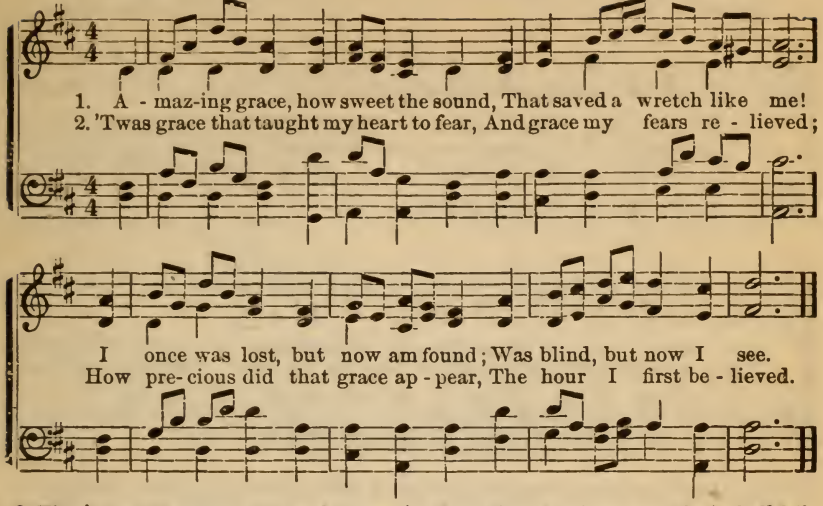
3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 213. Warwick. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. SAMUEL STANLEY.

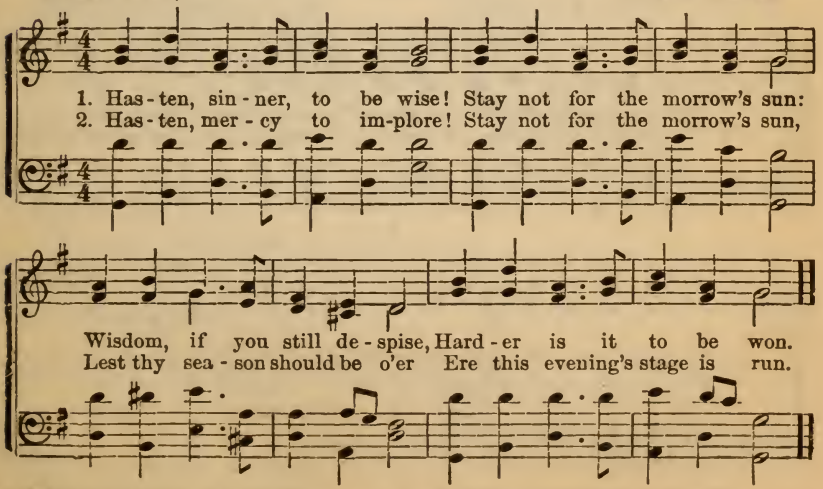


3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

No. 214. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773. IGNACE PLEYEL.



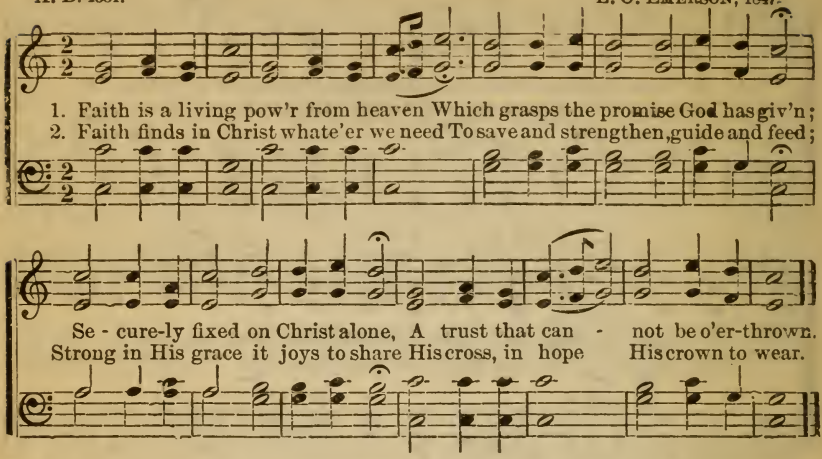
3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

No. 215. Sessions. L. M.

"That the promise by faith might be given to them that believe."—GAL. 3: 22.

A. D. 1531. L. O. EMERSON, 1847.



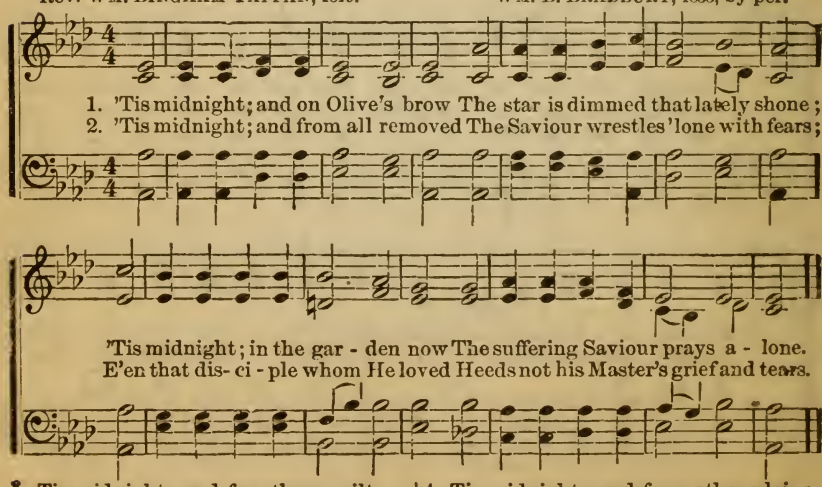
3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace;
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers Thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

No. 216. Olive's Brow. L. M.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—MATT. 26: 38.

Rev. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN, 1819. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1855, by per.



3 Tis midnight; and for others guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 217. HENDON. Key D.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee, nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast, [tain,
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

No. 218. P. M. Key E.

1 There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,—
When by sorrows pressed down,
I long for a crown,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by;
There, with friends, hand in hand,
I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way
To the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy,
Methinks I now see
How they're waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said,
That no tears shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

6 There's a beautiful land on high.
Where we never shall say "good-by."
When over the river
We're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

JAMES I. NICHOLSON. 1858

No. 219. THE SHINING SHORE. Key G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethern dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing:
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's our home,
Forever, O forever.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Rev. DAVID NELSON, 1835.

No. 220. 8s & 7s. Key C.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon He'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,—
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

Miss MARY P. GRIFFIN.

No. 221. TUNE—G. V. V. NO. 84.

1 My God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy, and [illegible] comfort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinners are free.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

5 And this I shall find
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

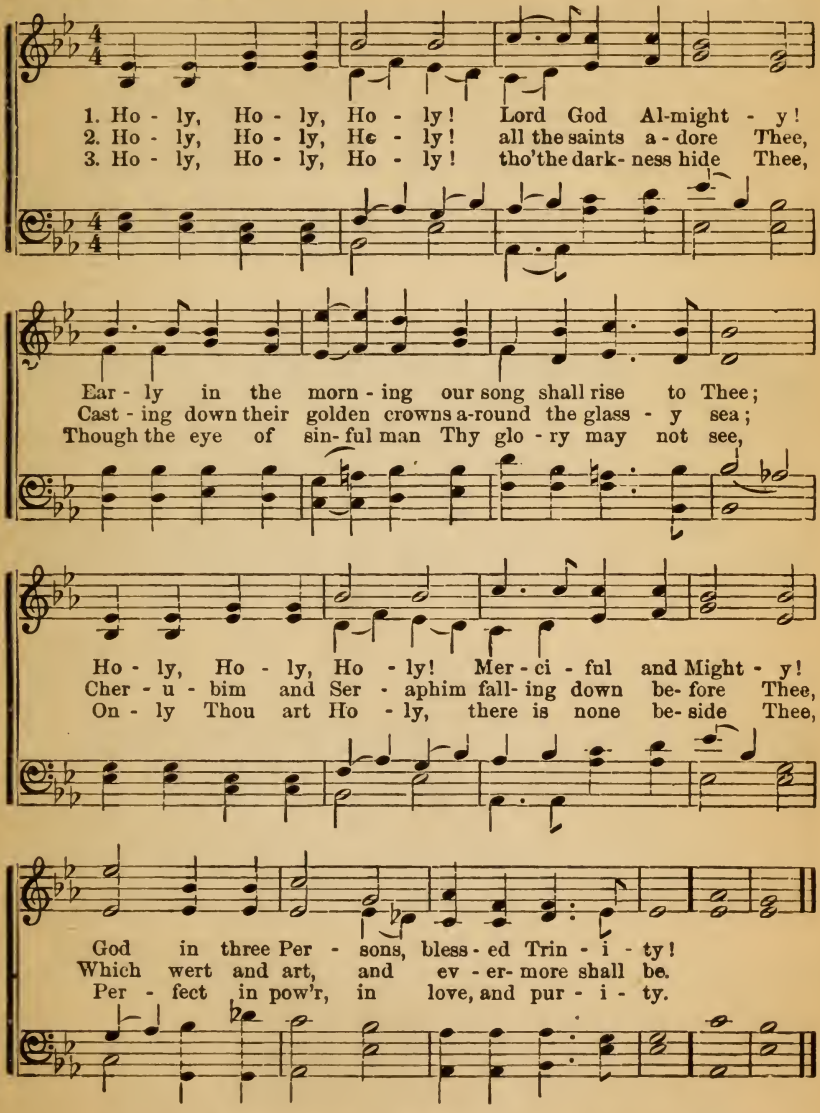
CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

Rev. JOHN [illegible]

No. 222. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

Reginald Heber, D. D. Rev. John B. Dykes.

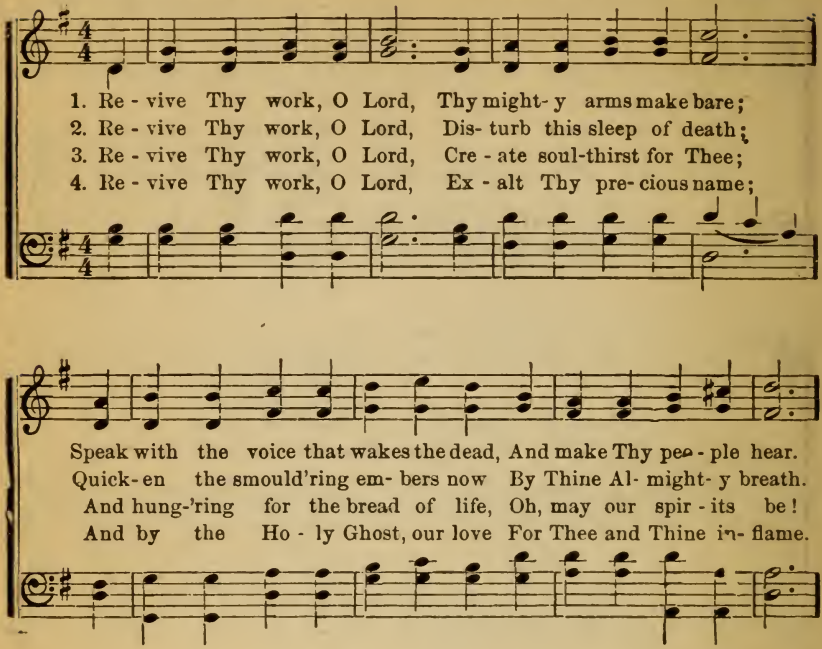


4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

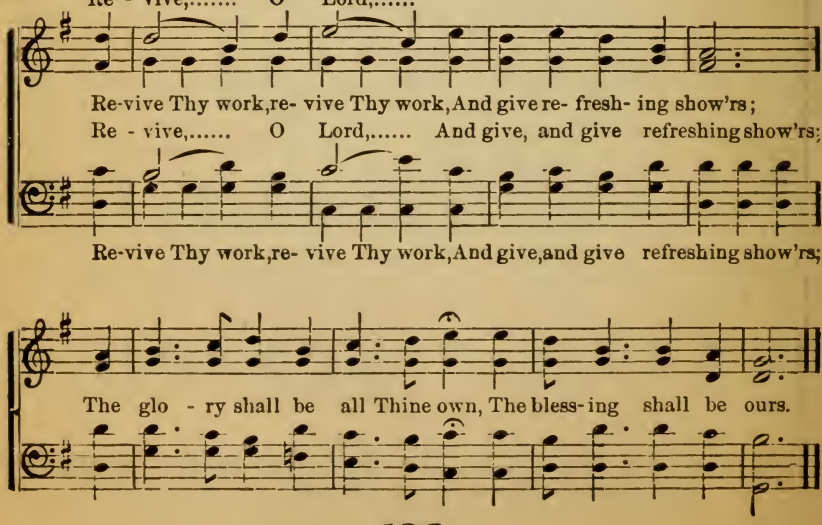
No. 223. Revive Thy Work.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HAB. 3 : 2.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per



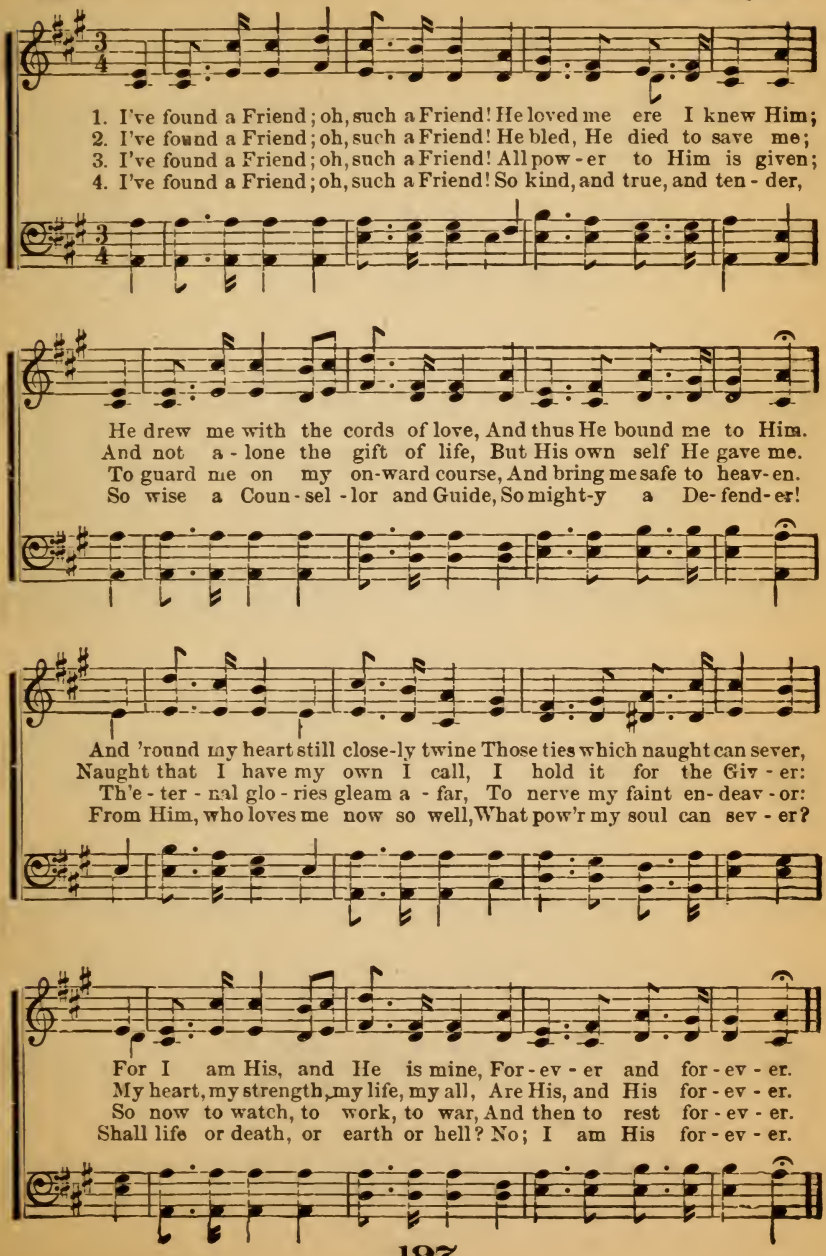
CHORUS.



No. 224. I've Found a Friend.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

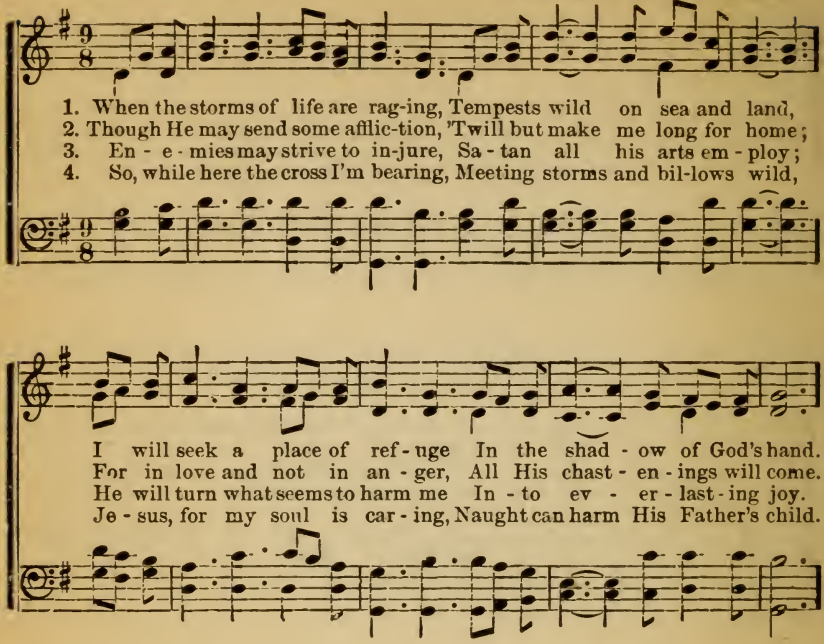
Anon. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.



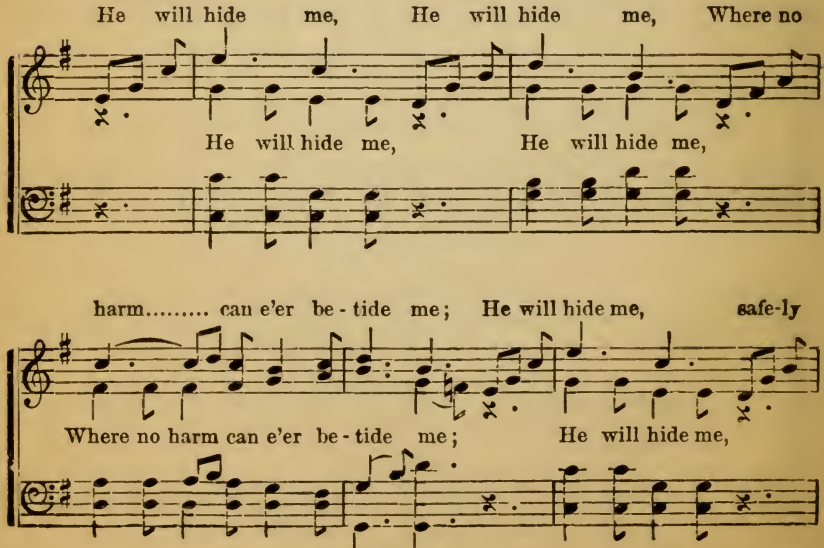
No. 225. He will Hide Me.

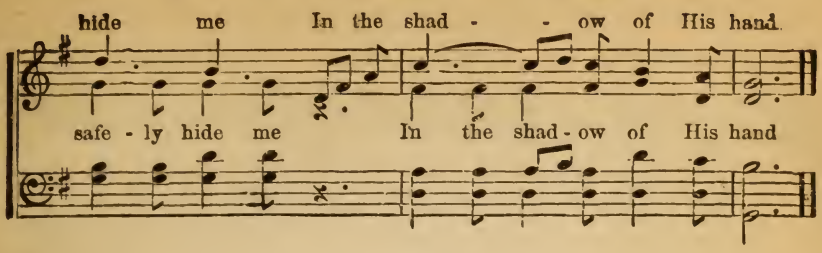
"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—ISA. 49: 2.

Miss M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



CHORUS.





No. 226. Thine, Jesus, Thine.

"I am thine."—Ps. 119: 94.

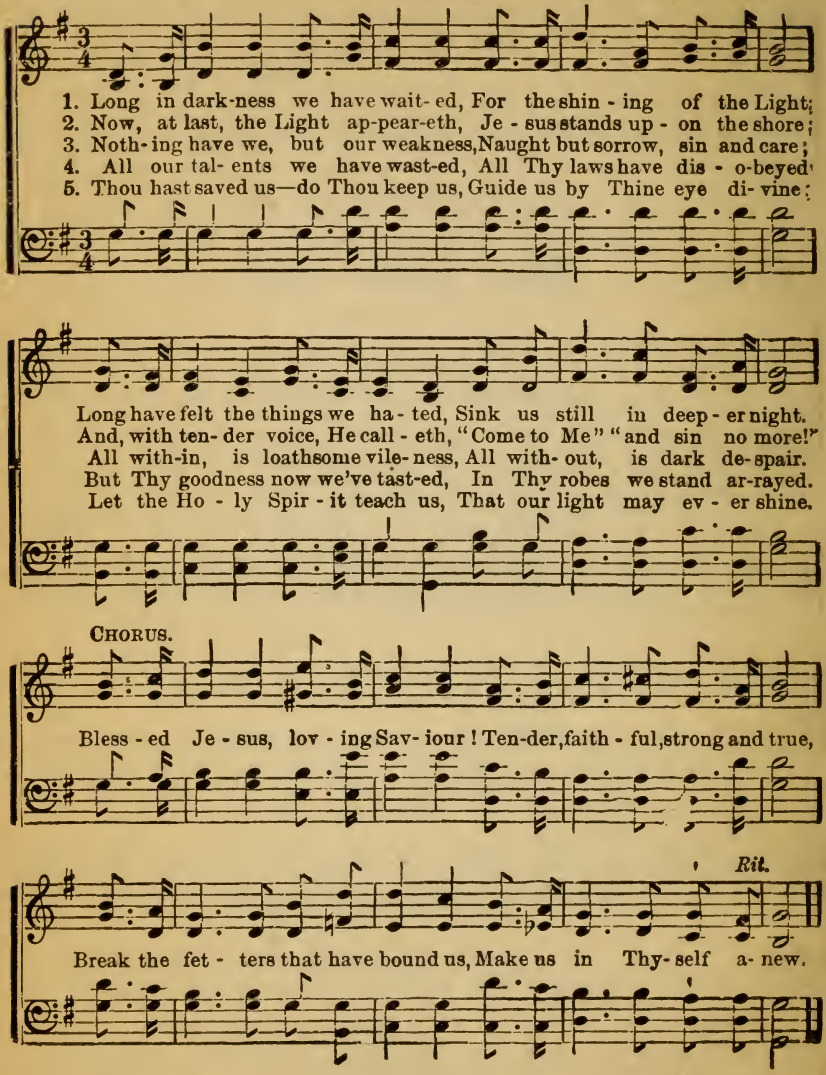
ENGLISH. P. P. BLISS, by per.



No. 227. Out of Darkness into Light.

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN 8: 12.

W. O. LATTIMORE.* (TEMPERANCE HYMN.) IRA D. SANKEY, by per



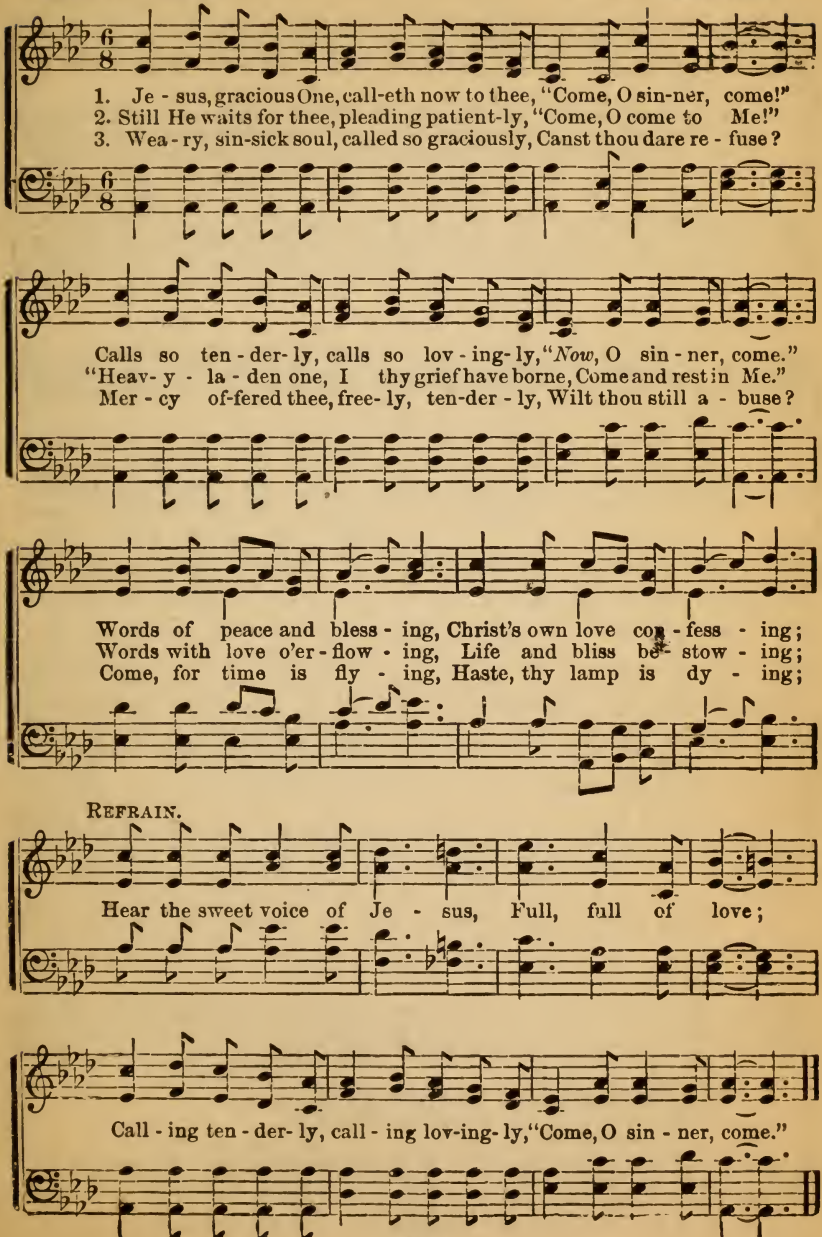
Final Chorus.—Blesséd Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us now Thy peace, we pray.

* Written by one rescued from strong drink.

No. 228. Jesus Calls Thee.

"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

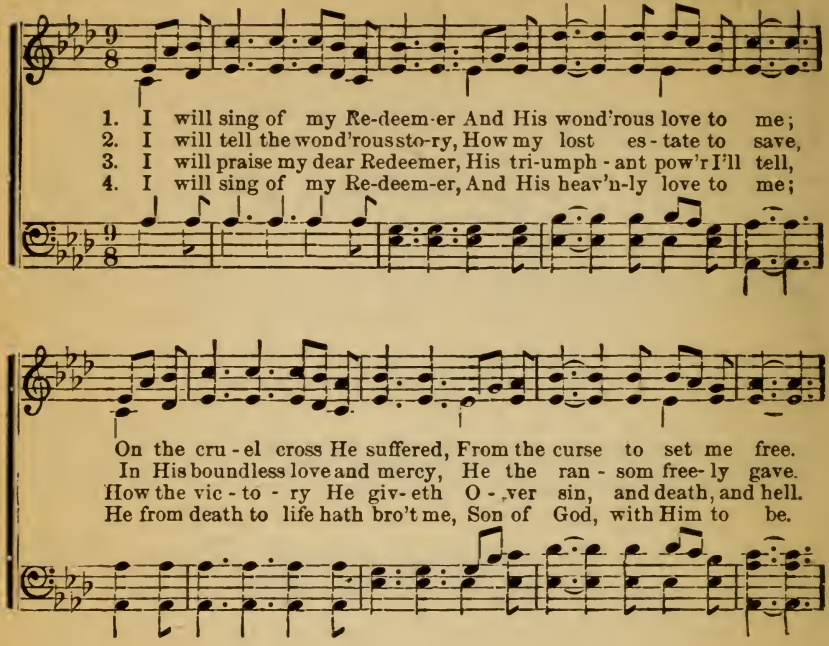
Mrs. S. A. Collins. W. H. Doane, by per.

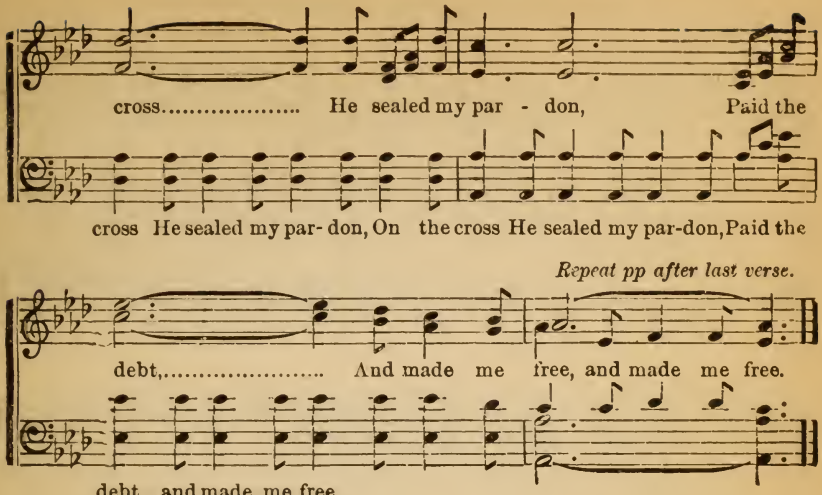


No. 229. My Redeemer.

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 19. 14.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

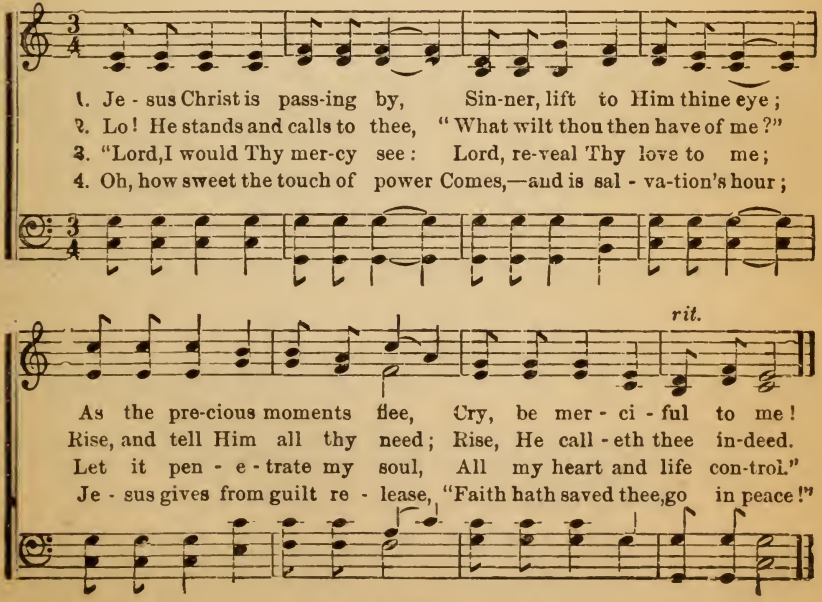




No. 230. Jesus Christ is Passing by.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

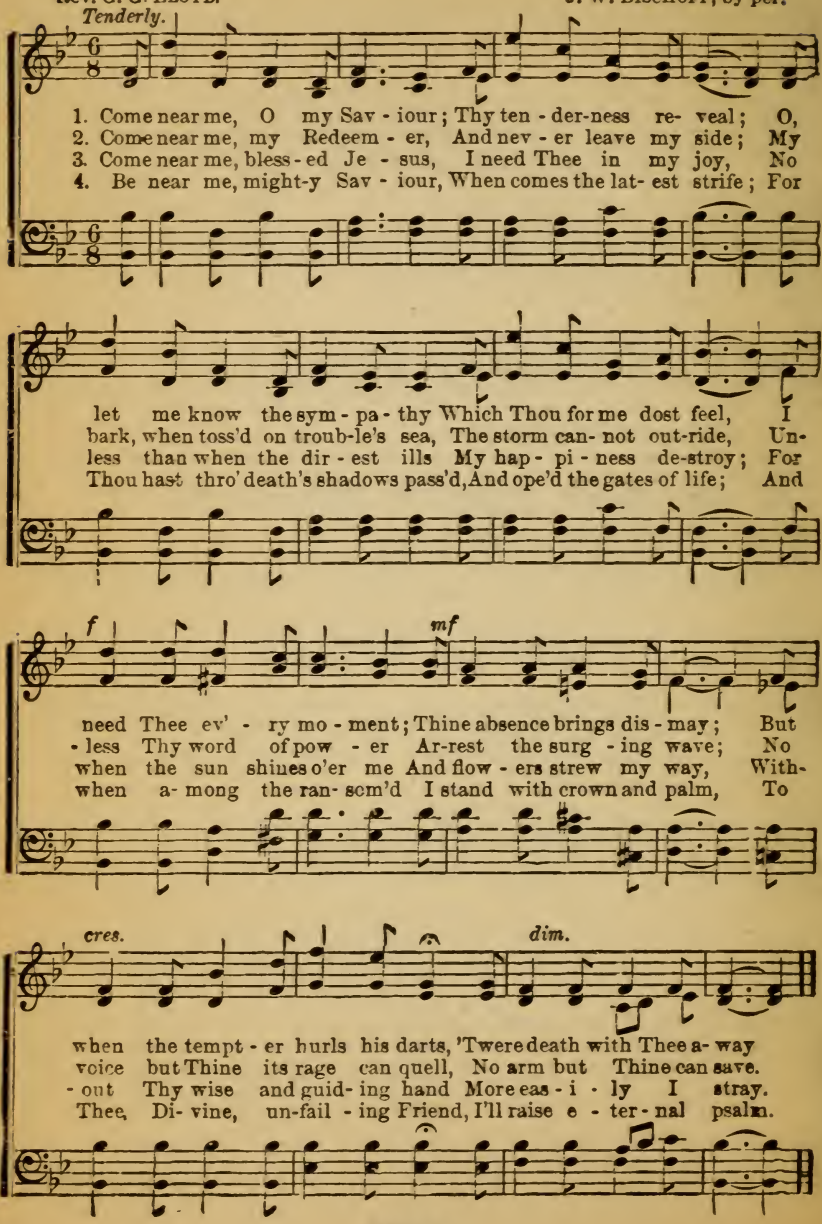
J. DENHAM SMITH. Mrs JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.



No. 231. Come near Me.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

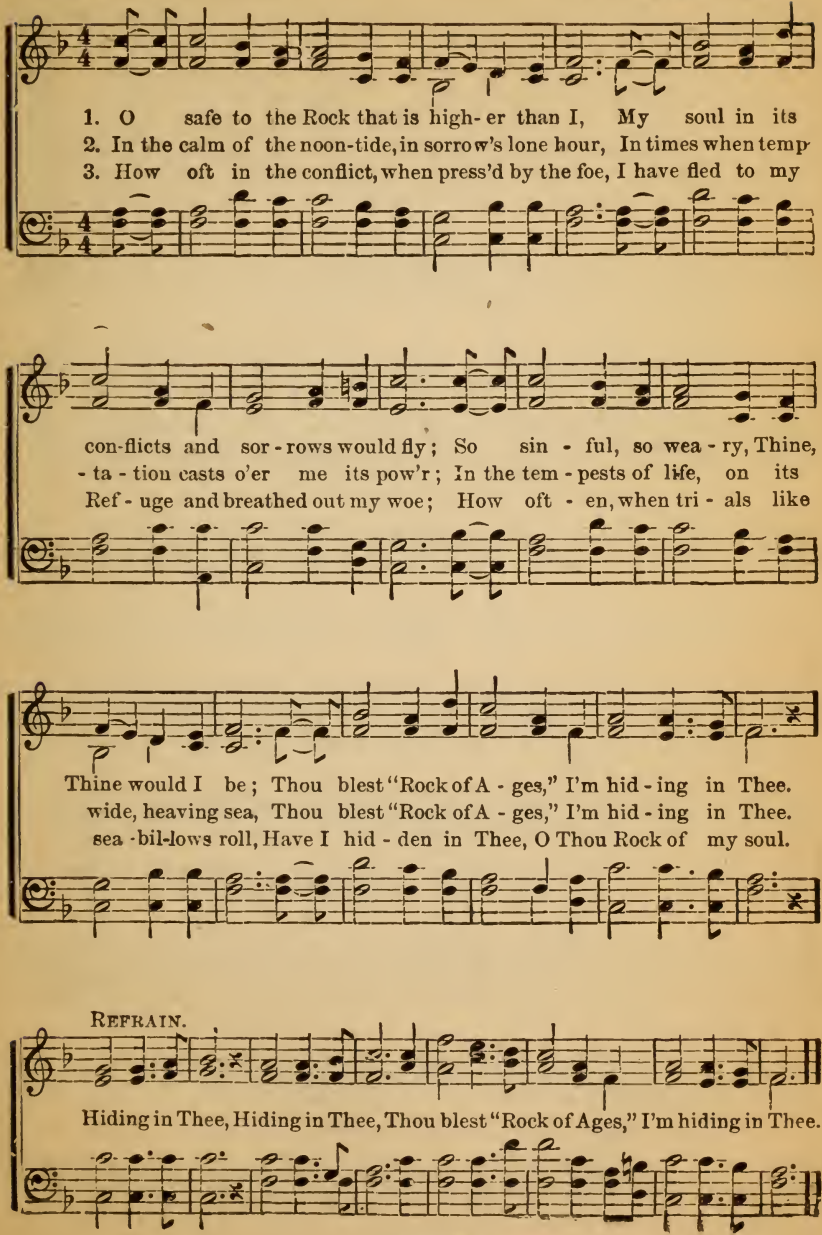
Rev. G. G. Lloyd. J. W. Bischoff, by per.



No. 232. Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31 : 2.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

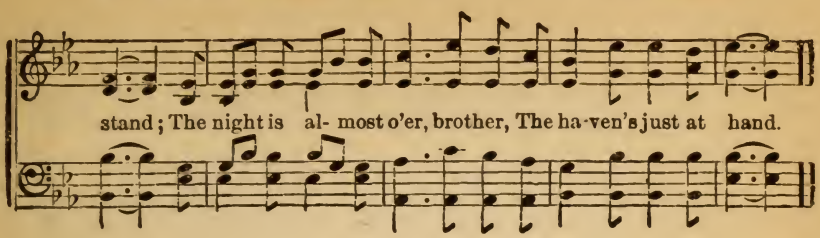


No. 233. A Light upon the Shore.

"No night there."—Rev. 21 : 25.

Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. James McGranahan, by per.

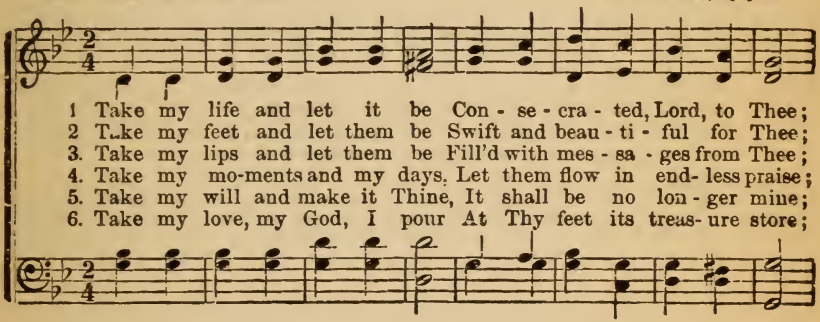


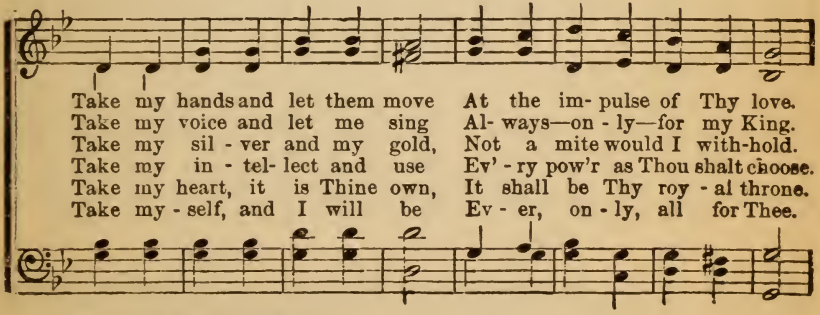


No. 234. Consecration.

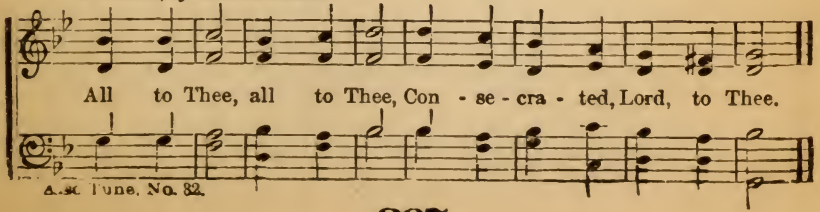
"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.





Chorus, *after each stanza.*

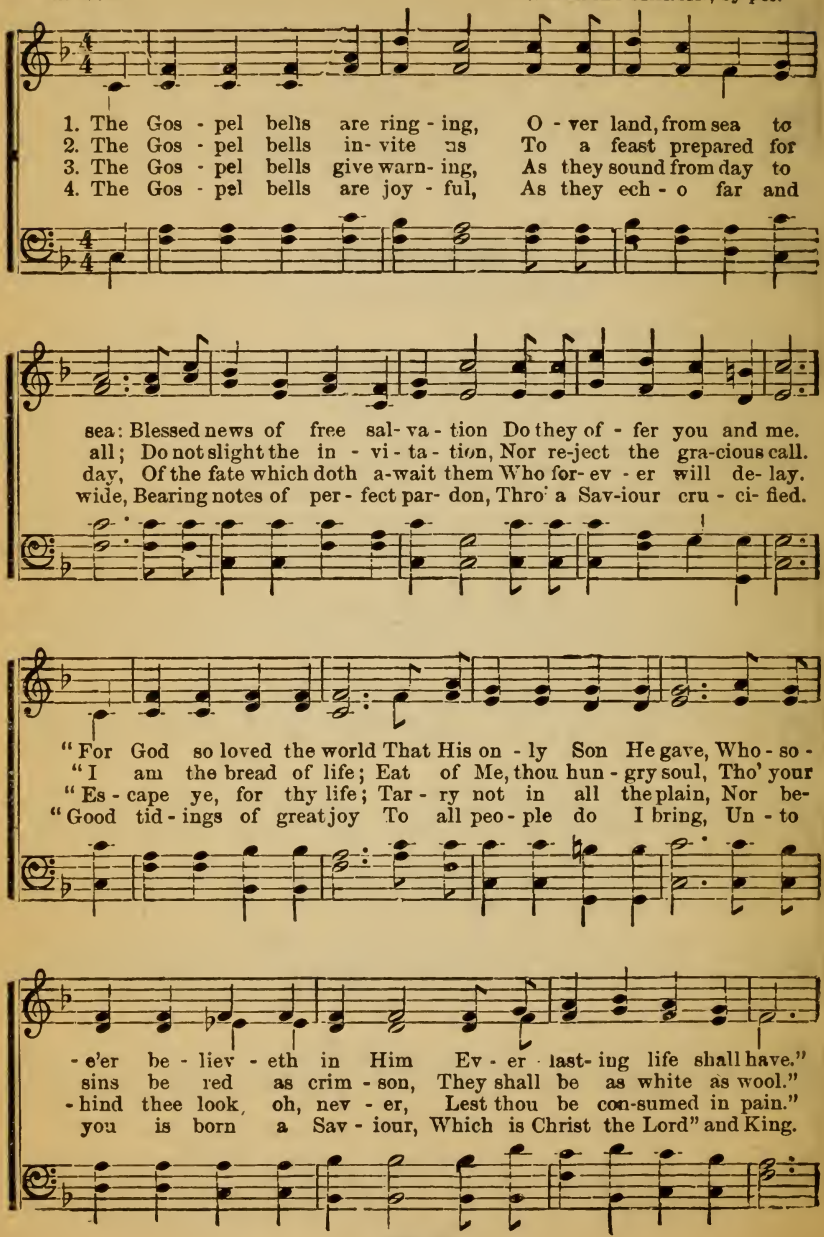


As to Tune, No. 82.

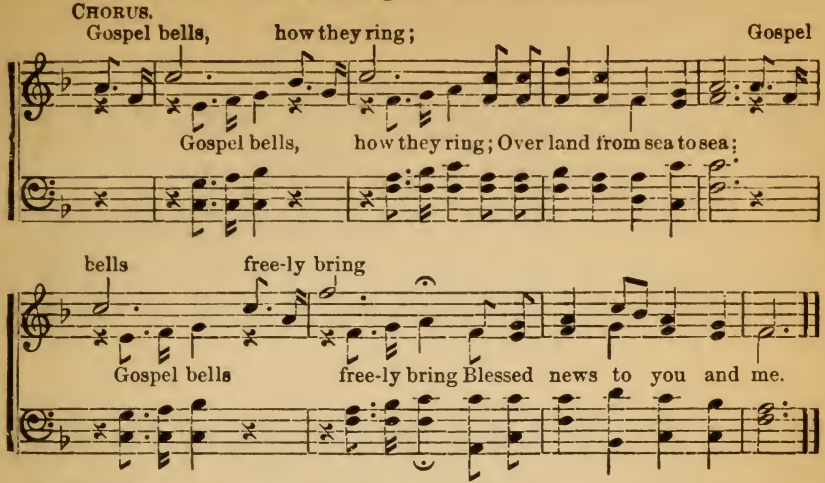
No. 235. The Gospel Bells.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

S. W. M. S. WESLEY MARTIN, by per.



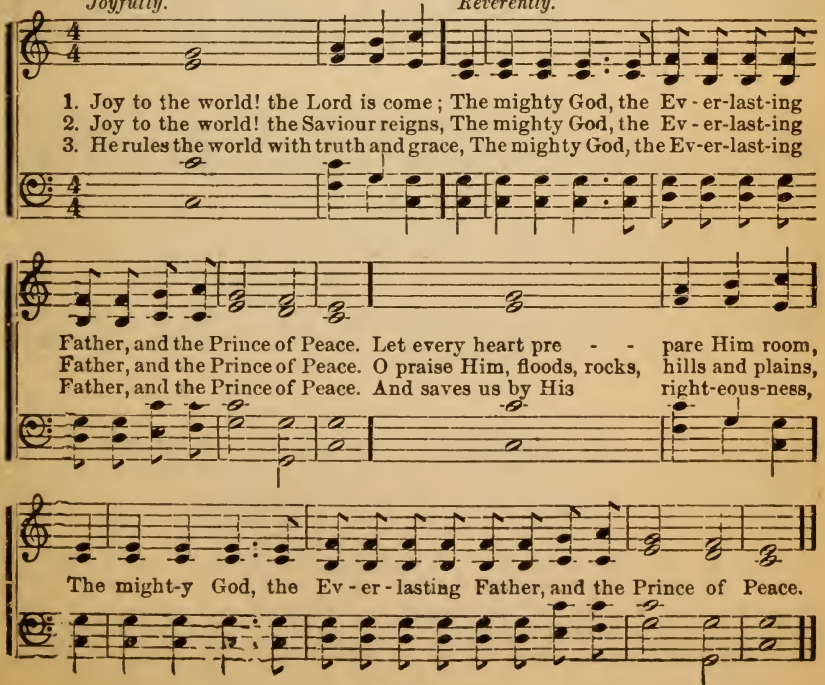
The Gospel Bells.—Concluded.



No. 236. Joy to the World.

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—ISA. 9: 6.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, arr. GEO. F ROOT, by per.

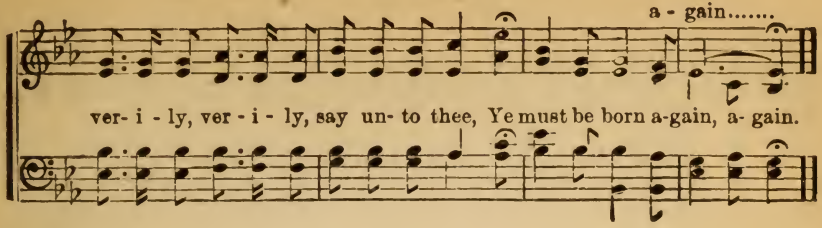


No. 237. Ye must be Born again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

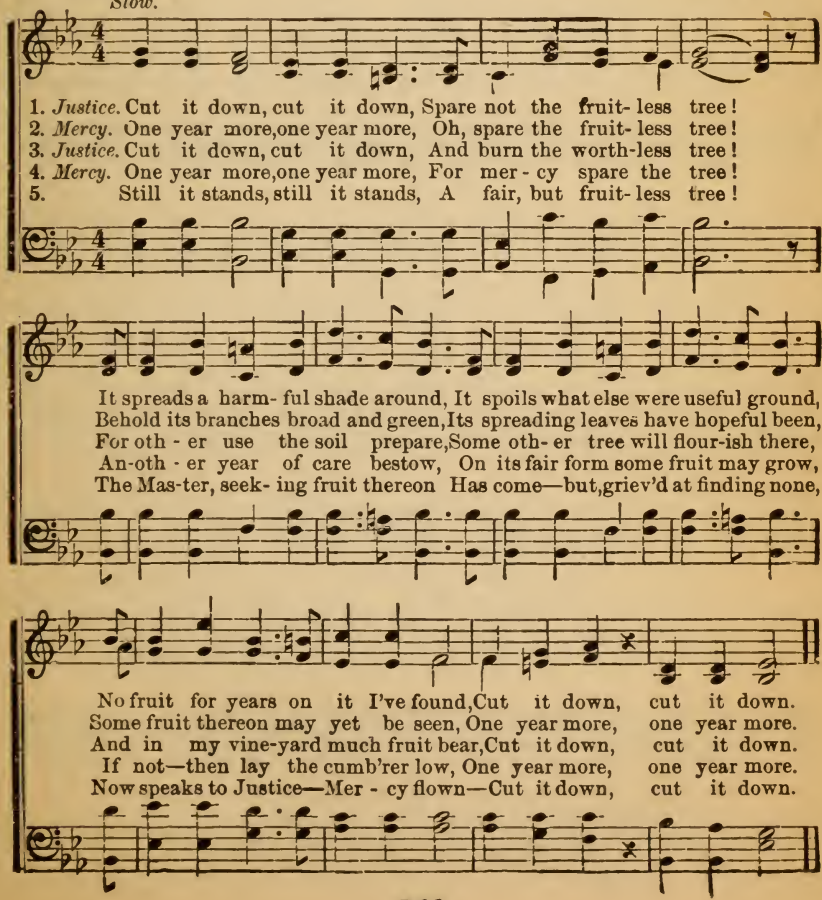




No. 238. Cut it Down.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"—LUKE 13: 7.

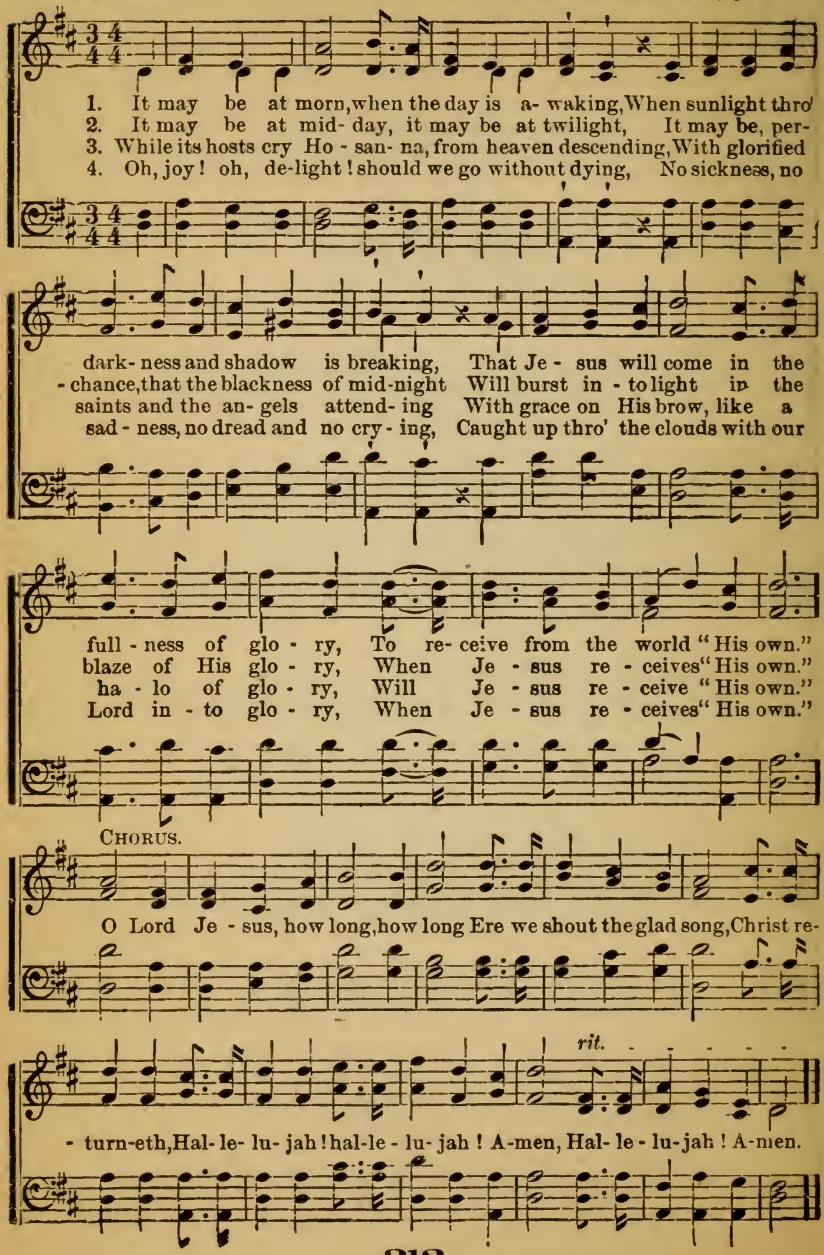
P. P. BLISS. *Slow.* P. P. BLISS, by per.



No. 239. Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—JOHN 15 : 3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



No. 240. Why do You Wait?

"Arise, He calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

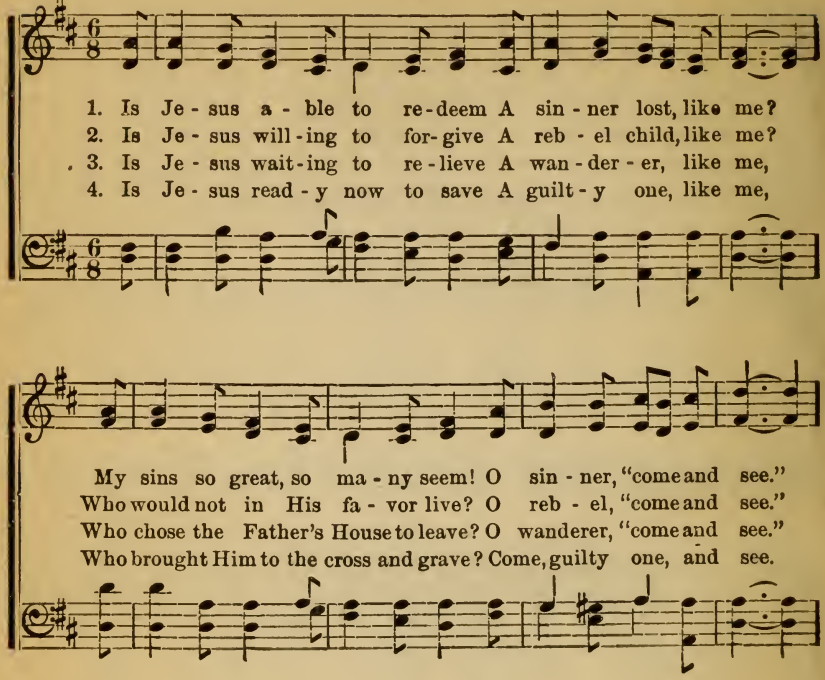
G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



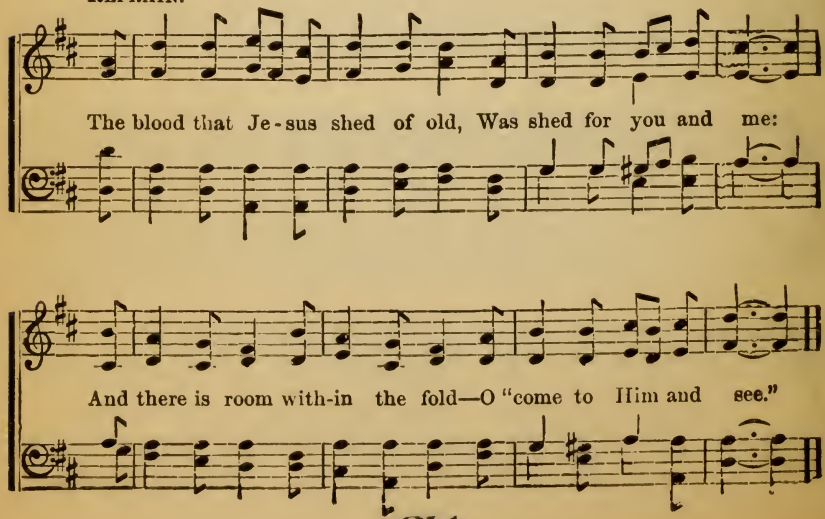
No. 241. Is Jesus able to Redeem?

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

MRS. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY, by per



REFRAIN.



no. 242. **Verily, Verily.**

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

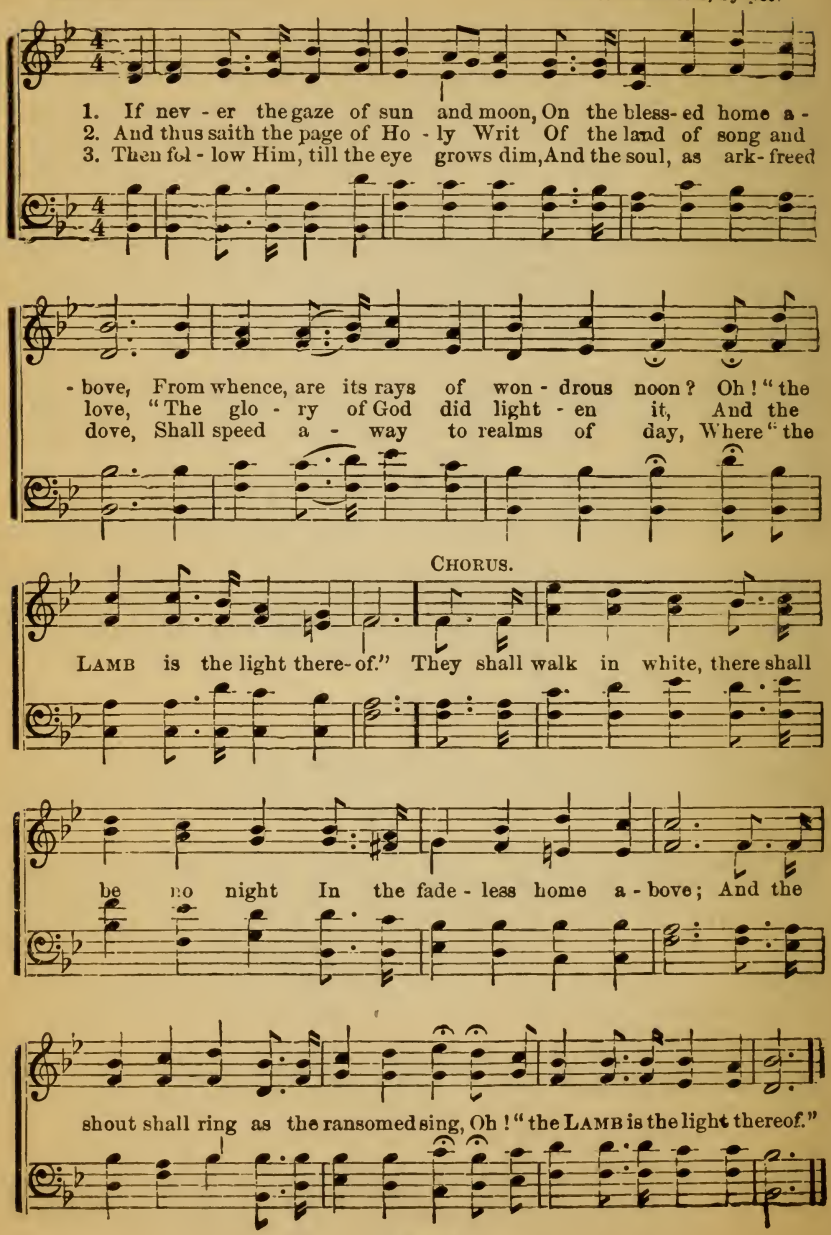
JAMES McGRANAHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



No. 243. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21 : 23.

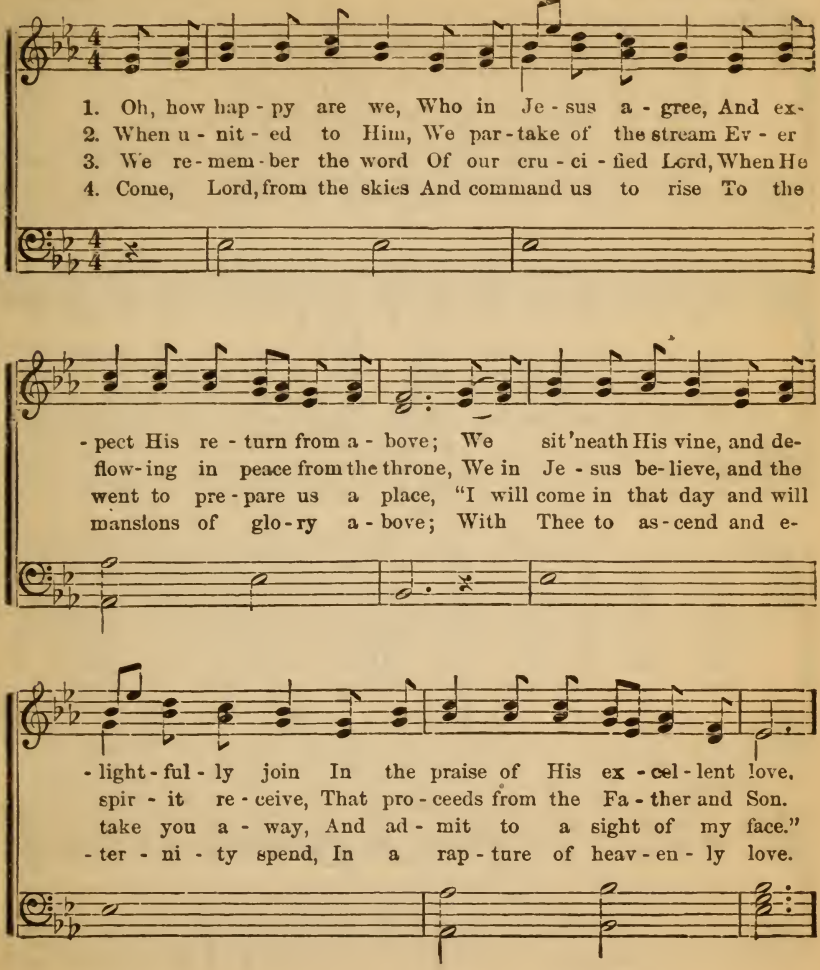
Mrs E. W. Griswold. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.



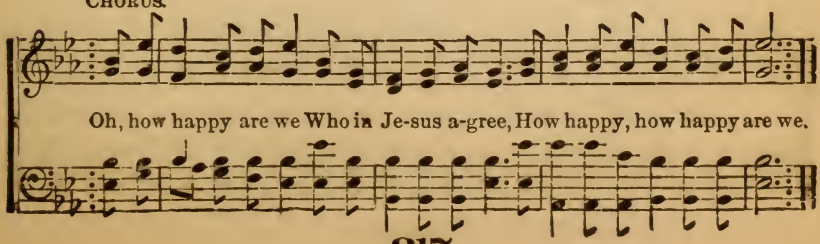
No. 244. How Happy are We.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—PROV. 29: 18.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



CHORUS.



No. 245. Blessed Hope.

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 THESS. 4: 13.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

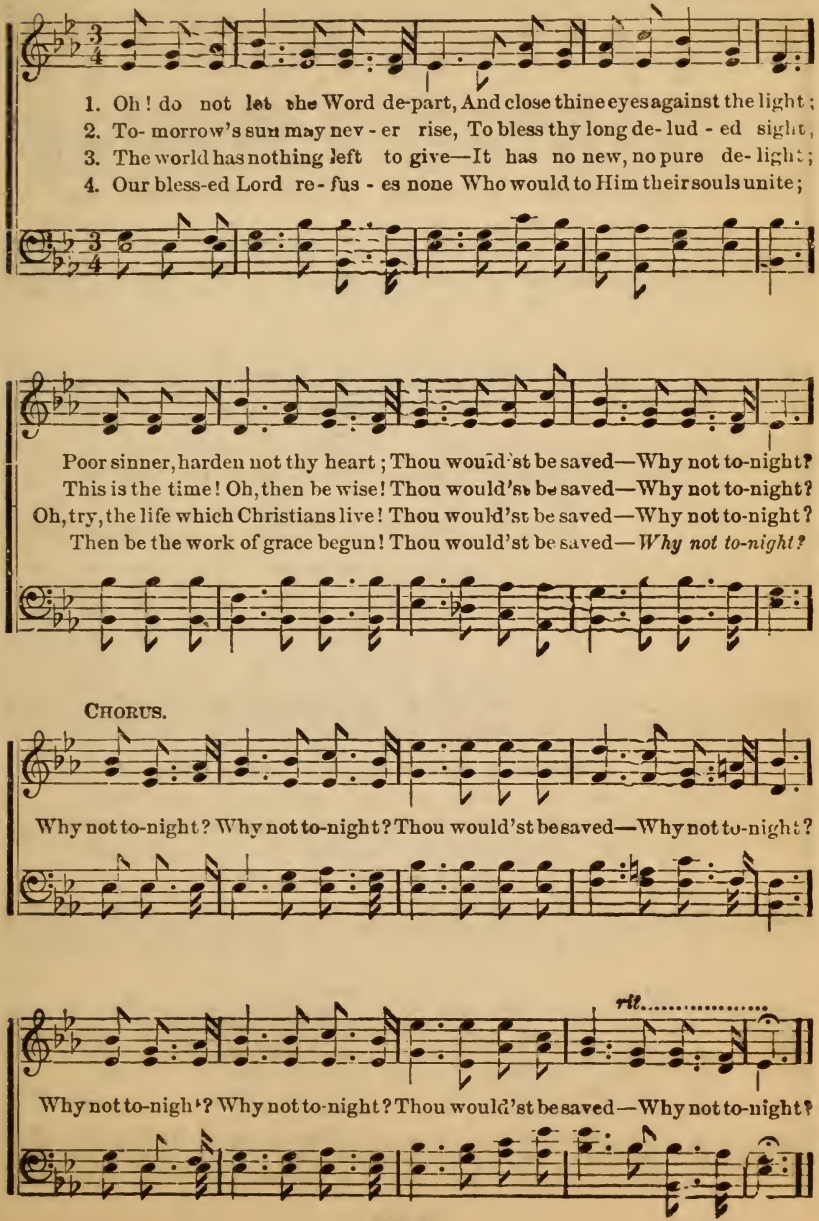


No. 246.

Why not To-night?

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 KINGS 18: 21.

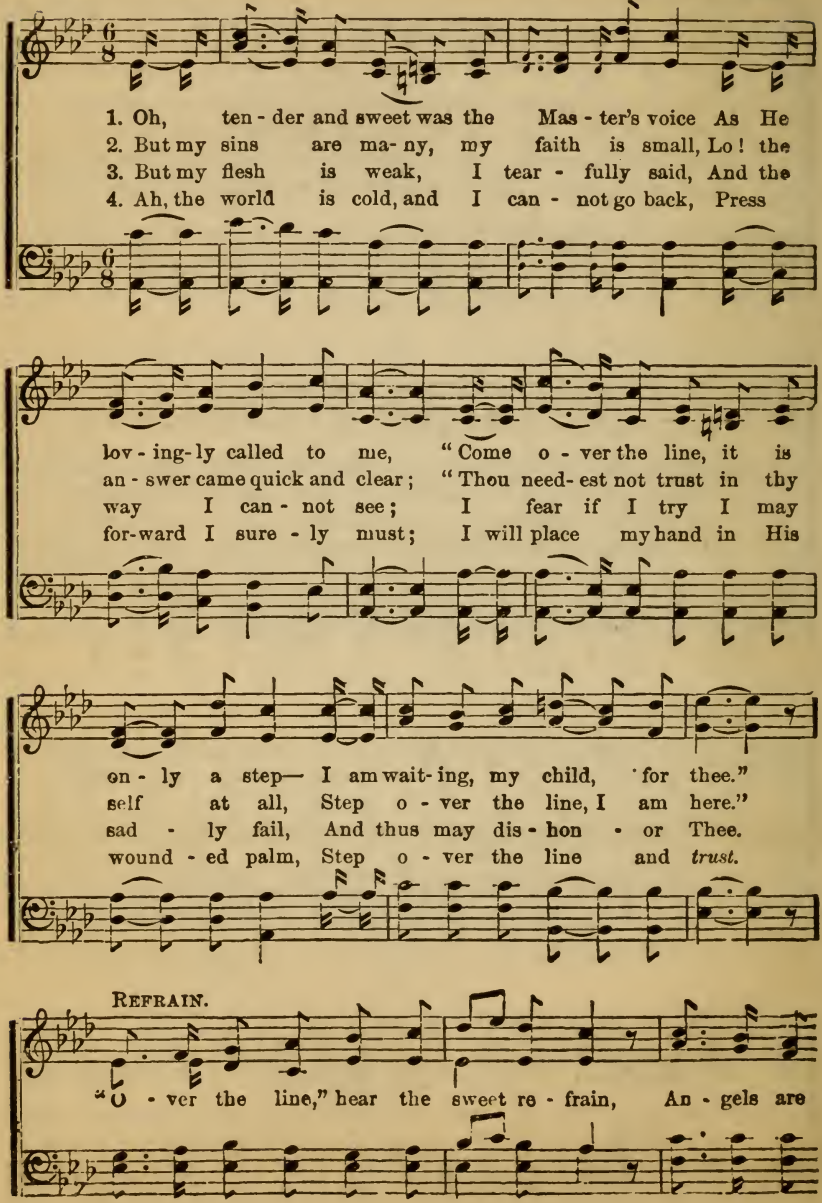
ELIZA REED, 1842. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

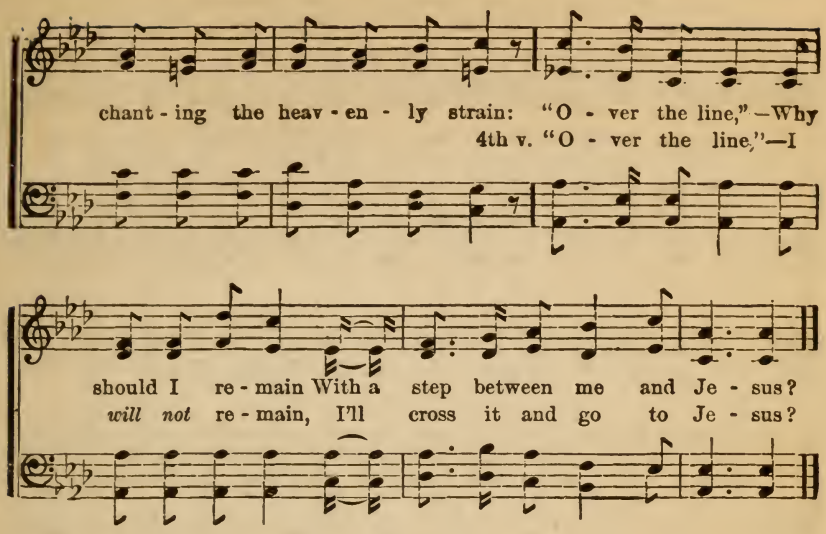


No. 247. Over the Line.

"Let him come unto me."—John 7: 37.

Mrs. N. K. Bradford — Edward H. Phelps, by per.



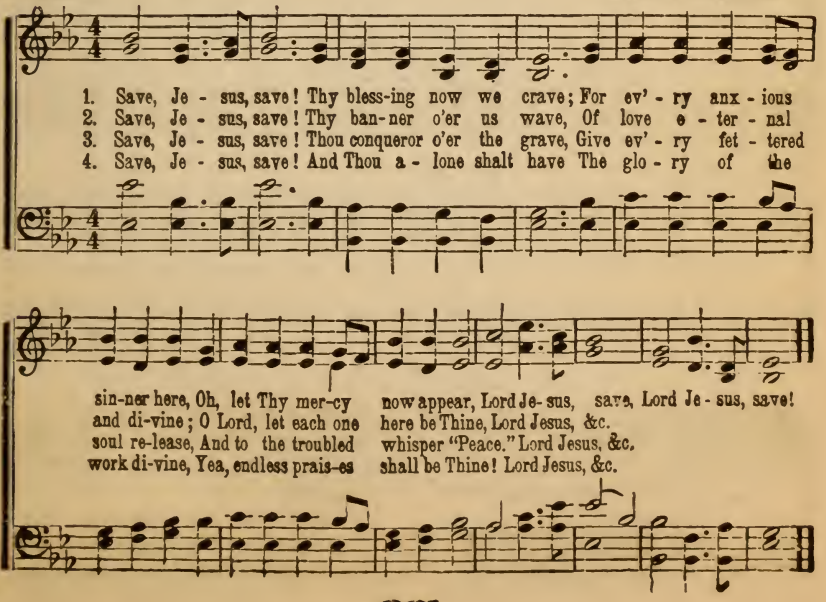


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No. 248. Save, Jesus, Save!

"Lord, save me."—MATT. 14: 30.

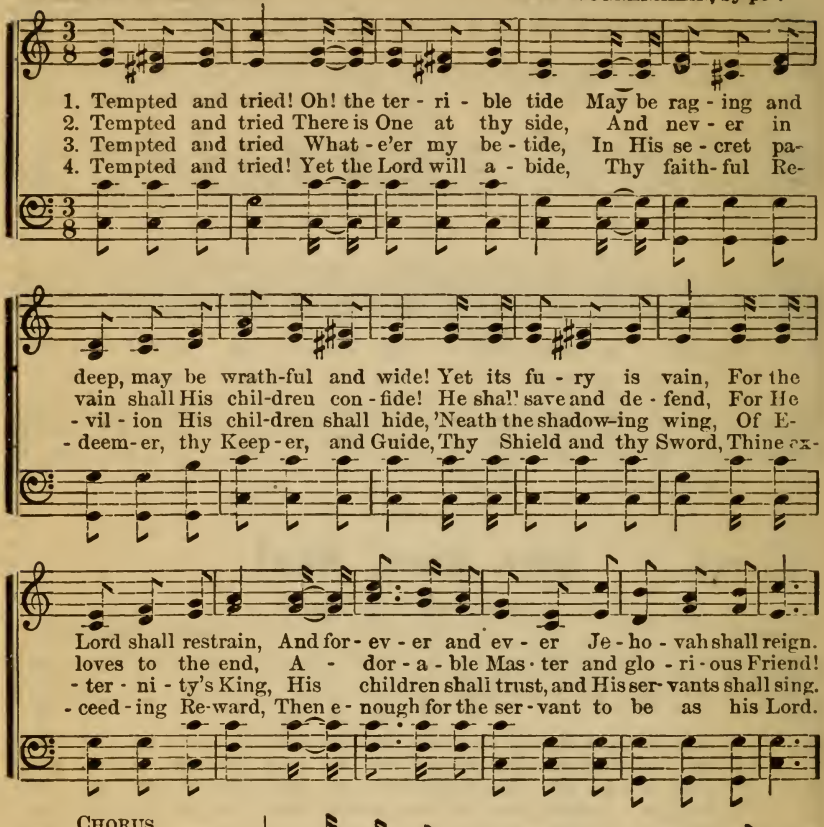
ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



No. 249. Tempted and Tried.

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—Jas. 1: 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



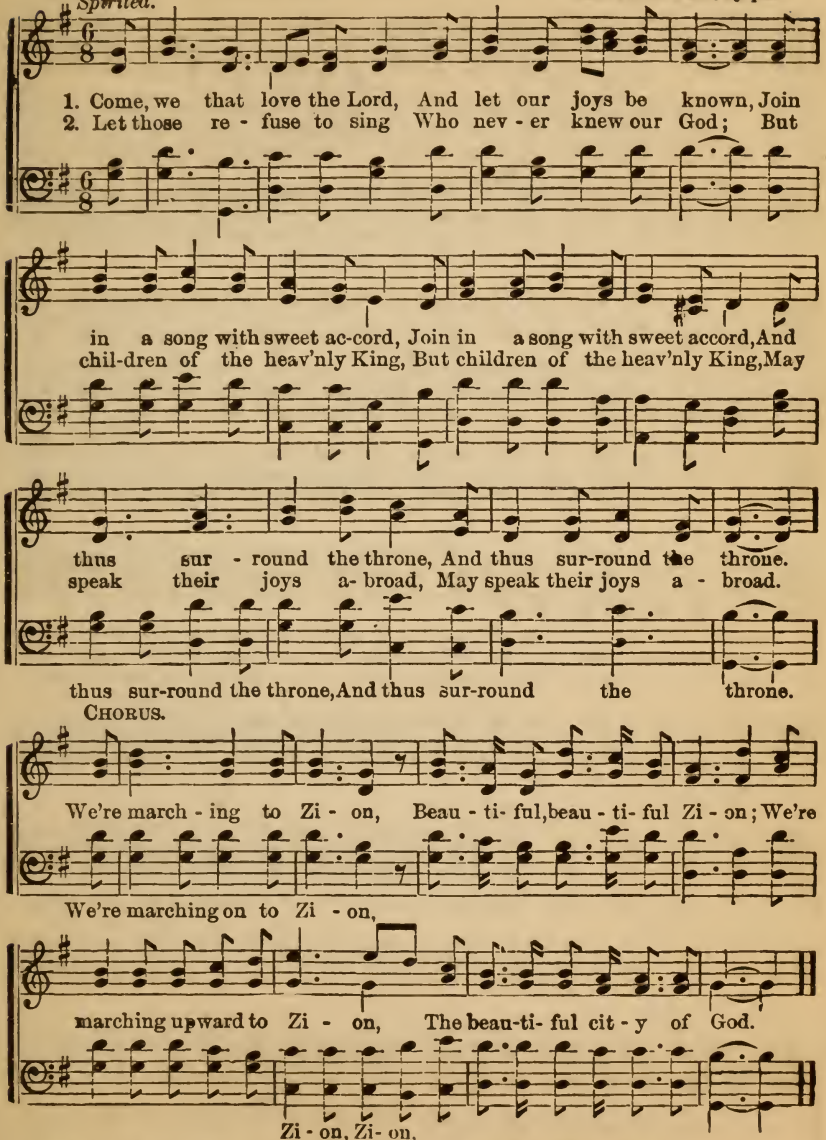
5 Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

No. 250. We're Marching to Zion.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.

Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Spirited.



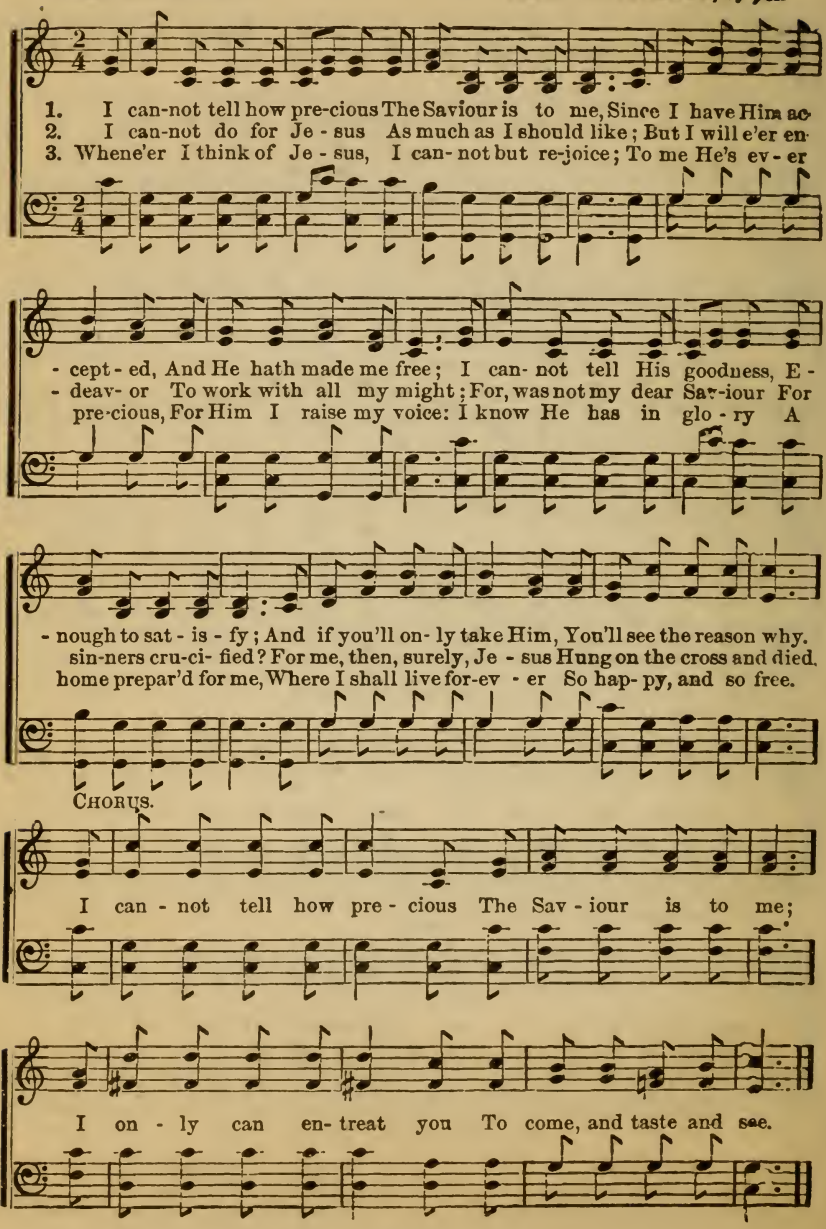
3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
‖: Before we reach the heavenly fields,:‖
‖: Or walk the golden streets.:‖

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
‖: We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,:‖
‖: To fairer worlds on high.:‖

No. 251. I cannot Tell how Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PETER 2: 7.

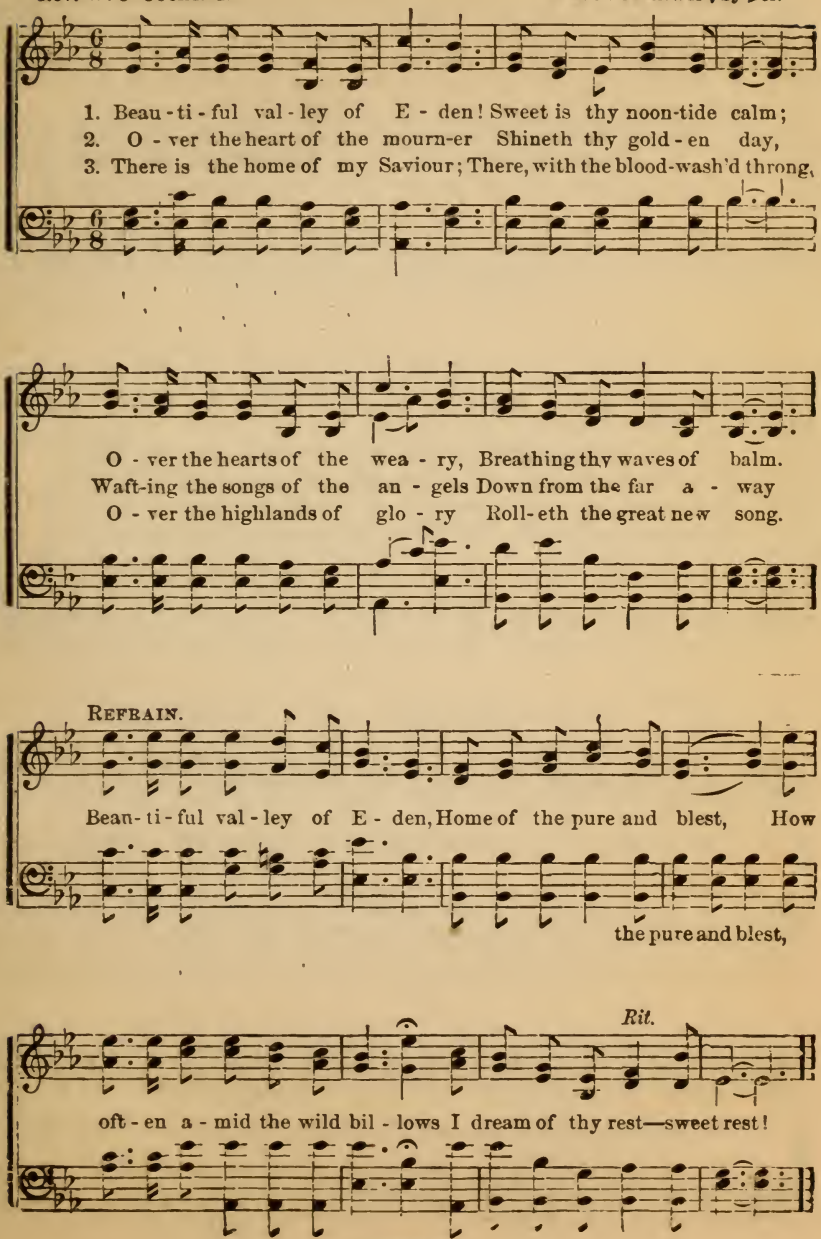
CHAS. H. GABRIEL. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



No. 252. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

"A rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

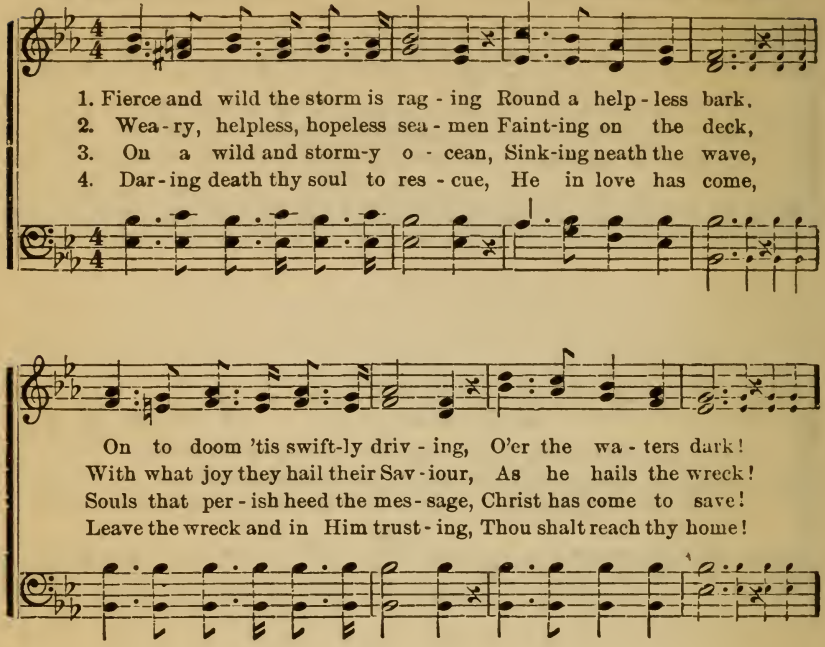
Rev. W. O Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.

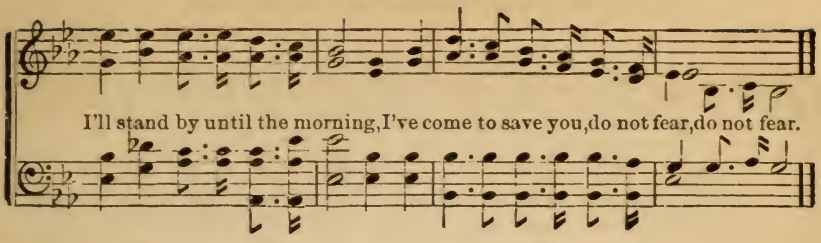


No. 253. I'll Stand by You.

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

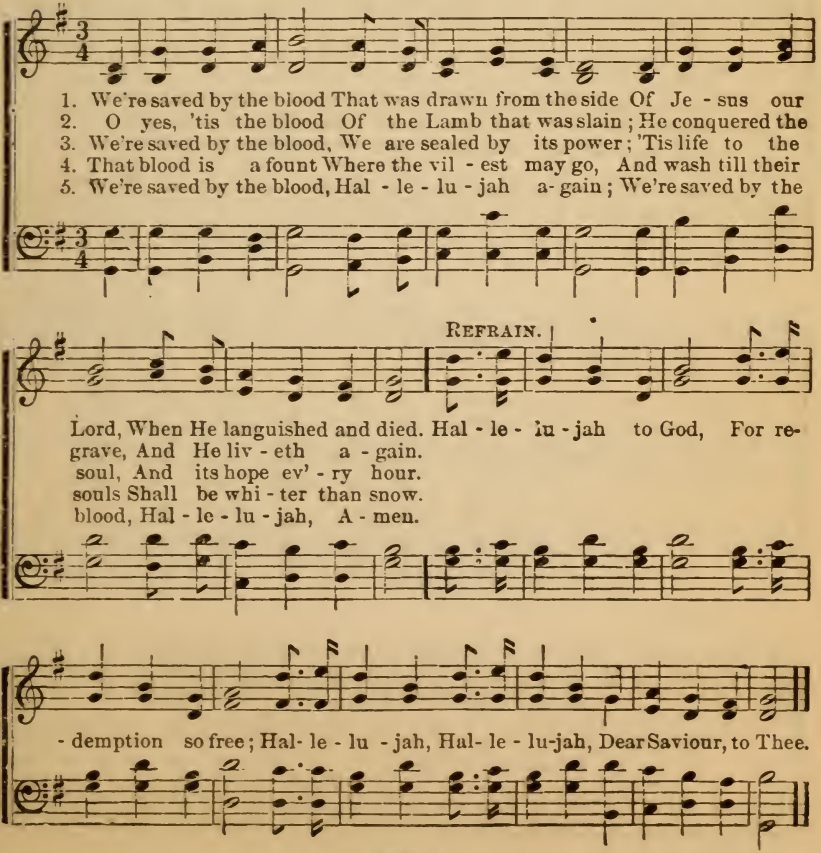




No. 254 • Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1 : 7.

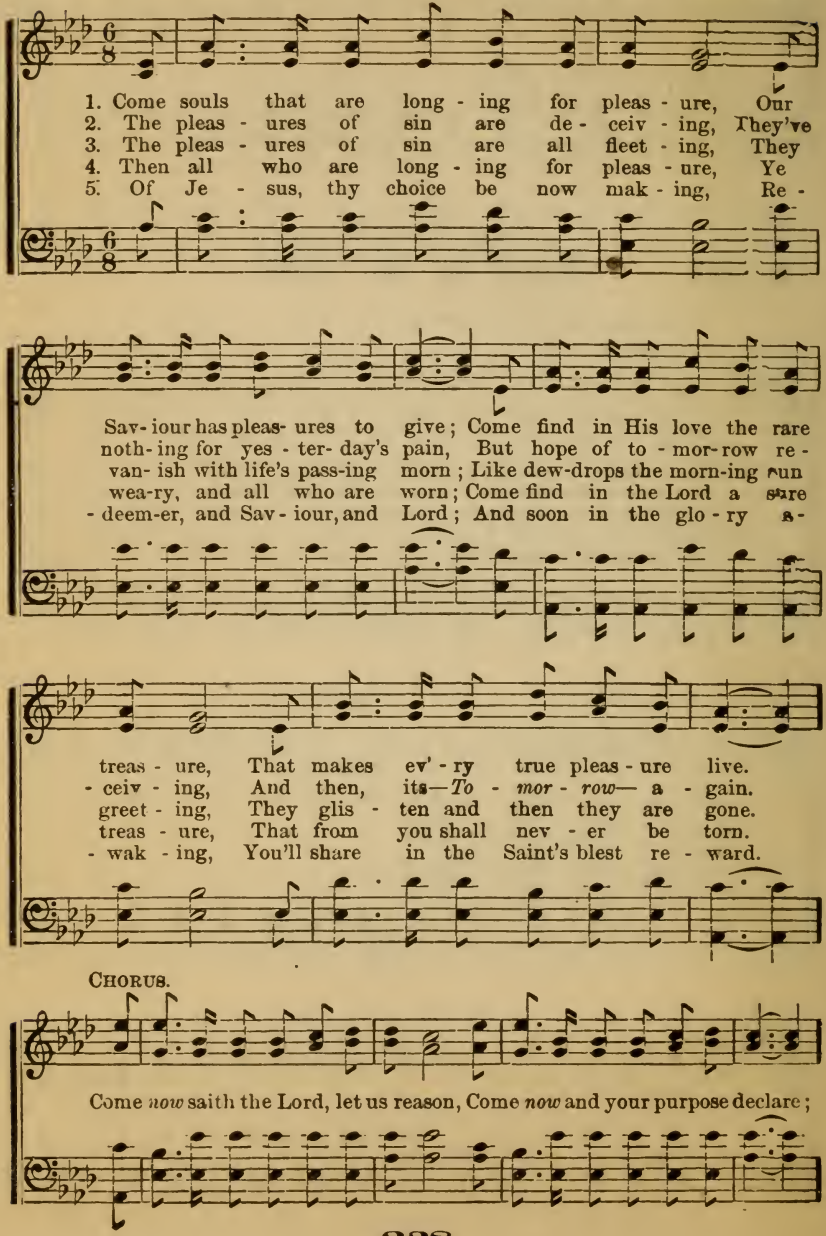
FANNY J. CROSBY. V. H. DOANE, by per.

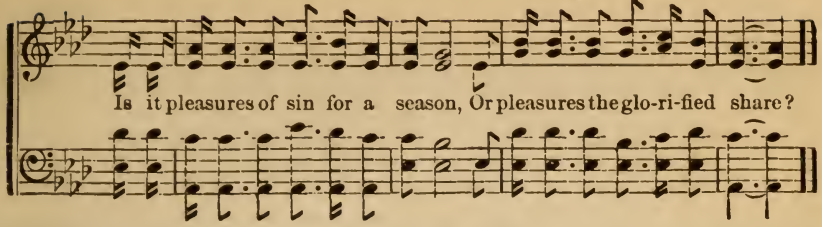


No. 255. Come now saith the Lord.

"Come now let us reason together, saith the Lord."—Isa. 1: 18.

W. W. D. JAMES McGRANHAN, by per.





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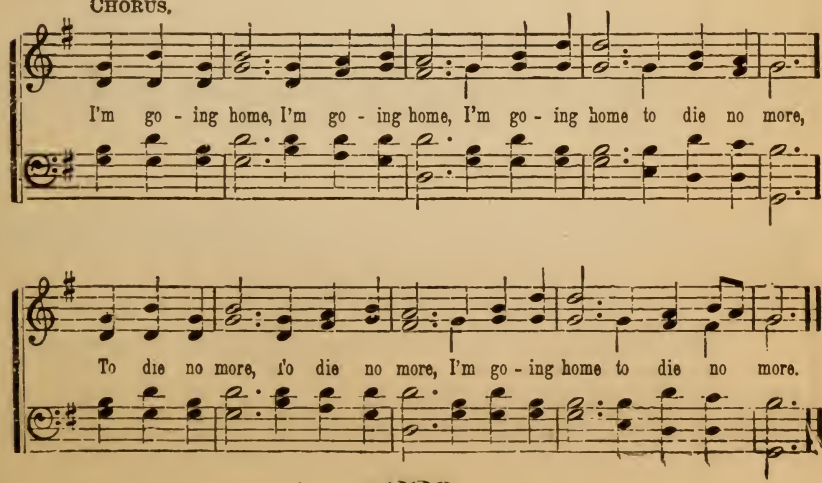
No. 256. I'm going Home.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M. D.



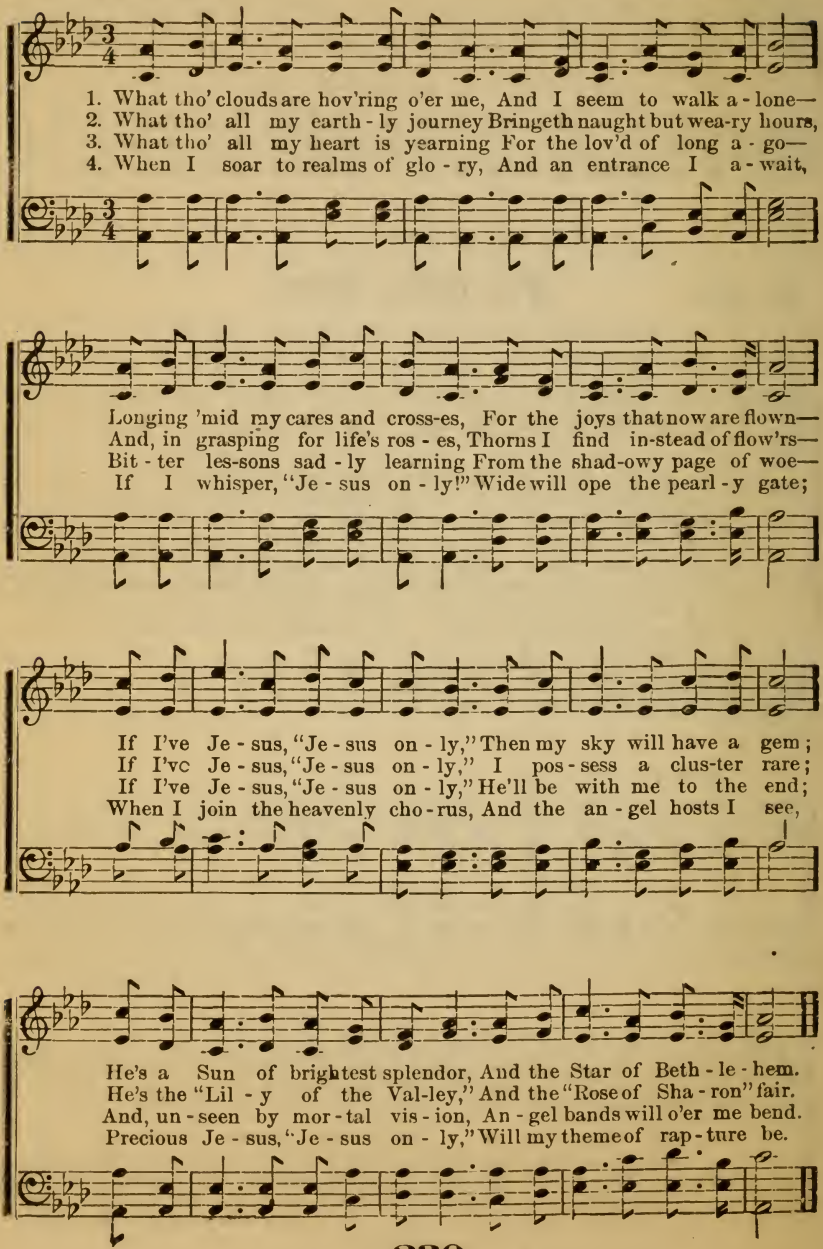
CHORUS.



No. 257. Jesus Only.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17 : 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



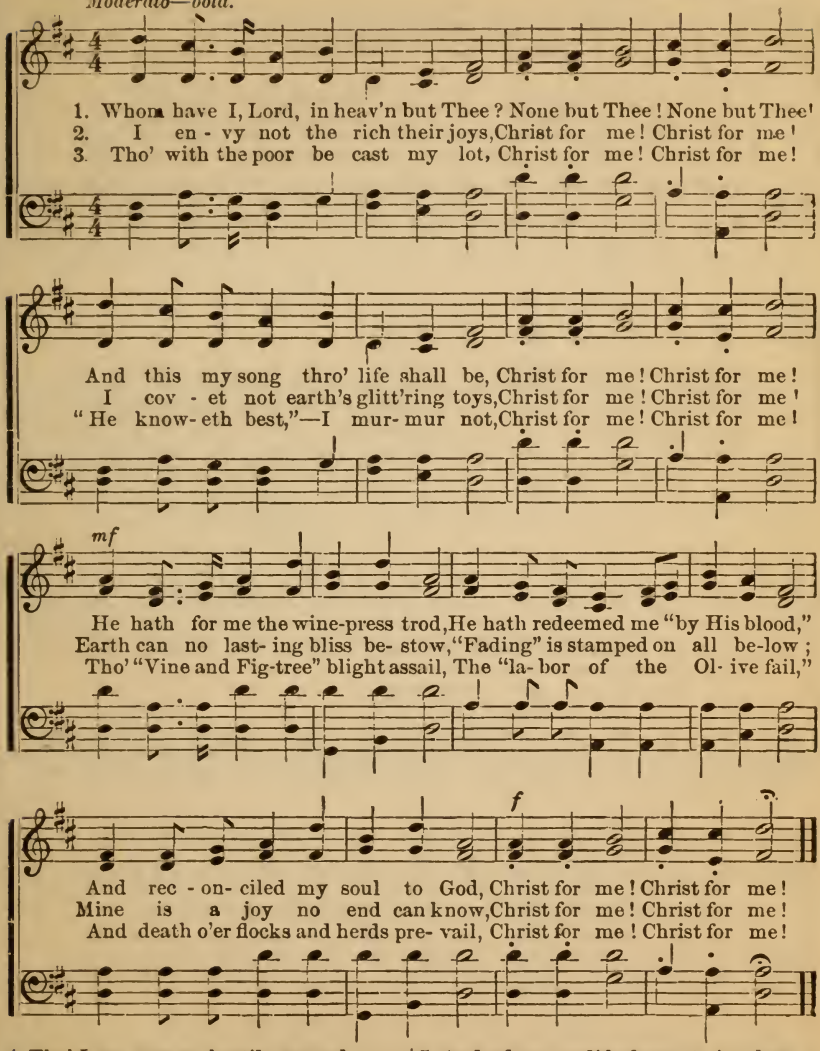
No. 258.

Christ for Me.

"The Lord is my helper."—Heb. 13: 6.

R. G. H. R. Geo. Halls, by per.

Moderato—bold.



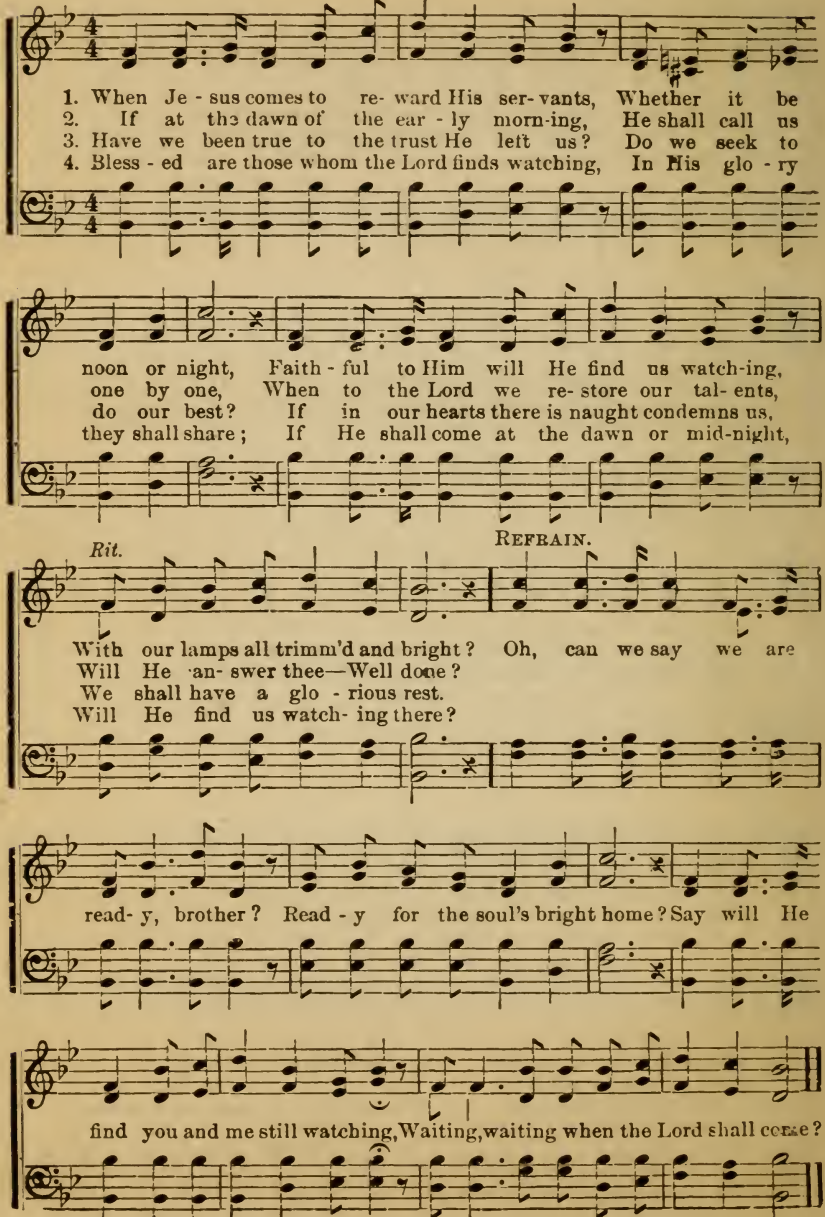
4 Tho' I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
And sin beset me all around,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Let earth her fiercest battles wage,
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

5 And when my life draws to its close,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Safe in His arms I shall repose,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
When sharpest pains my frame pervade,
And all the powers of nature fade,
Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

No. 259. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—MATT 24 42.

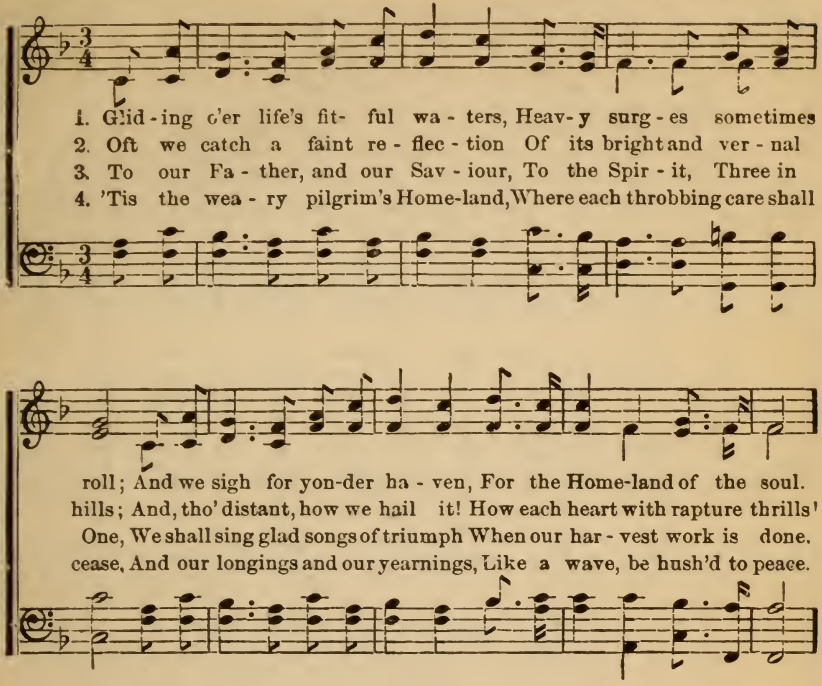
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



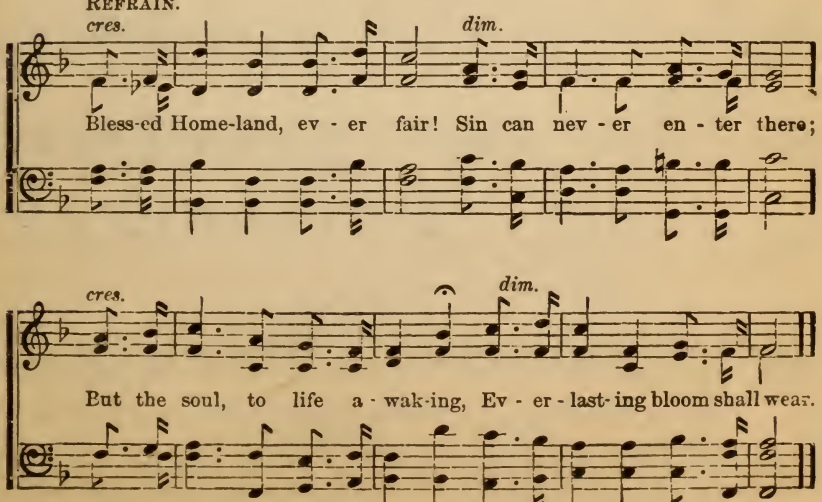
No. 260. Blessed Home-Land.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb 4: 9.

Fanny J. Crosby. Hubert P. Main, by per.



Refrain.



No. 261. To be There.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

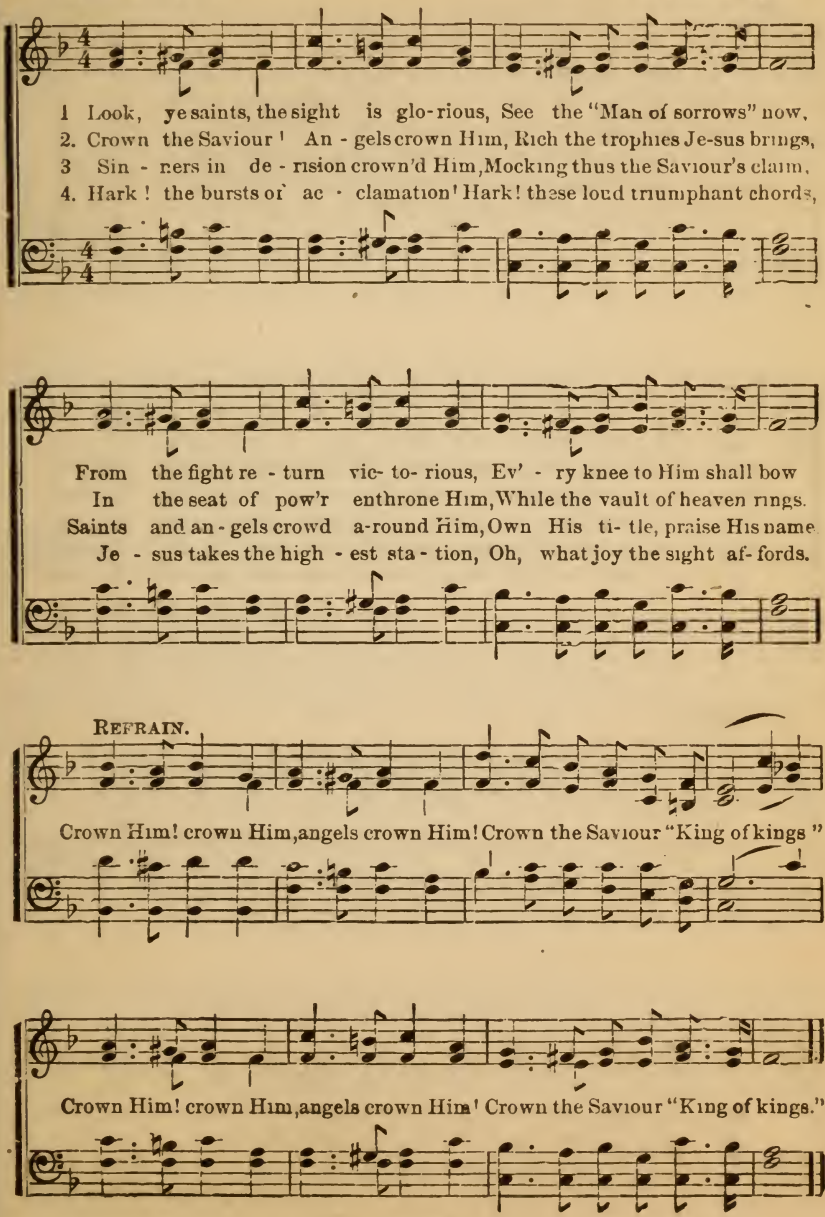
Rev. W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



No. 262. Crown Him.

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."—Ps. 8: 5.

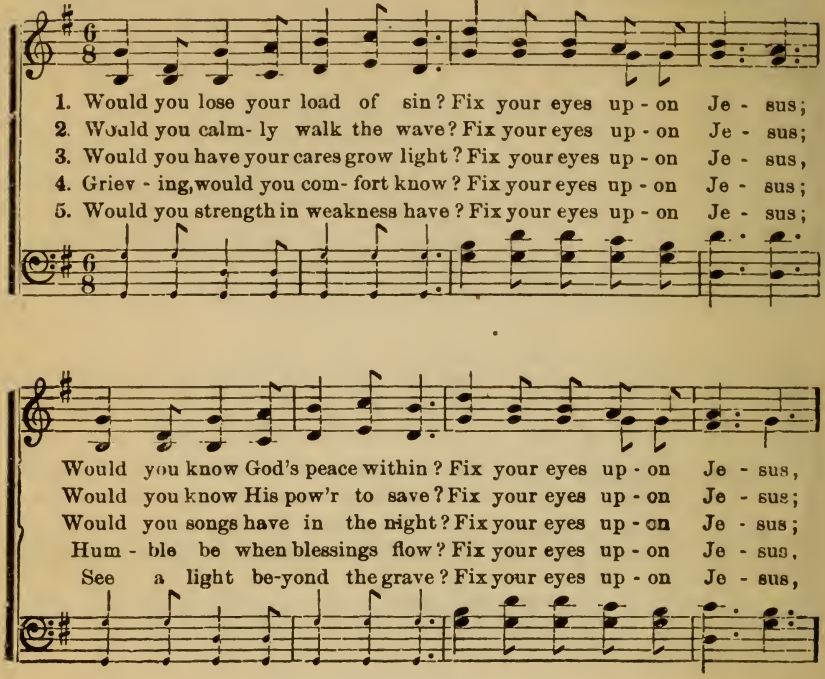
Rev. THOS. KELLY. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



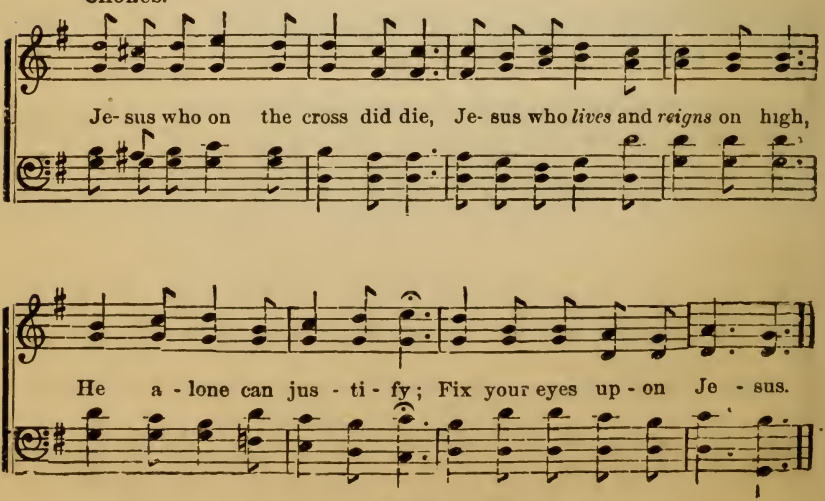
No. 263. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

W. W. D. James McGranahan, by per.



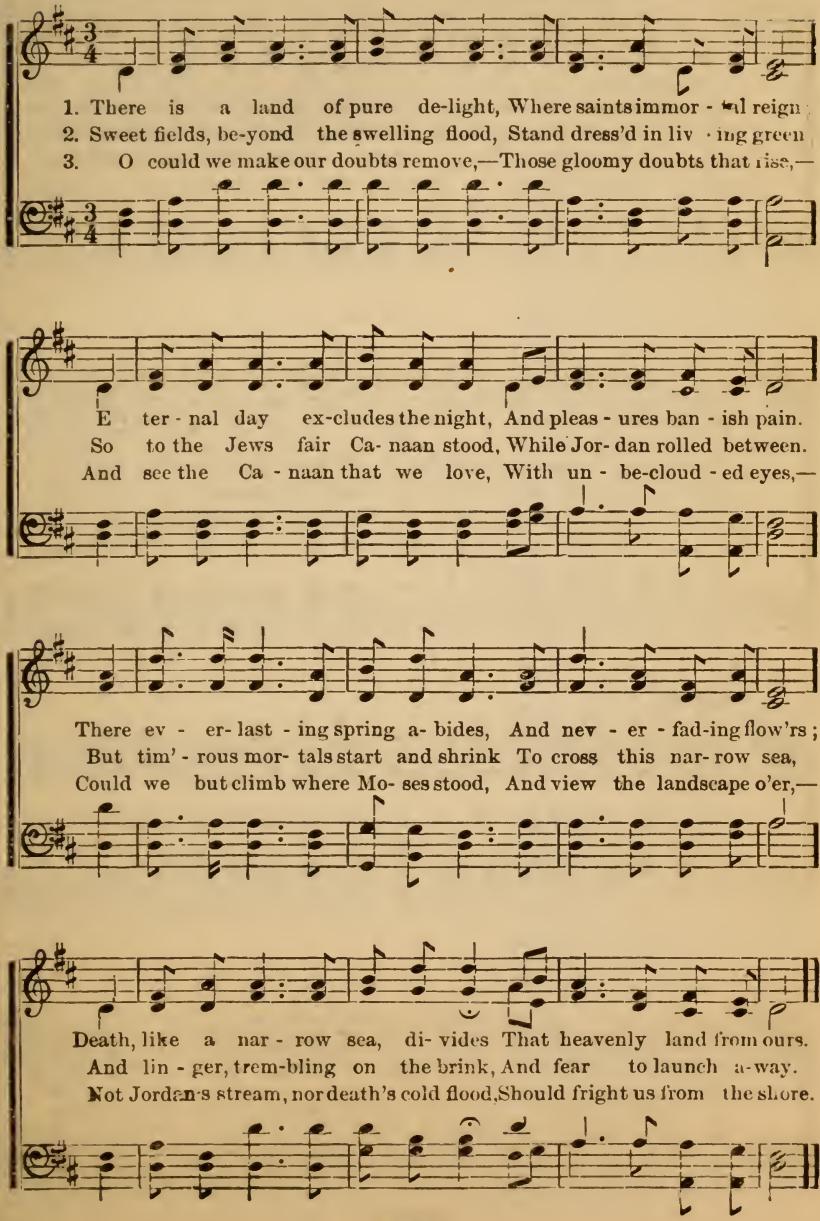
Chorus.



No. 264. The Heavenly Canaan.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

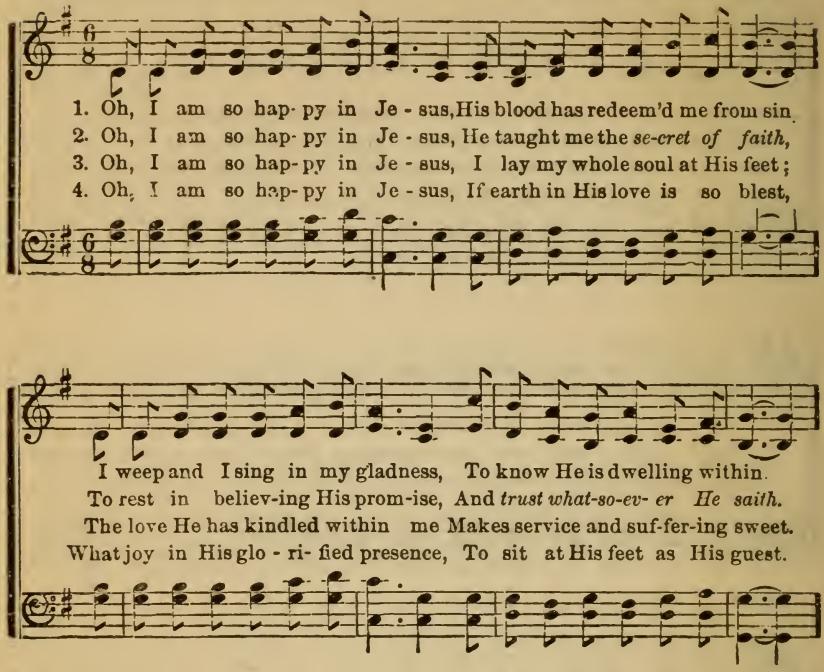
Rev. Isaac Watts. William Henry Oakley, by per.



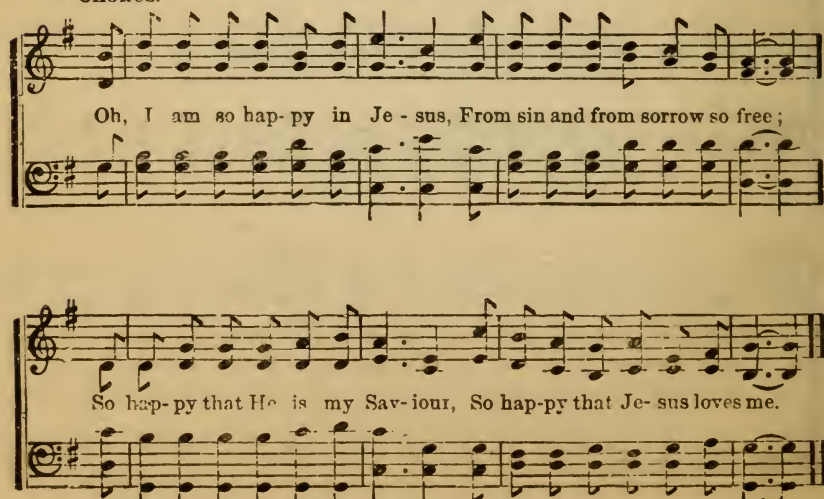
No. 265. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 KINGS 10:8.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



CHORUS.



No. 266. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

LEV. 25: 8-13.

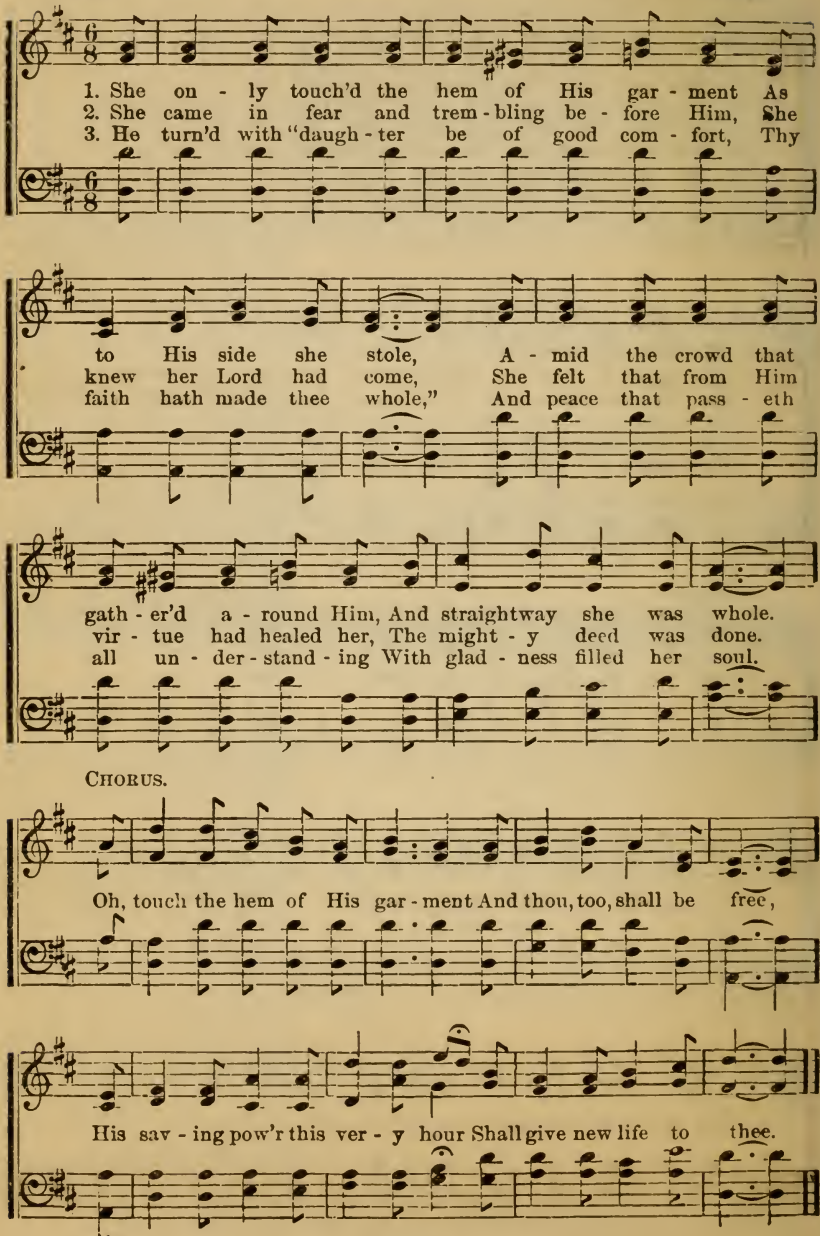
ENGLISH. R. S. THAIN, by per.



No. 267. The Hem of His Garment.

"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole."—MATT. 9: 21.

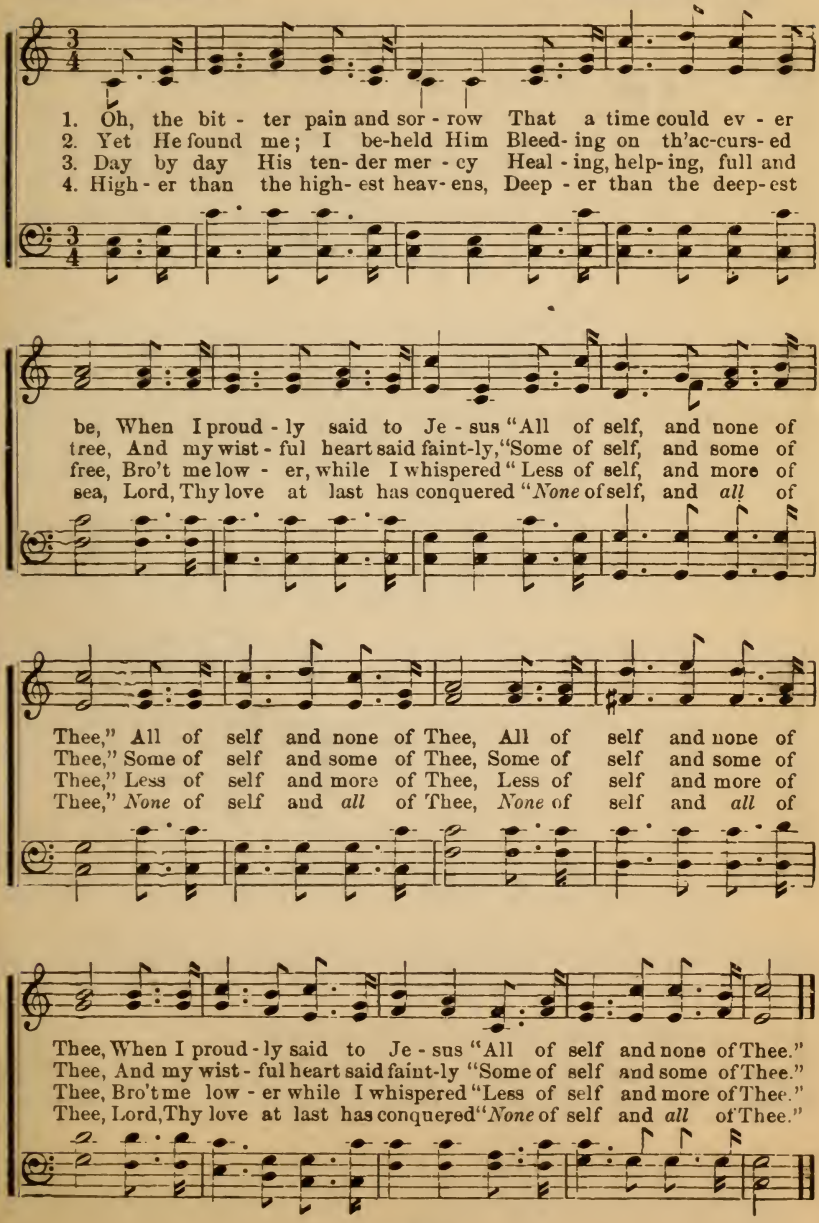
G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



No. 268. "None of self and all of Thee."

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

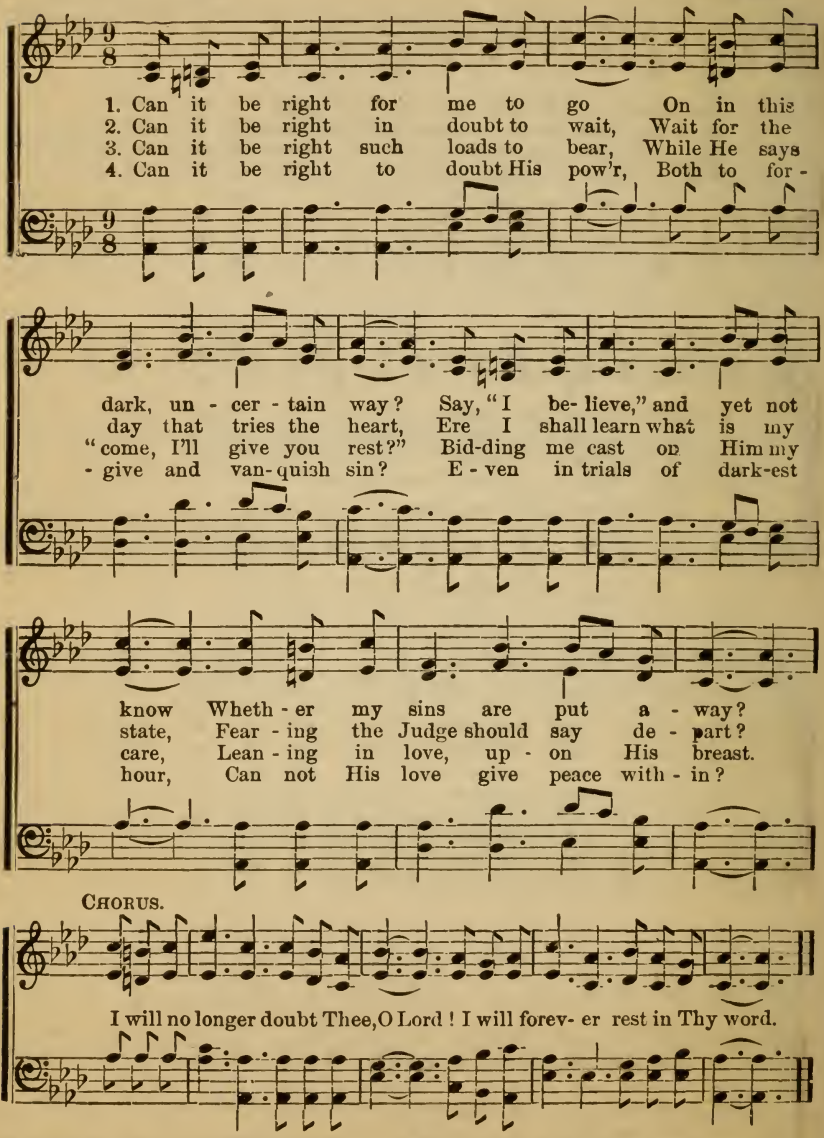
Rev. Theo. Monod, arr. James McGranahan, by per.



No. 269. Can it be Right?

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—MATT. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



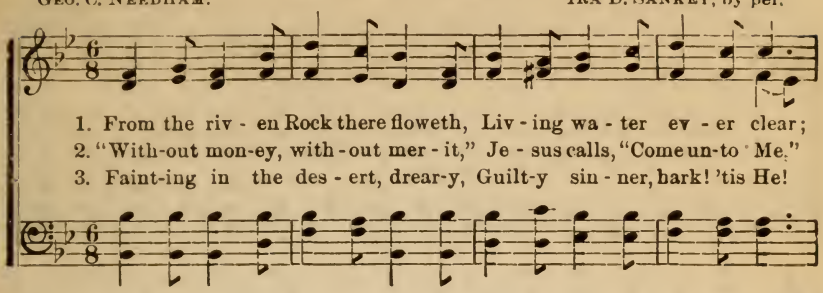
5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
Can He not teach my tongue to speak,
Will He not ample strength provide?

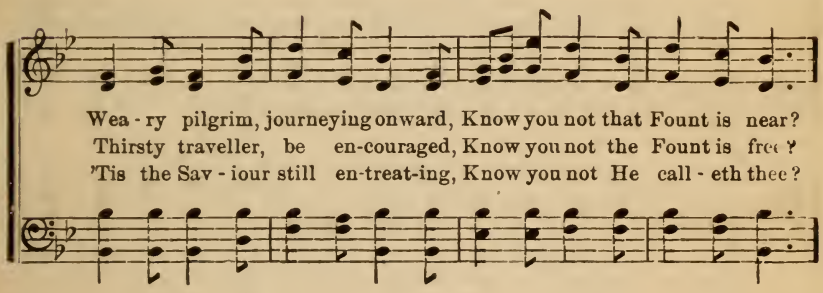
6 Can it be right with *such* a Lord,
Even to dread the hour of death?
Waiting in faith the great reward,
Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

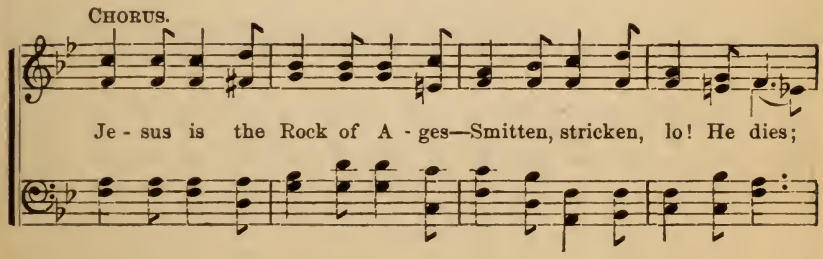
No. 270. The Smitten Rock.

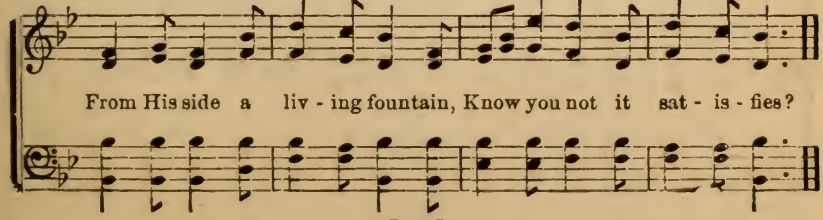
"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ"—1 Cor. 10: 4.

Geo. C. Needham. Ira D. Sankey, by per.









No. 271. Thou art Coming!

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—TITUS 2: 13.

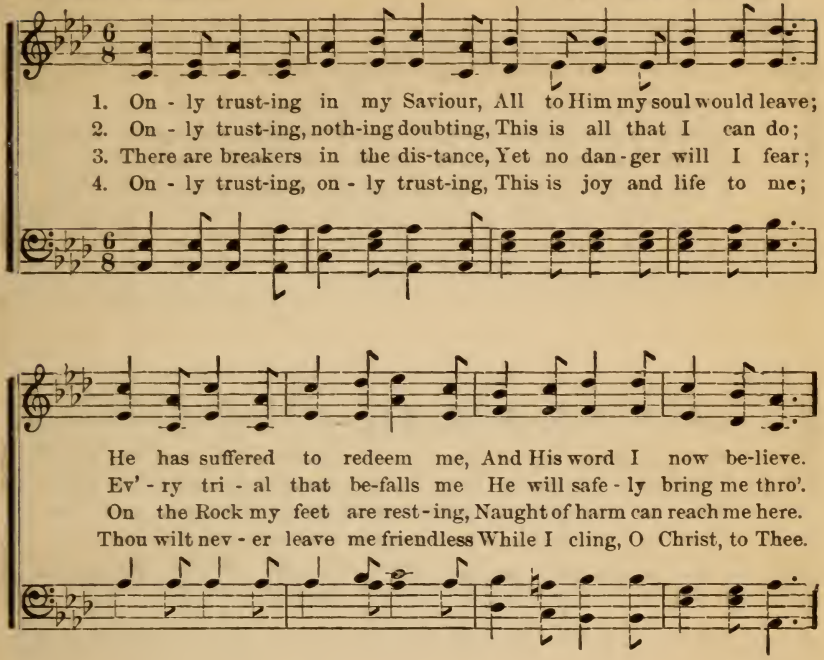
Arr. from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



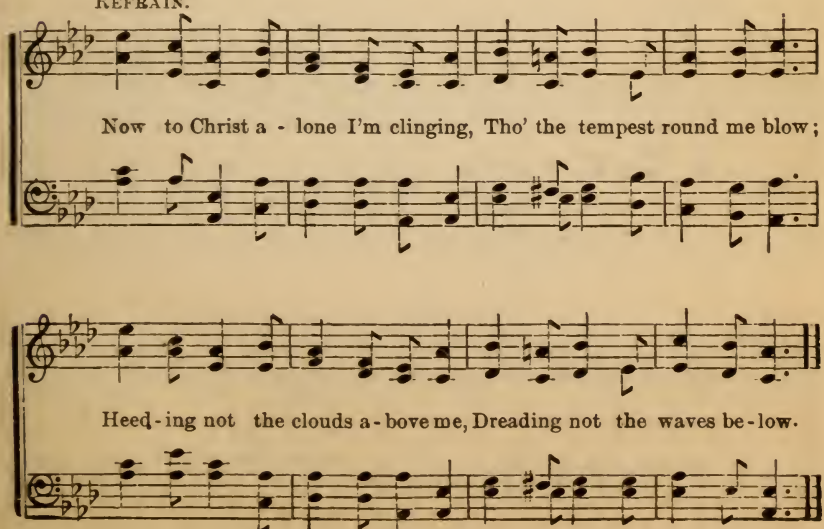
No. 272. Only Trusting in my Saviour.

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2: 2.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.



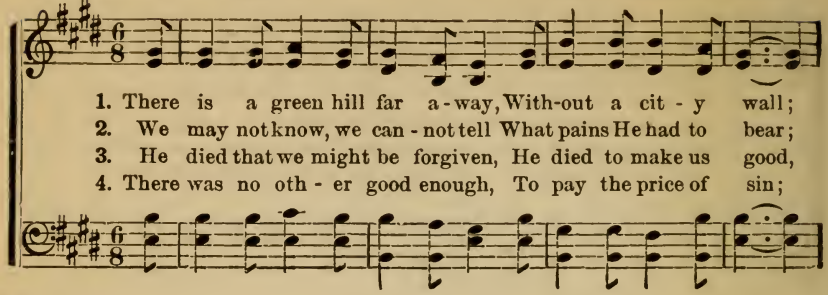
Refrain.

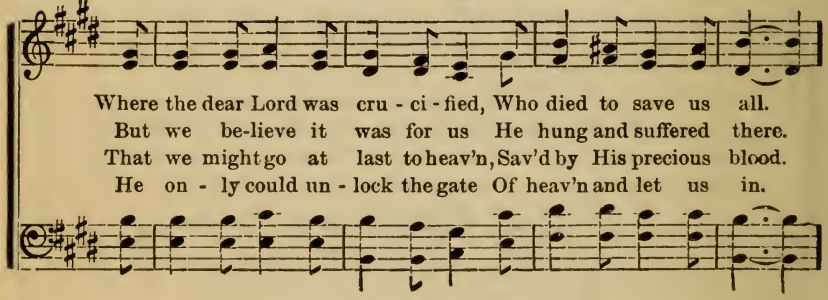


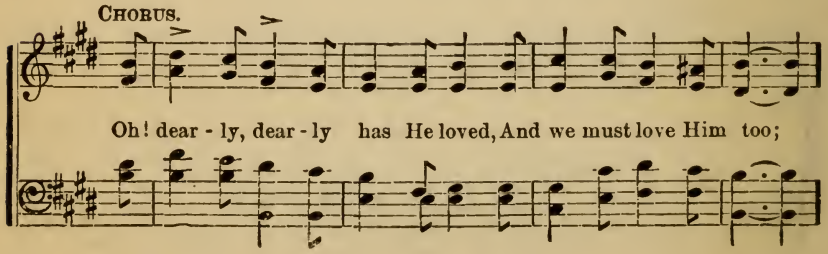
No. 273. There is a Green Hill far away.

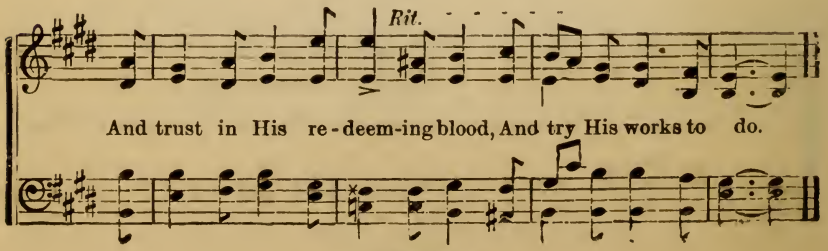
"And they took Jesus and led him away."—JOHN 19: 16.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.





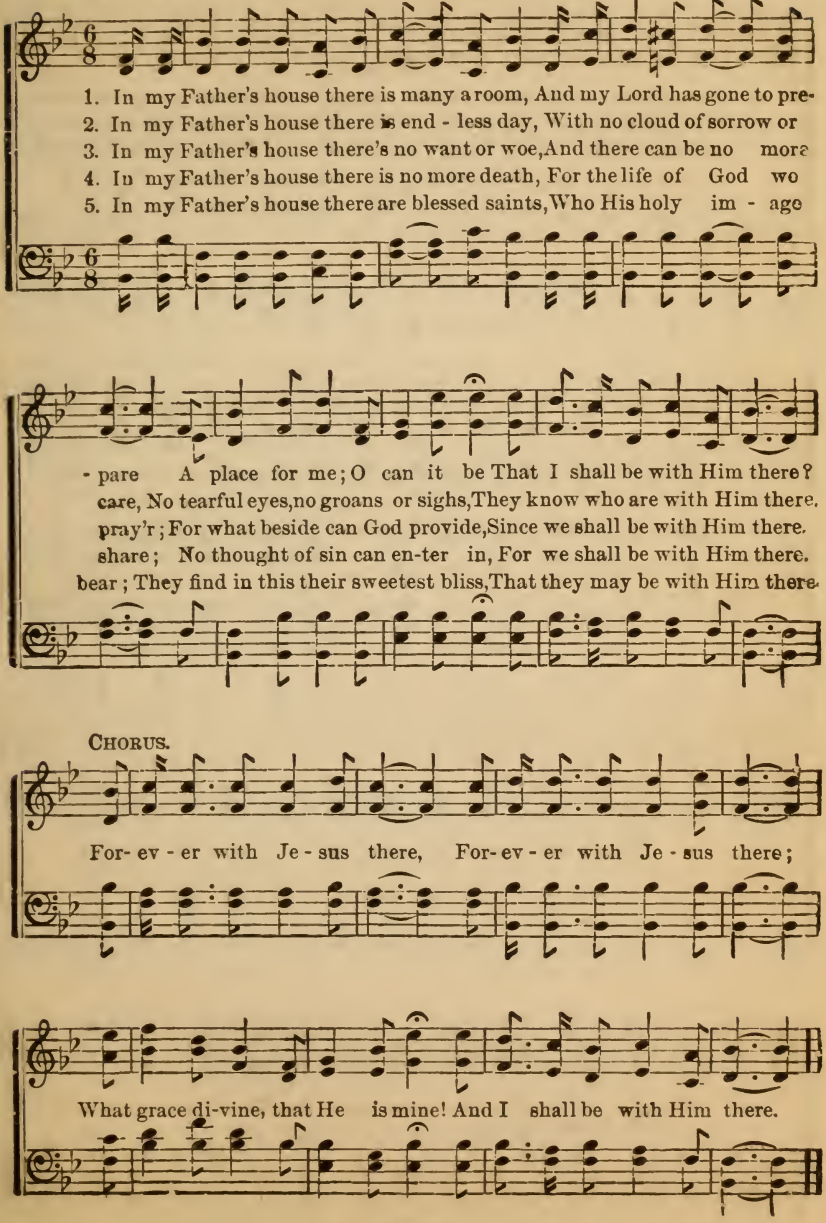




No. 274. Forever with Jesus there.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

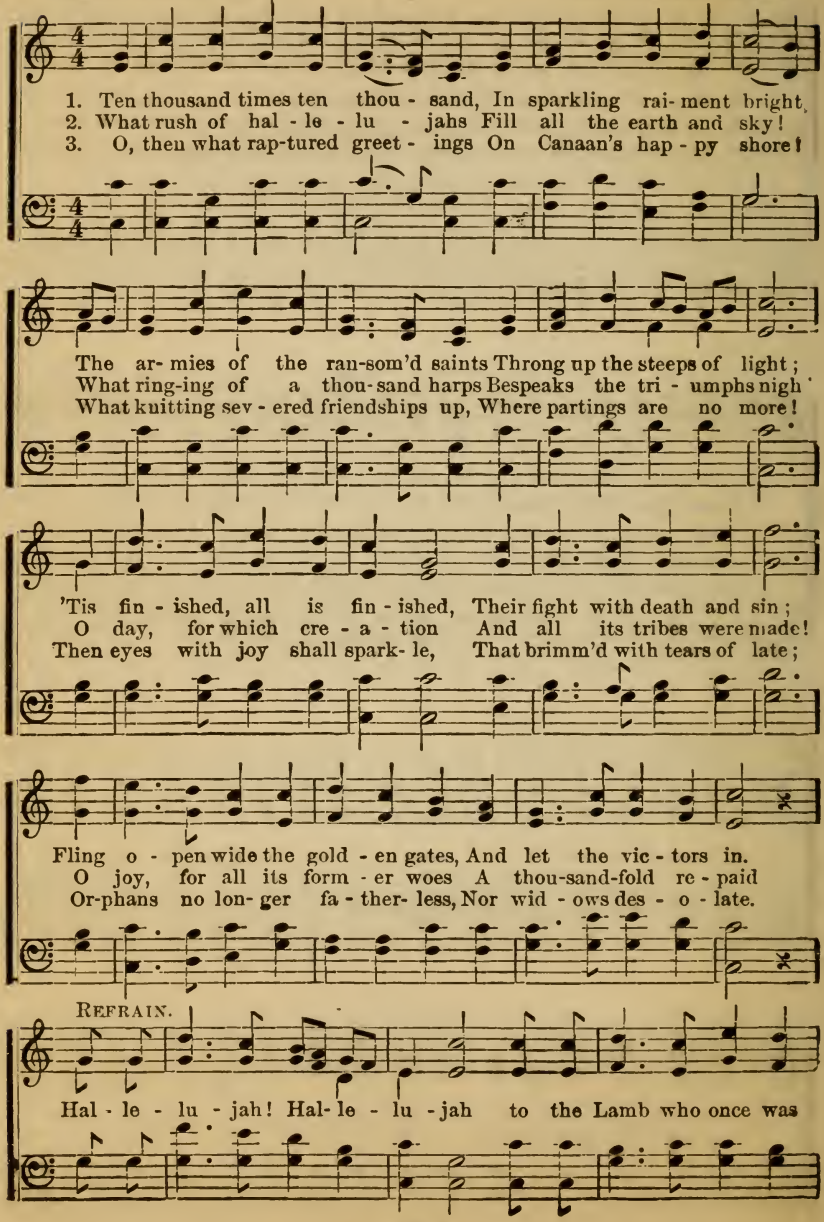
Rev. ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

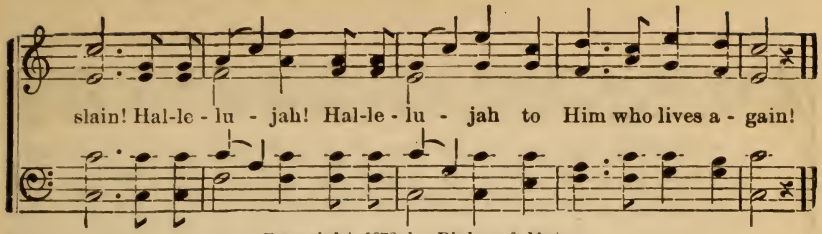


No. 275. Ten Thousand Times.

"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—Rev. 5: 11.

Henry Alford, D.D. Ira D. Sankey, by per.





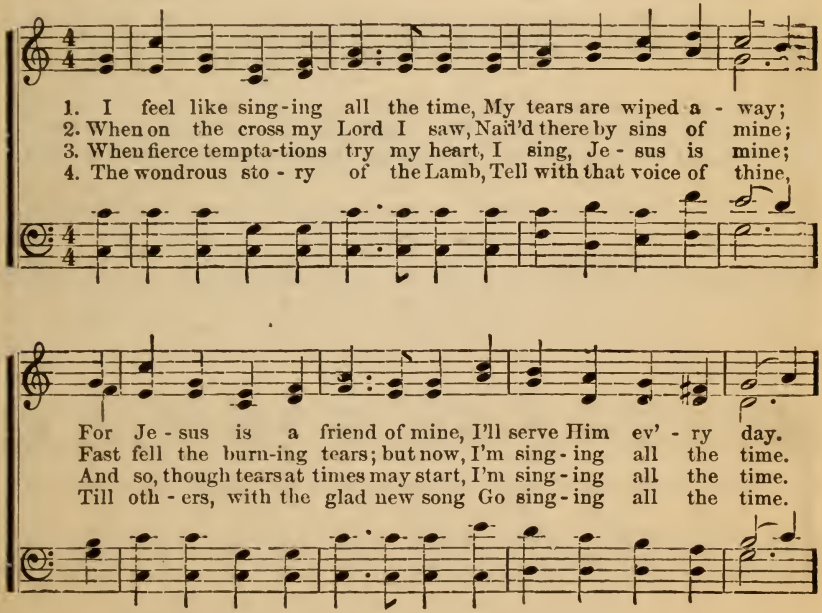
Copyright, 1878, by Biglow & Main

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No. 276. Singing all the Time.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

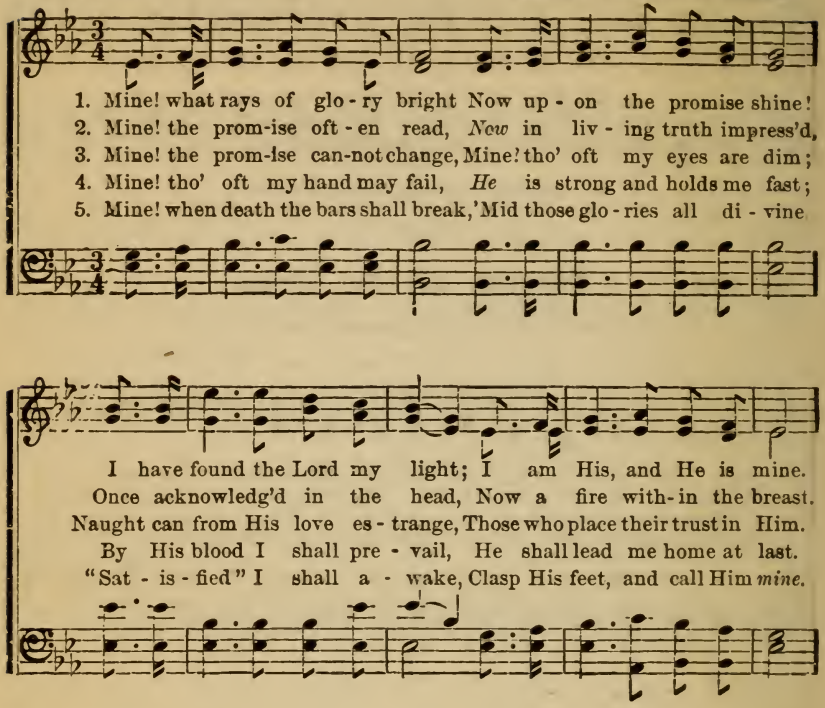


No. 277.

Mine!

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10.

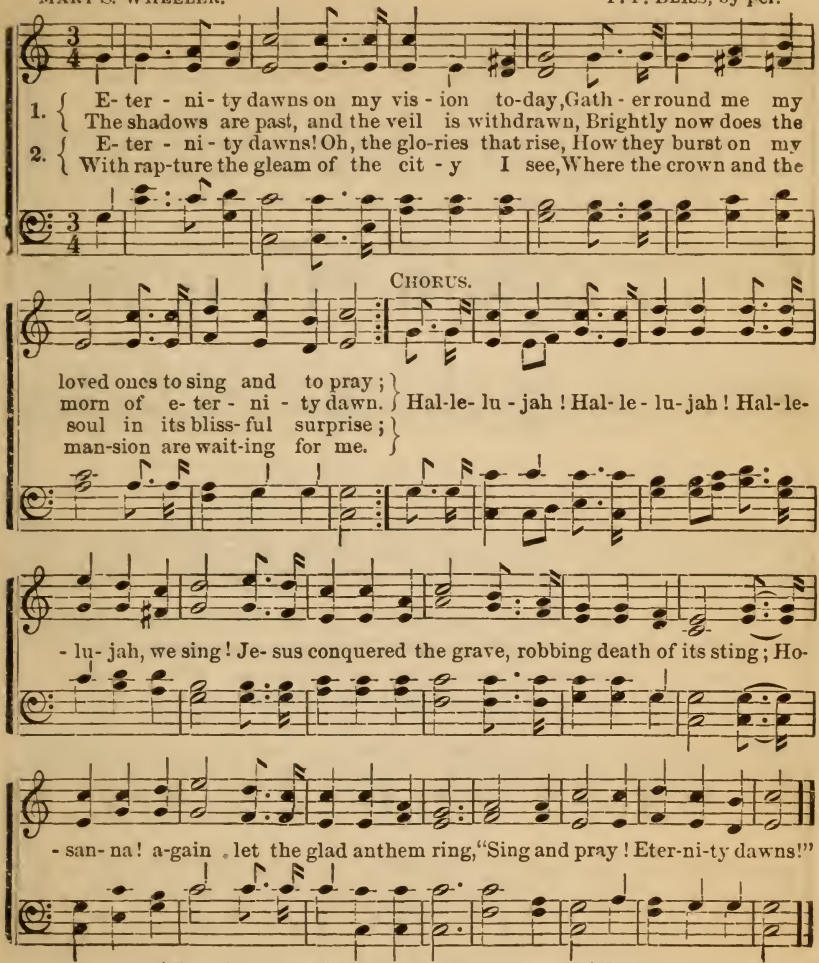
E. L. B. *Alt.* JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



No. 278. "Sing and Pray!"

Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.

4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."

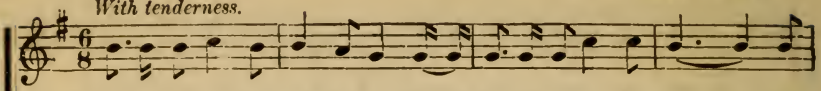
5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

No. 279. Where is my Boy to-night?

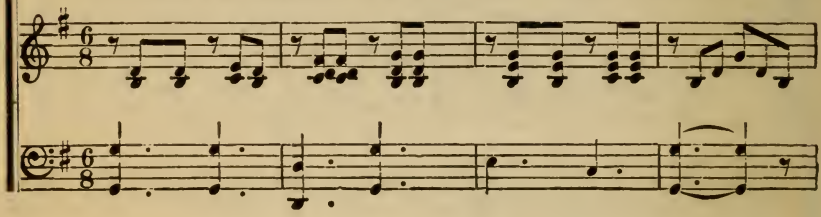
"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—PROV. 10 : 1.

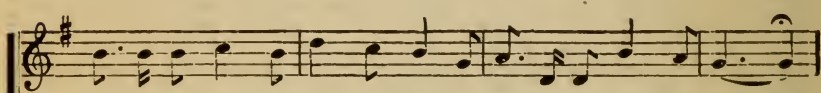
R. L. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

With tenderness.



1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old- en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

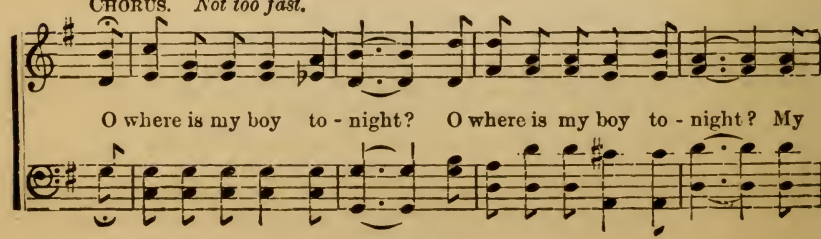




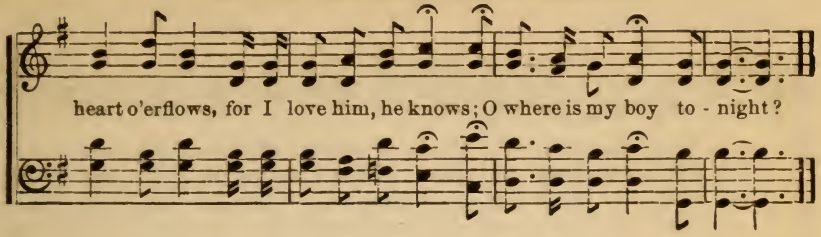
boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat- tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My

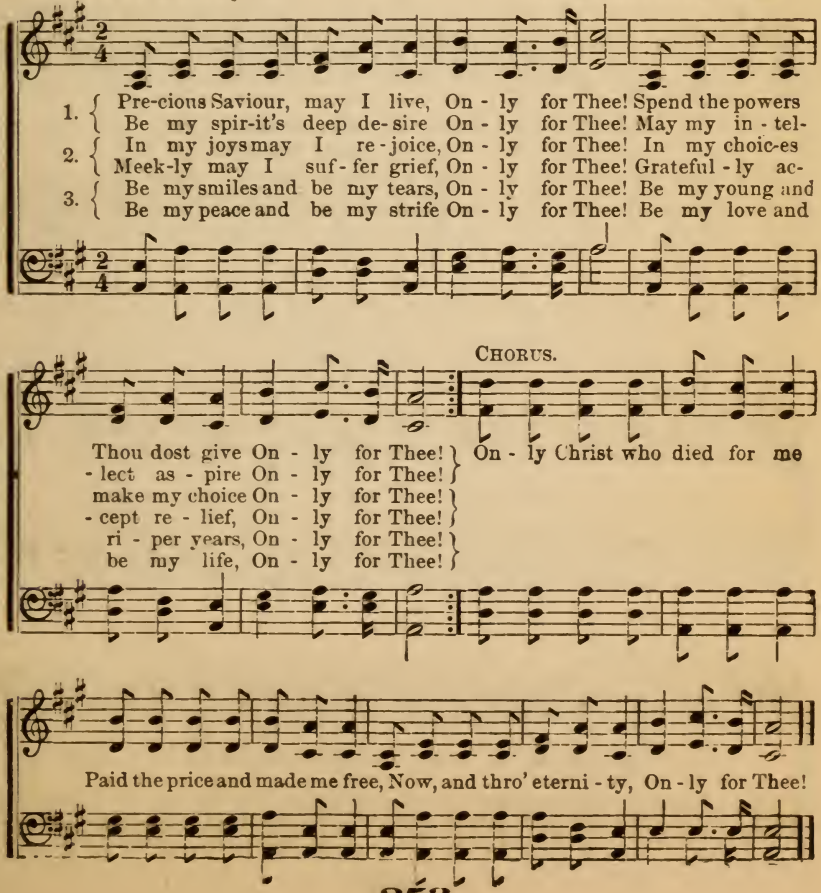


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No. 280. Only for Thee.

"To me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1: 21.

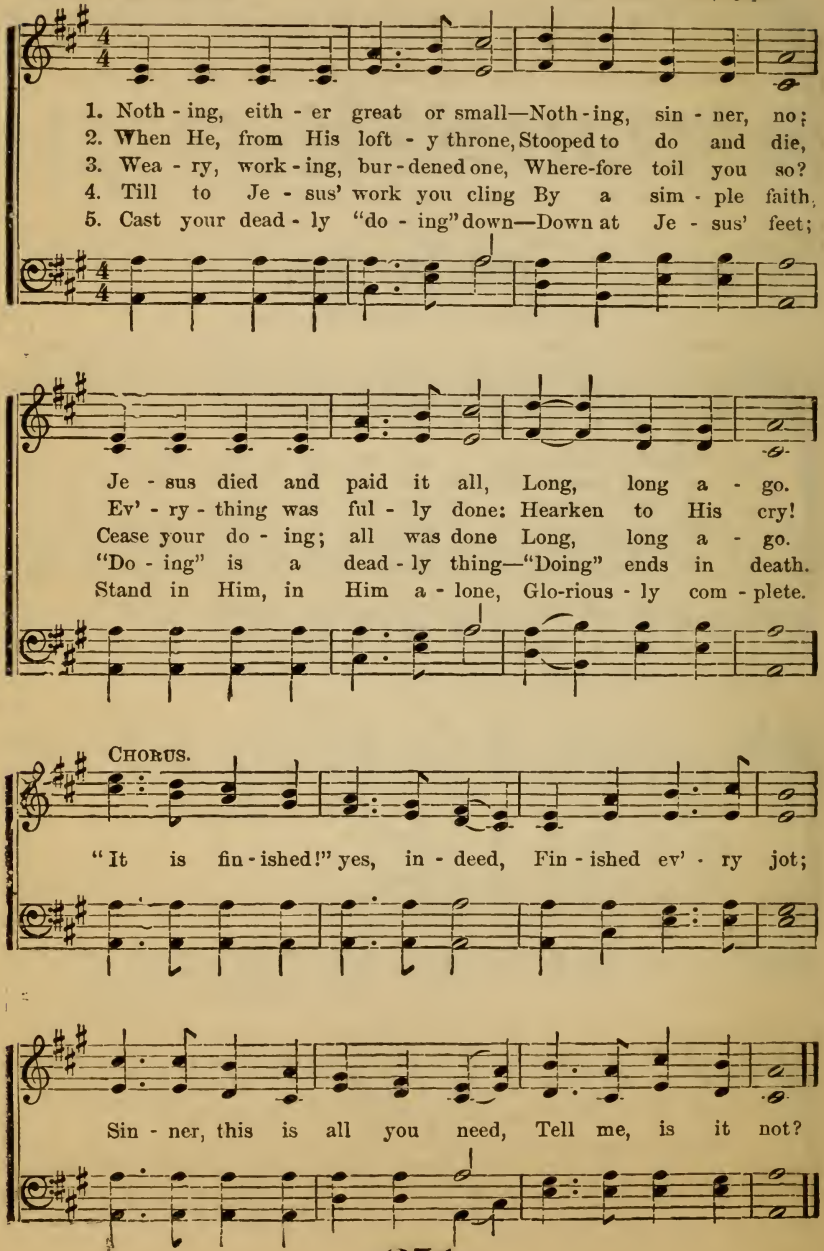
ELIZA ANN WALKER, 1864. JAS. MCGRANAHAN, by per.



No. 281. It is Finished!

"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—Luke 18. 18.

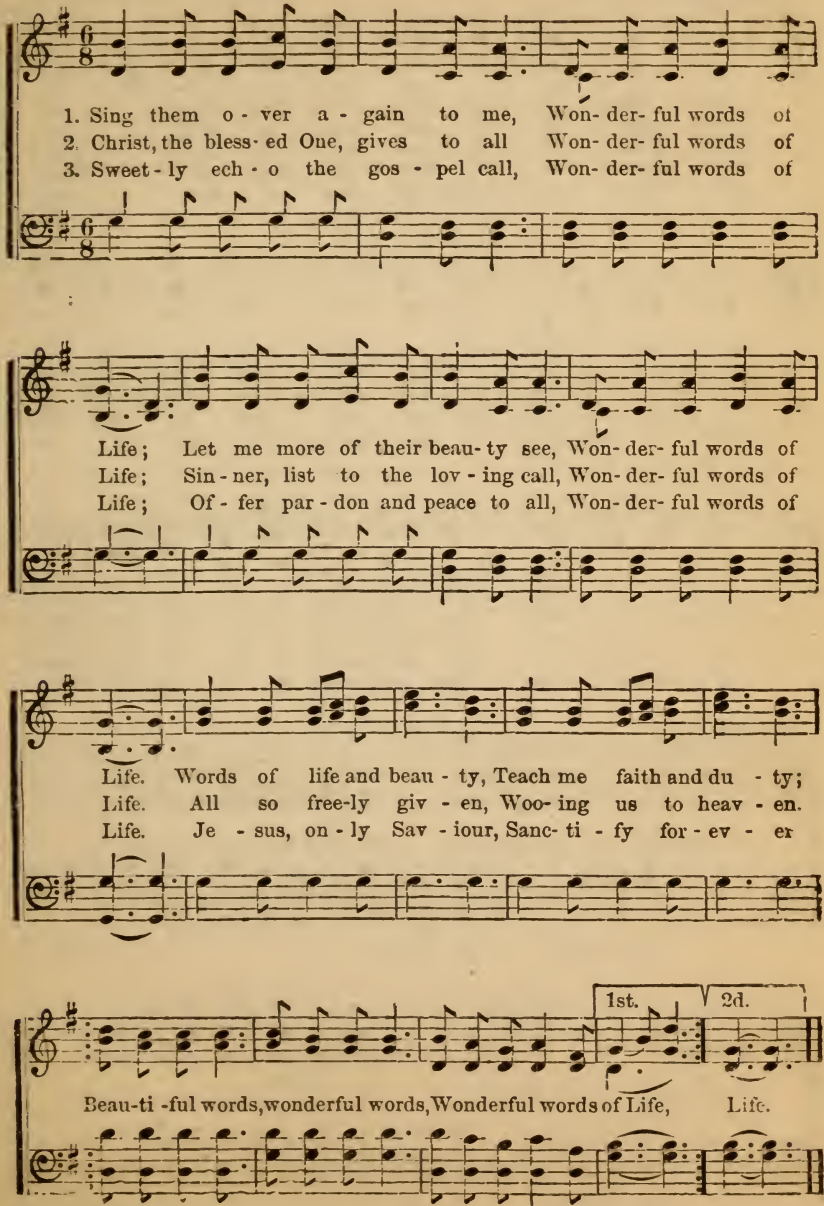
Rev. James Proctor — Ira D. Sankey, by per.



No. 282. Wonderful Words of Life.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JOHN 6:63.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



No. 283. What must it be to be There?

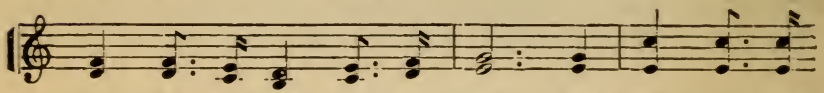
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4

Mrs. Elizareth Mills. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

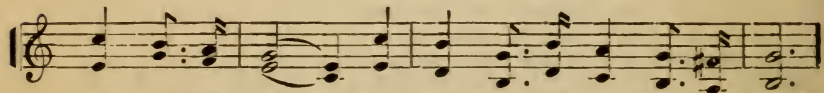
Duet.



1. We speak of the land of the blest, A
2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The
4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For

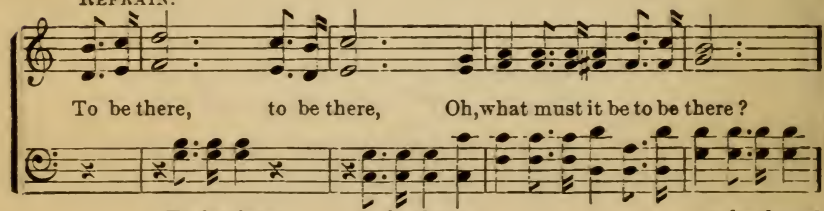


coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its
walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and
robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the
sor - row, temp- ta - tion and care, From tri - als with-
heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we



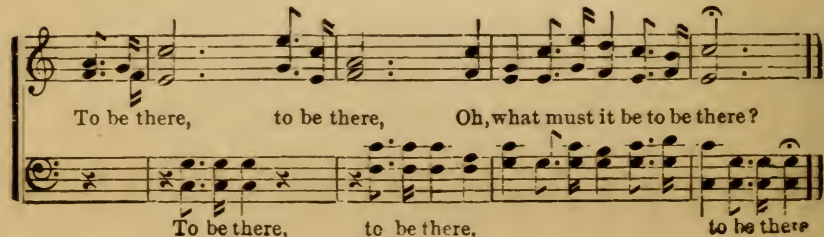
glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there?
pleas- ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there?
- out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?
al - so shall *know*, And *feel* what it is to be there!

Refrain.



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?



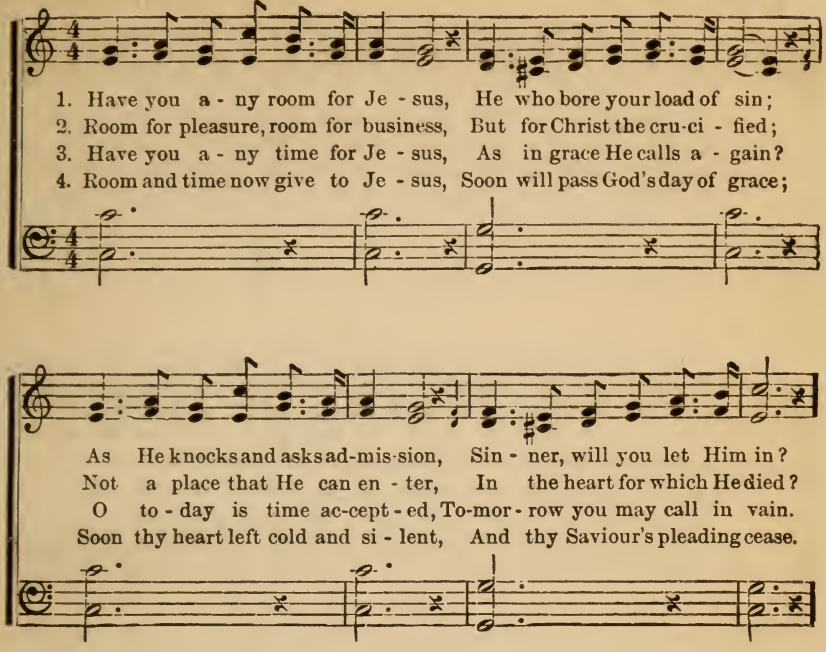
To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

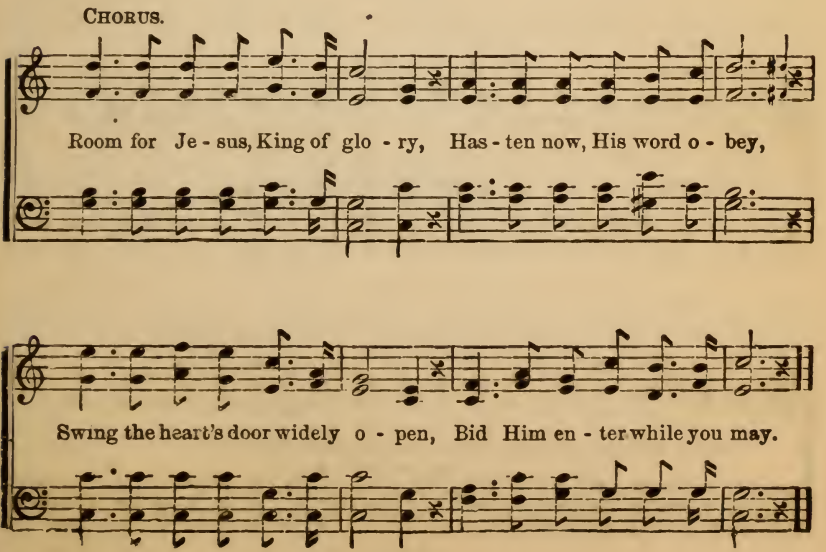
To be there, to be there, to be there

No. 284. Have you any Room for Jesus?

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Arr. by W. W. D. C. C. Williams, by per.

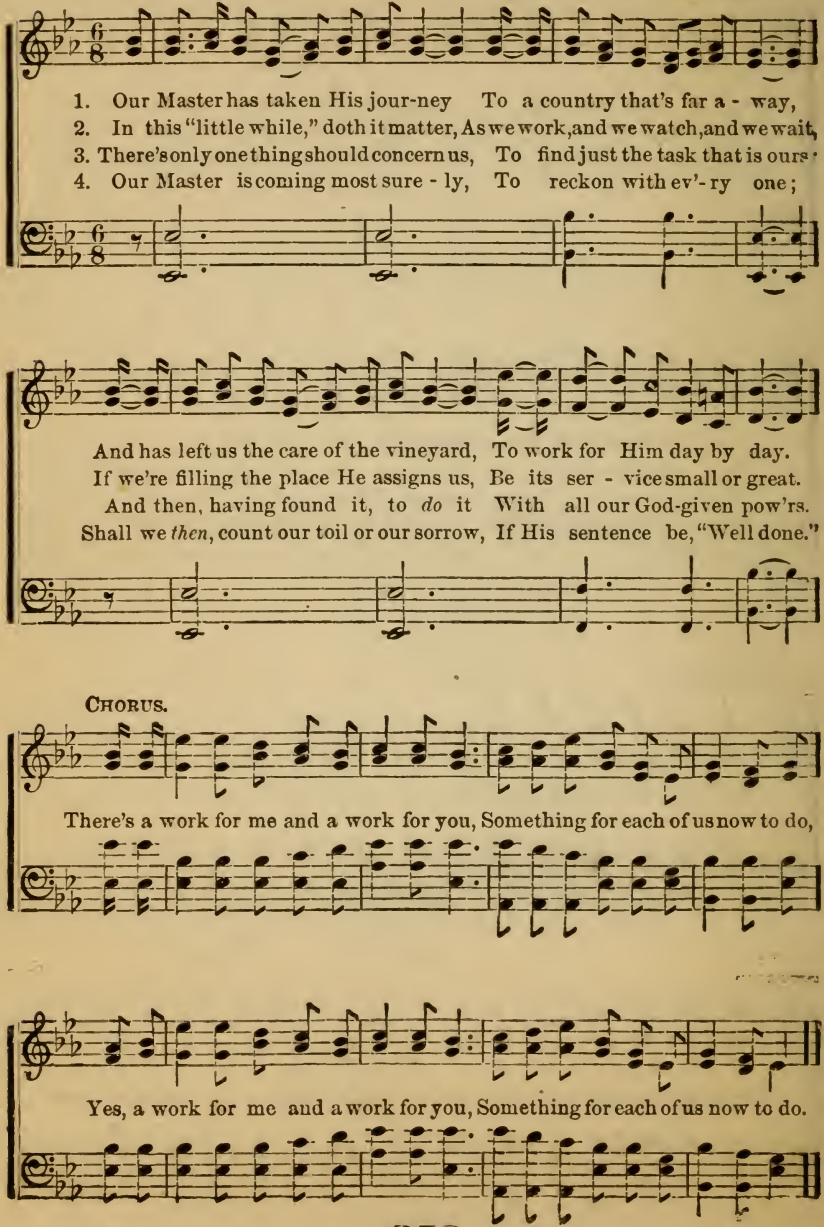




No. 285. There's a Work for each of Us.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—MARK 13: 34.

A. A. A. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

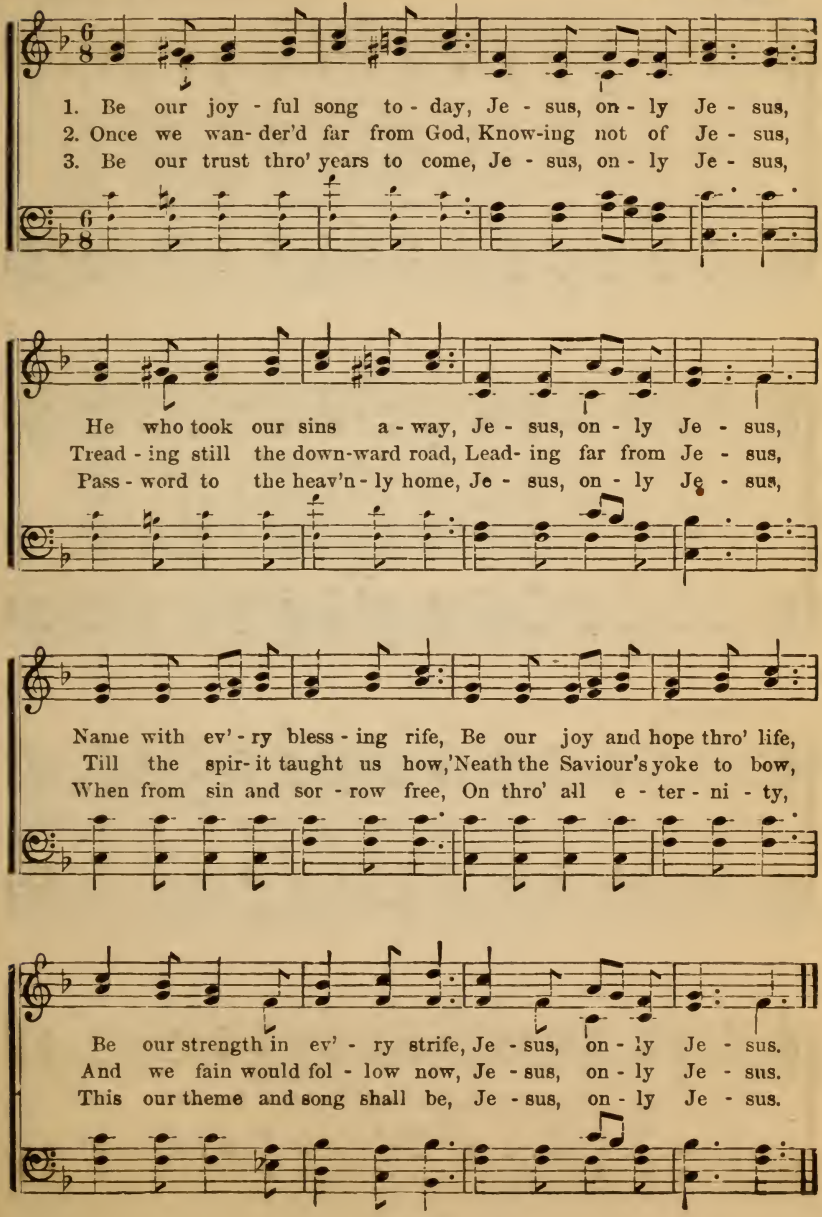


No. 286.

Jesus, only Jesus.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

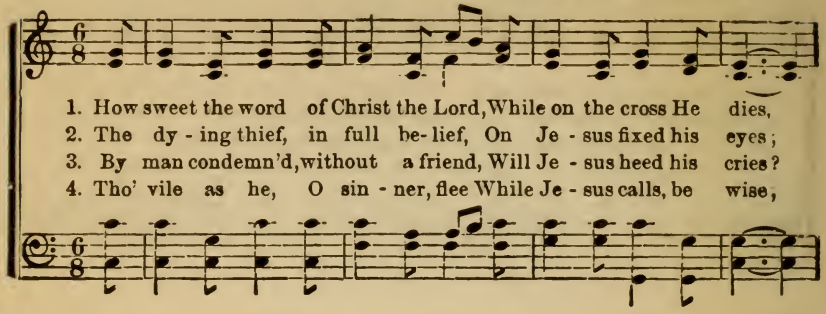
L. PIERCE. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

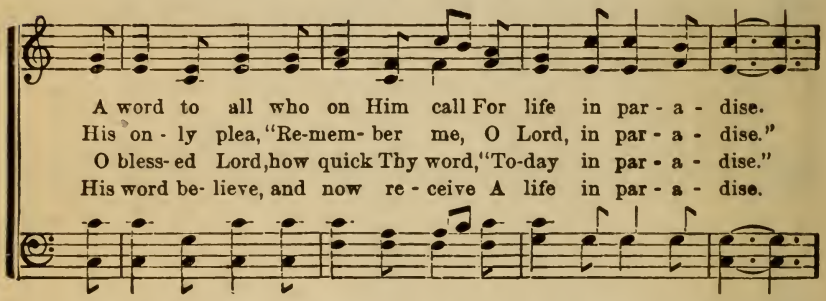


No. 287. Paradise.

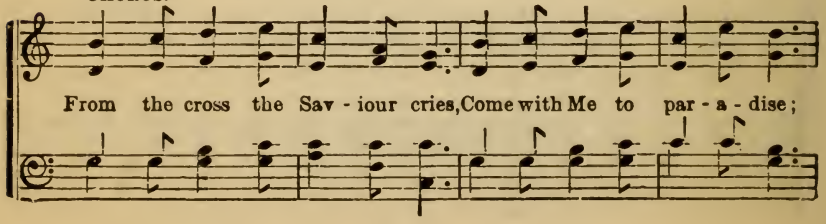
"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUKE 23: 43.

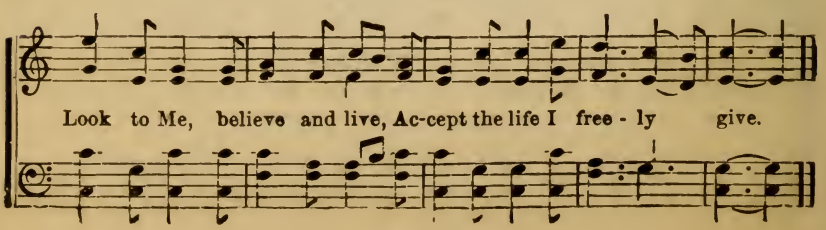
W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.





CHORUS.



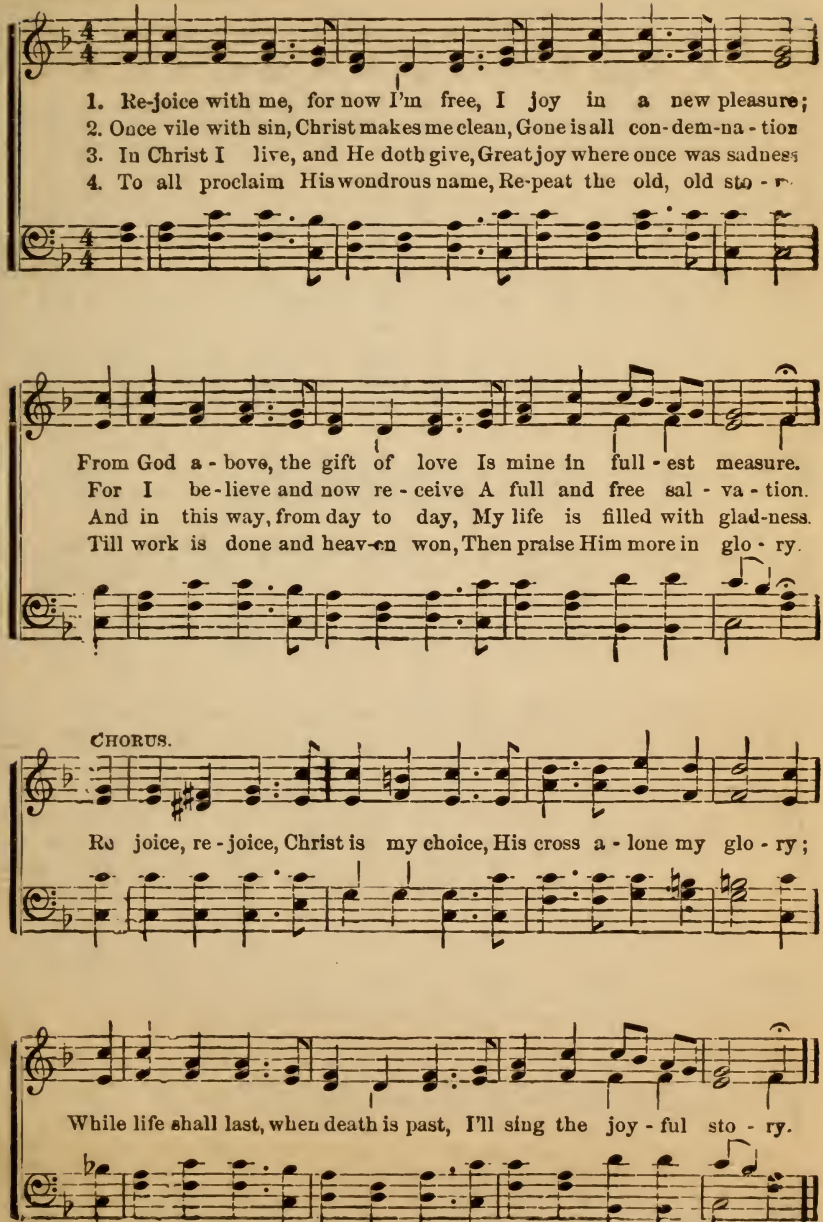


No. 288.

Rejoice with Me.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

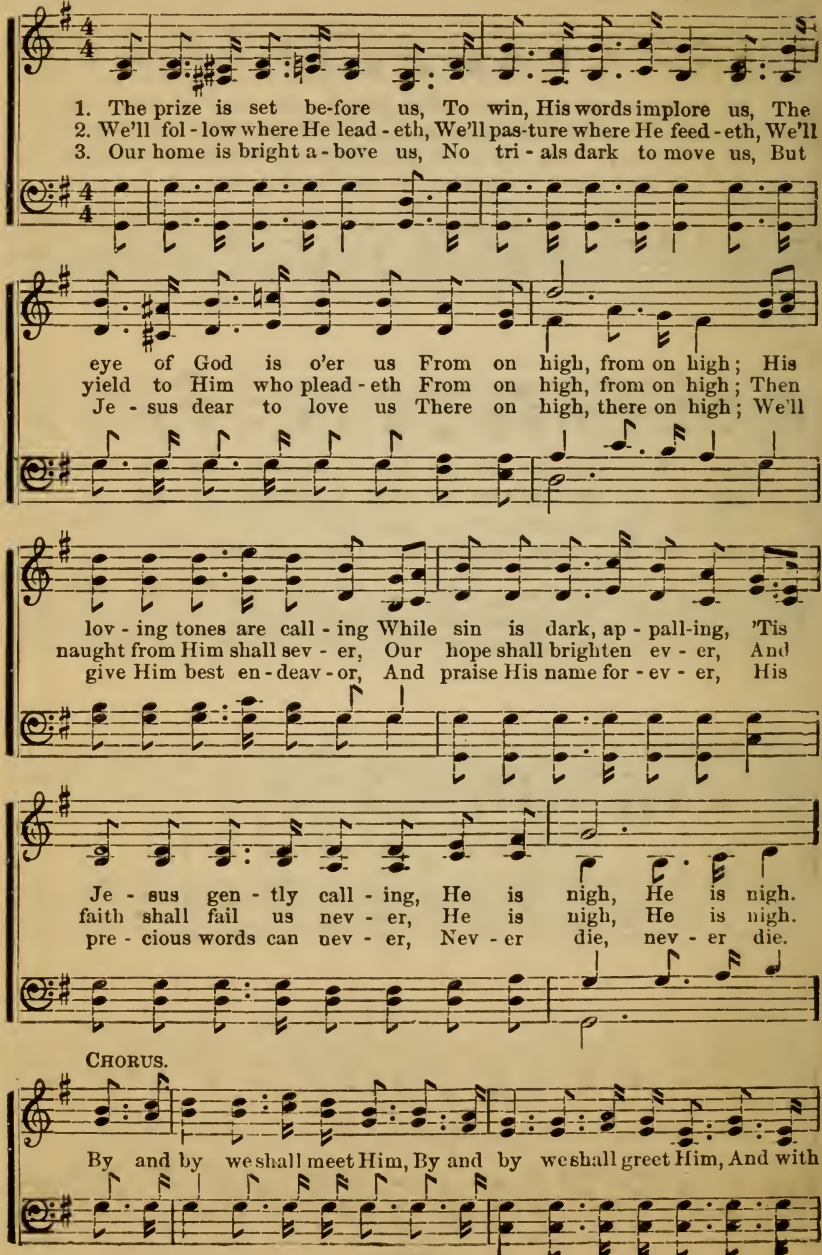
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. P. P. BLISS by per.

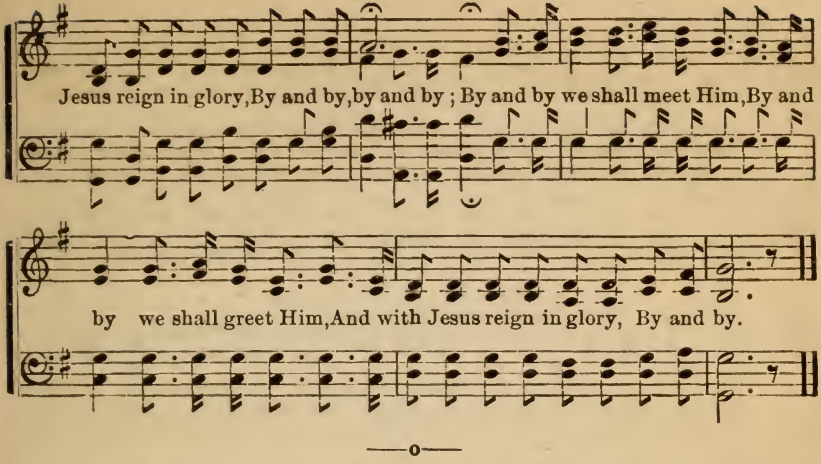


No. 289. Triumph By and By.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER, by per.





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No. 290. I am Trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

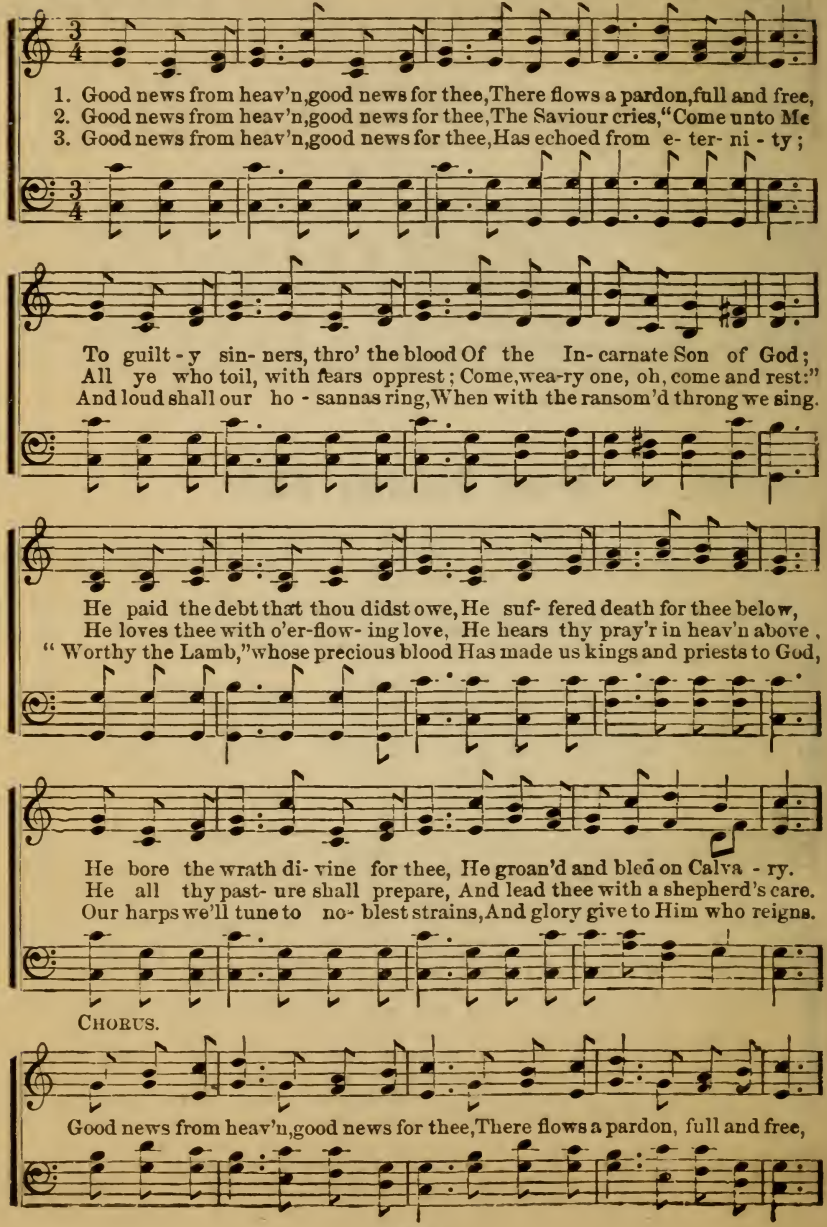
Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

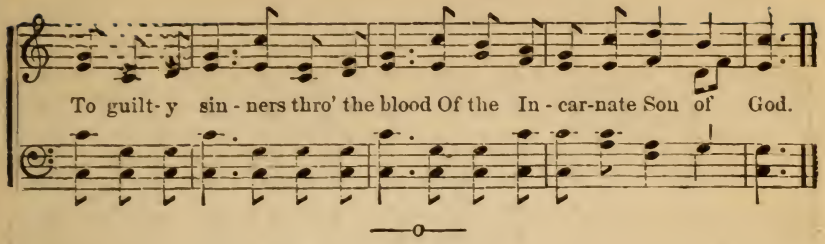


No. 291. Good News.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 Tim 1: 11.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan, by per.

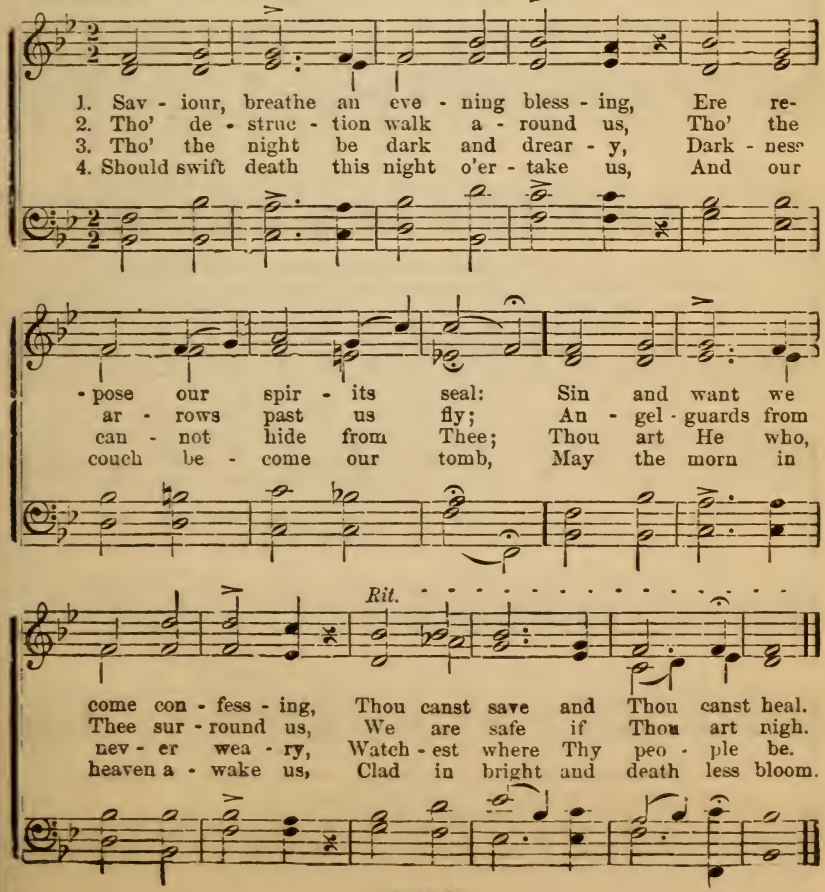




No. 292. Evening Prayer.

"Bless me—O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

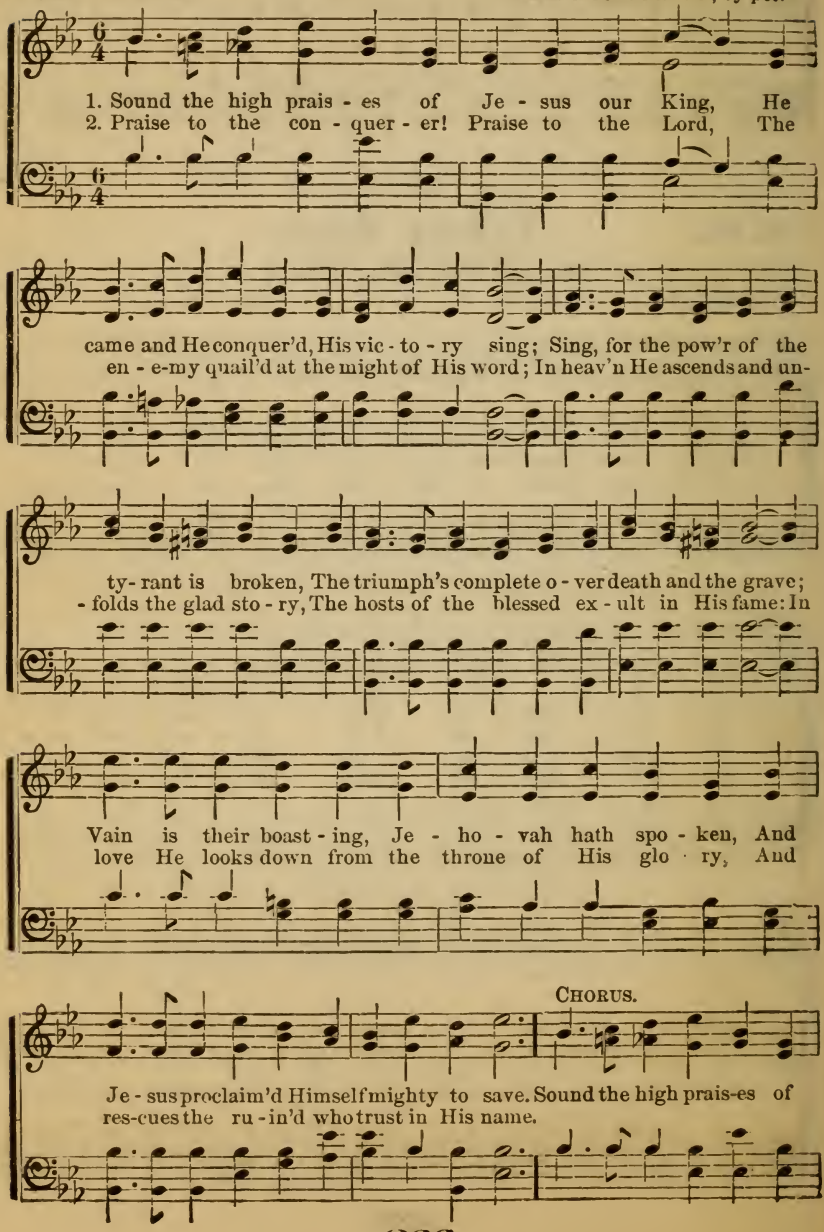
J. EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

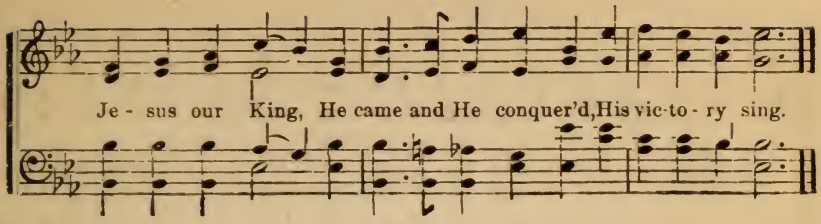


No. 293. Sound the High Praises.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5: 12.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan, by per.

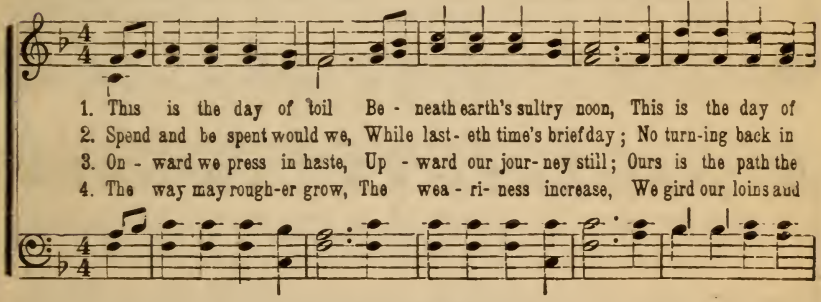




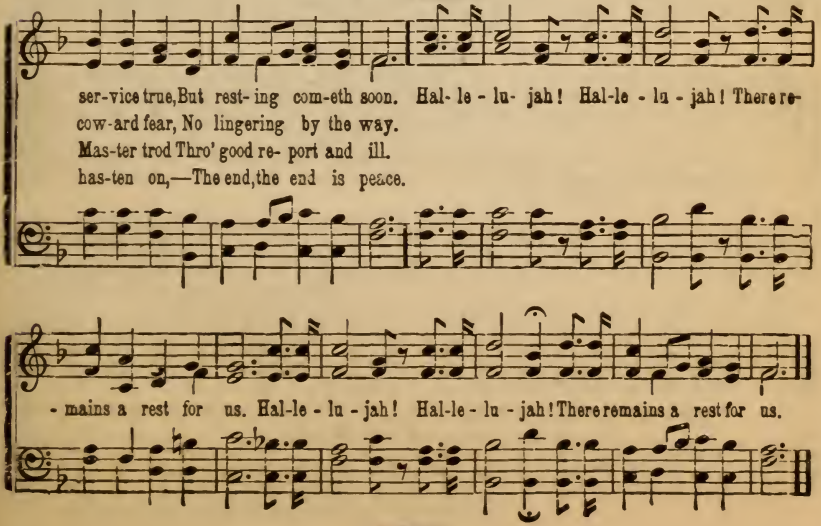
No. 294. Pressing On.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per



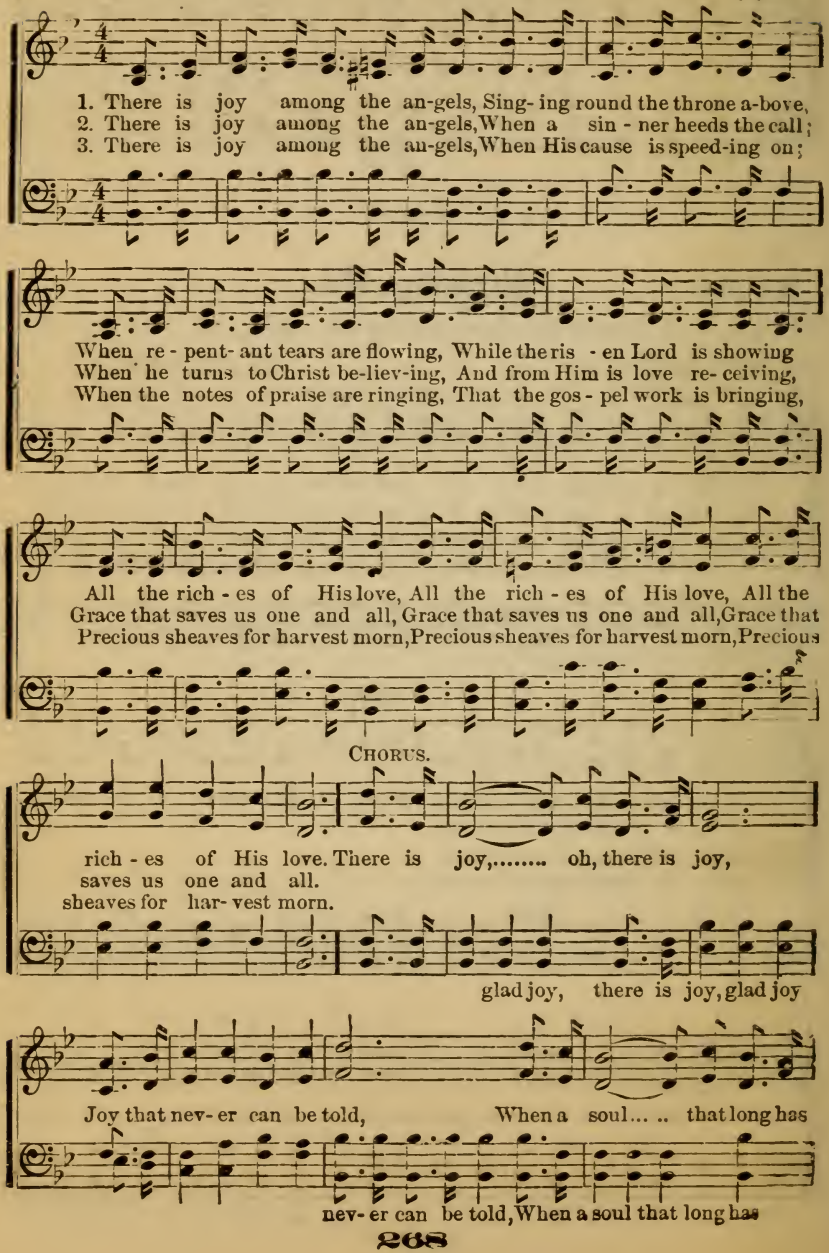
CHORUS.

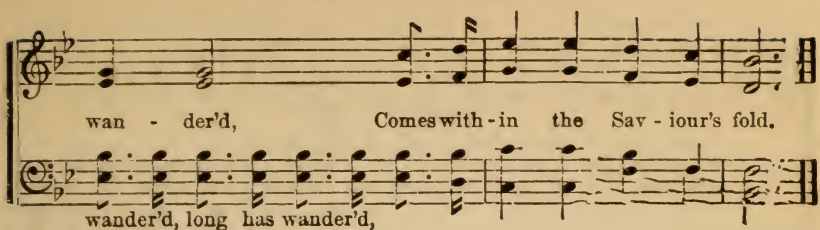


No. 295. There is Joy among the Angels.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15. 10.

EDWARD A. BARNES. C. C CASE, by per.



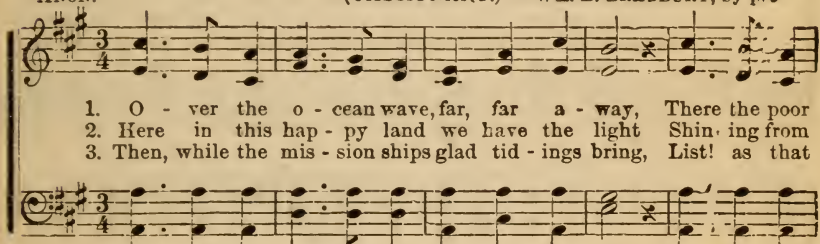


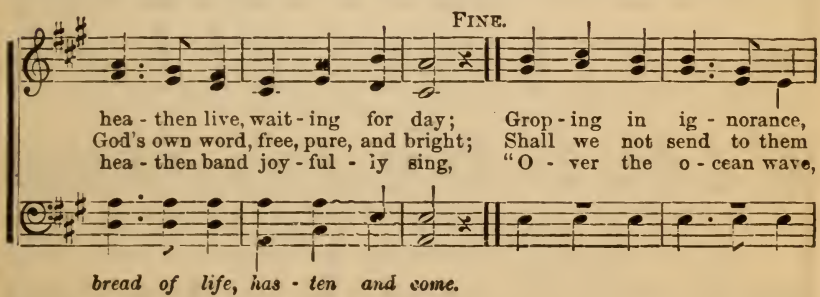
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No. 296. Over the Ocean Wave.

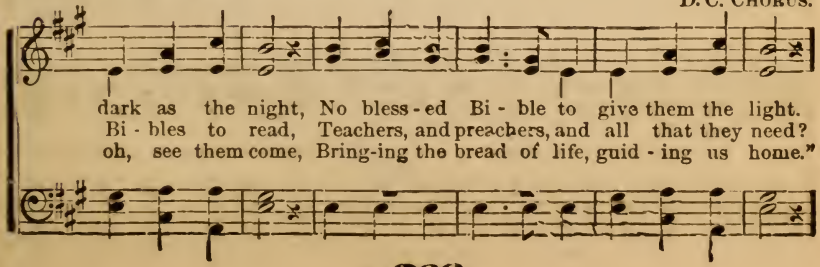
"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2: 8.

ANON. (MISSIONARY.) WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.





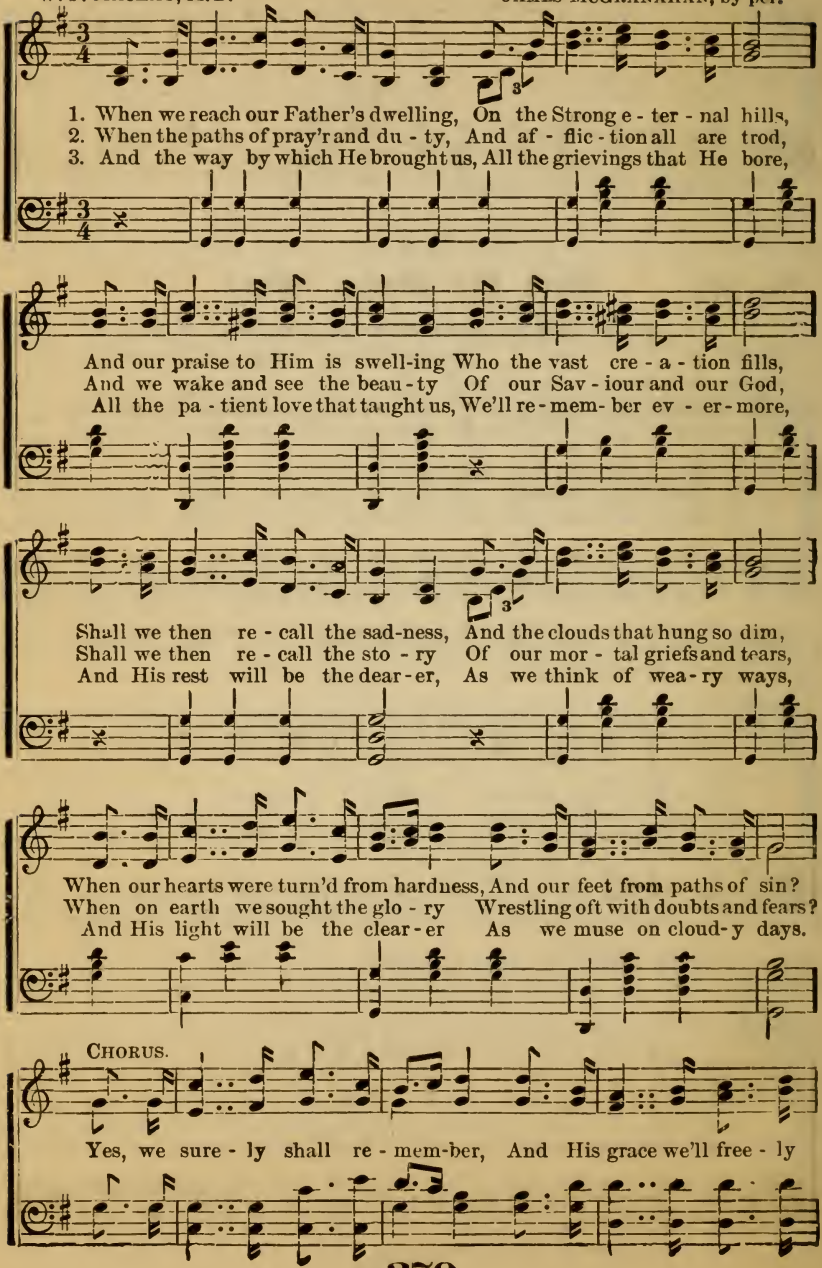
D. C. CHORUS.

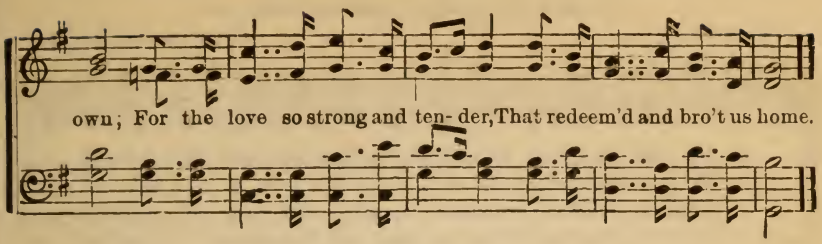


No. 297. Memories of Earth.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."—Rev. 7: 14.

W. P. Mackay, M. D. James McGranahan, by per.





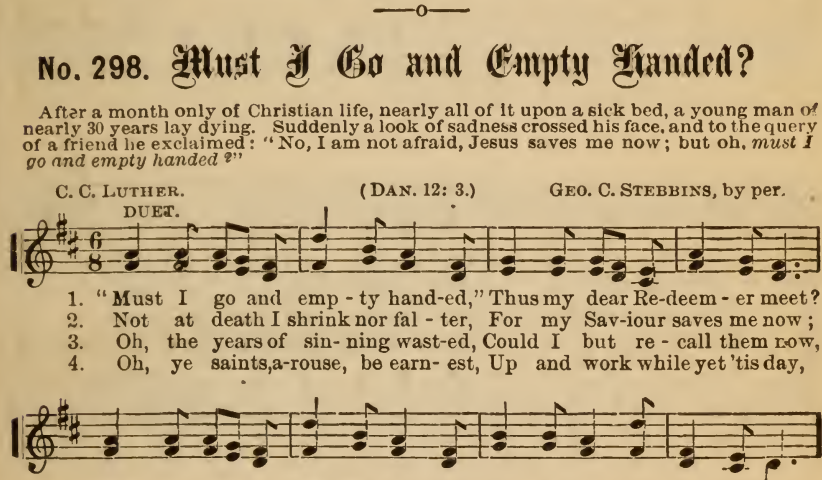
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No. 298. Must I Go and Empty Handed?

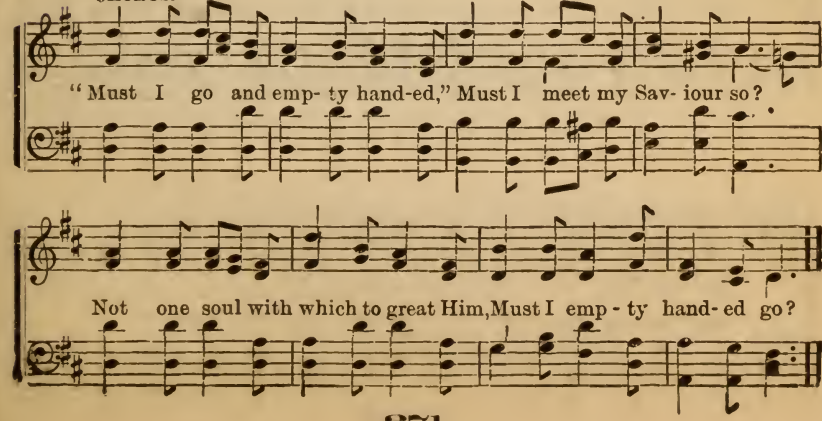
After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

C. C. LUTHER. (DAN. 12: 3.) GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

DUET.



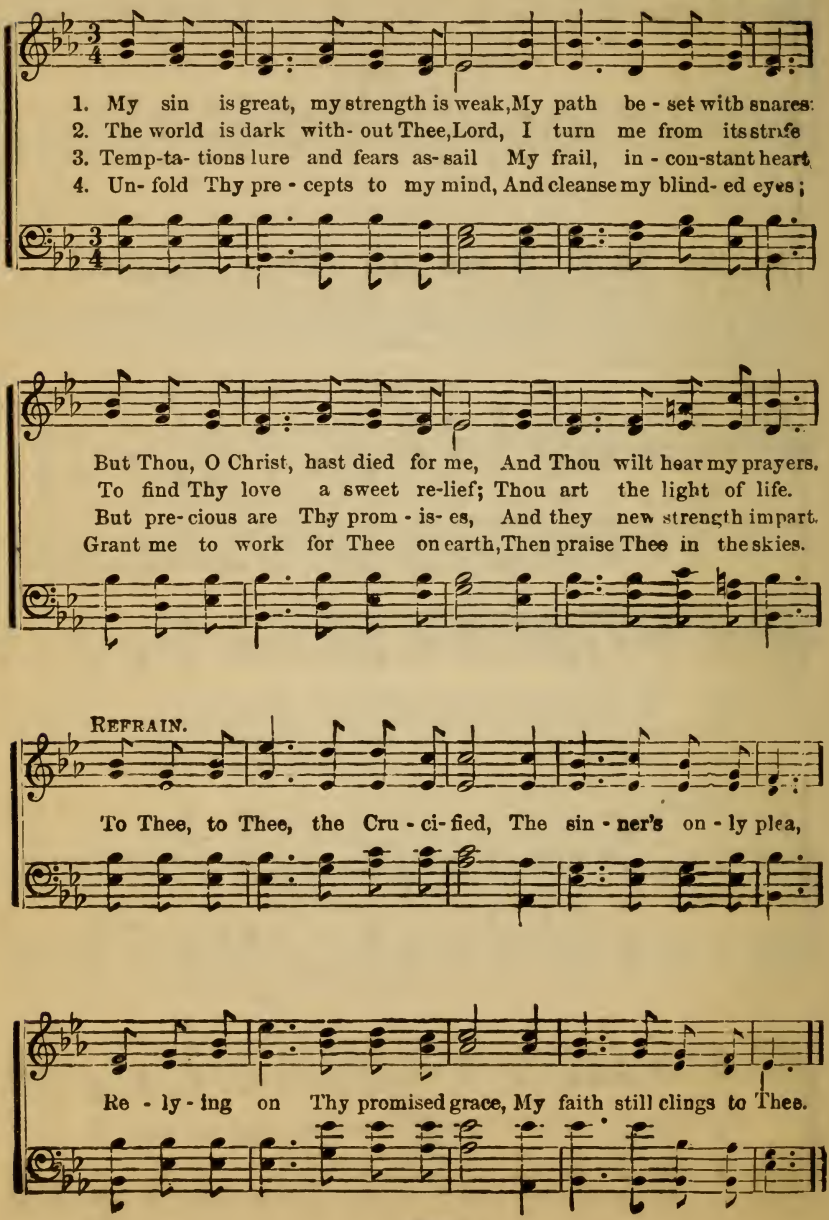
CHORUS.



No. 299. My Faith still Clings.

"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—Rom. 14: 1.

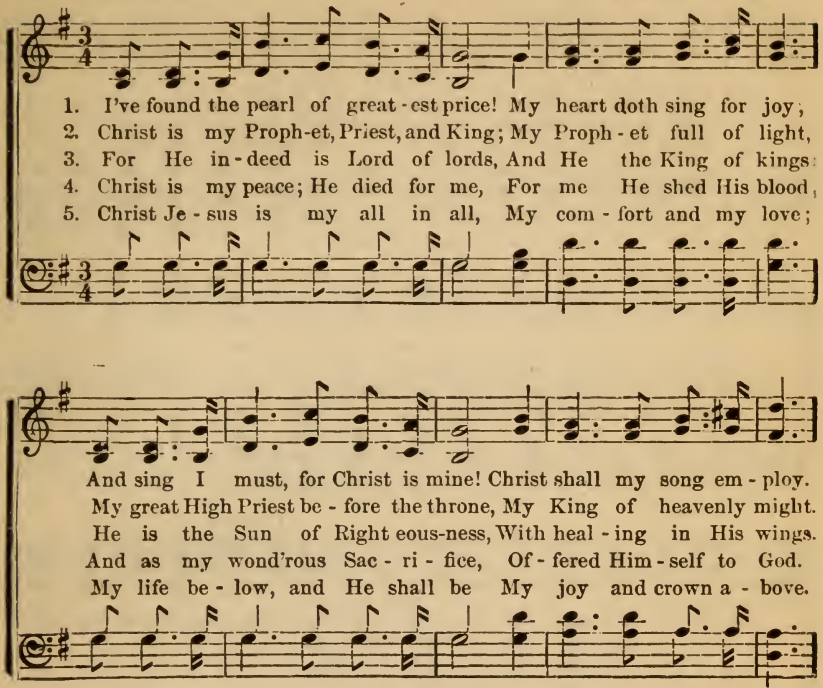
Rev. H. F. Colby. W. H. Doane, by per.



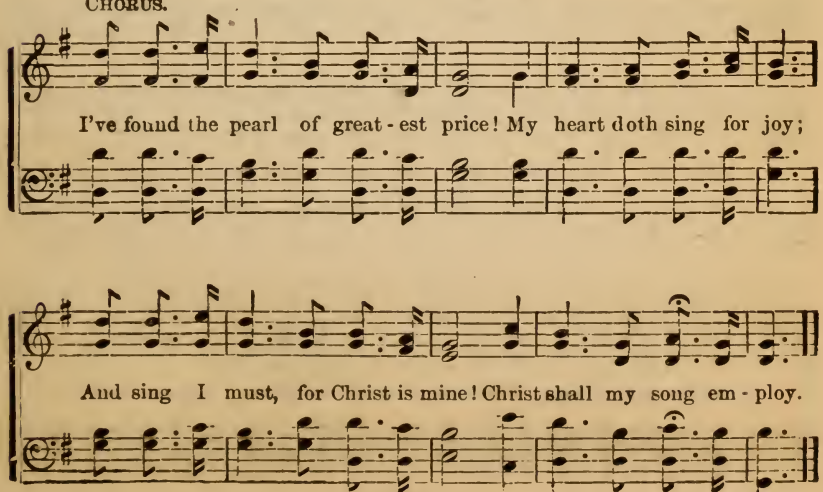
No. 300. The Pearl of Greatest Price.

"One pearl of great price."—MATT. 13: 46.

Rev. JOHN MASON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



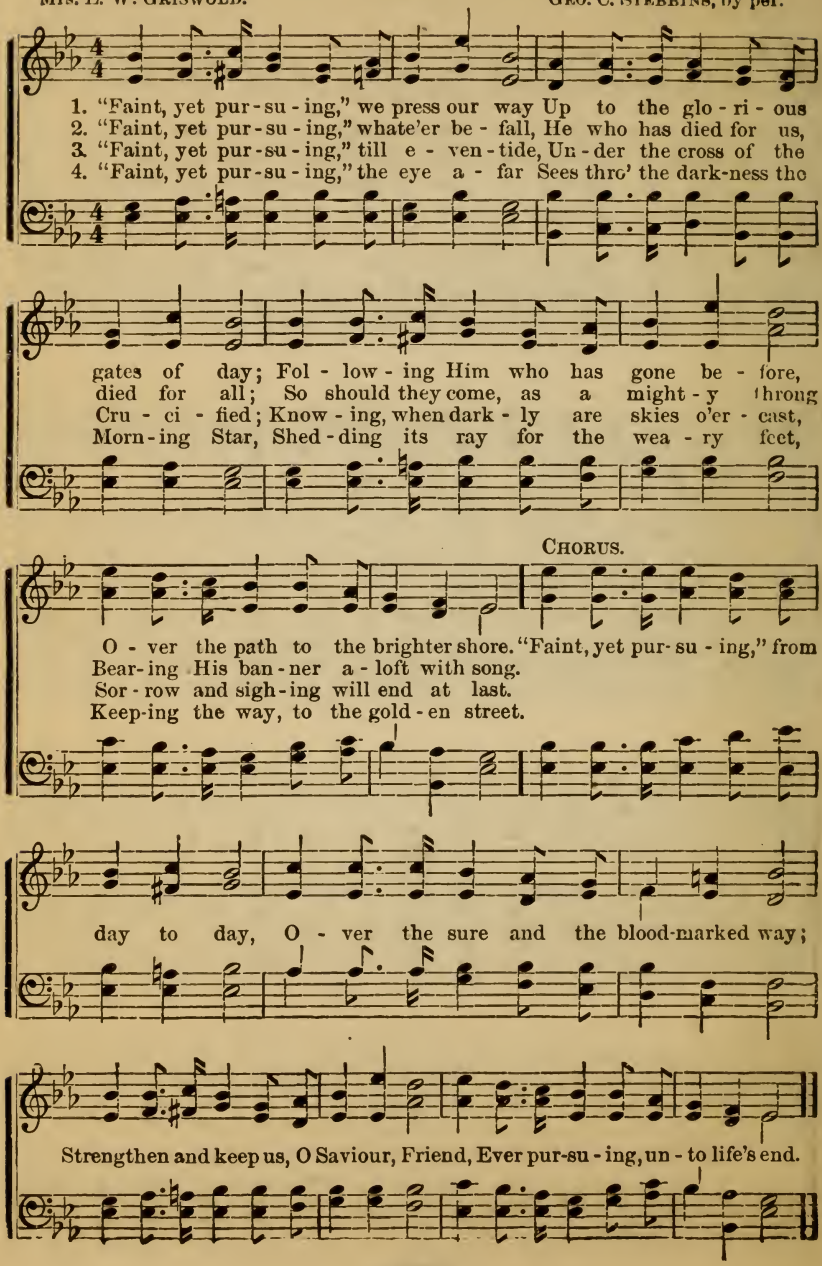
CHORUS.



No. 301. Faint, yet Pursuing.

(JUDGES 8: 4).

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

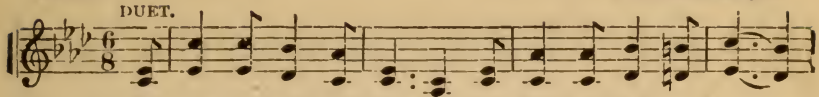


No. 302. Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

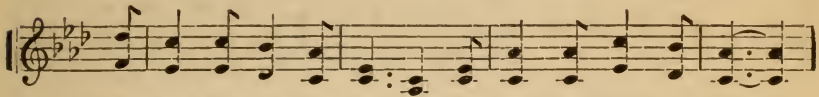
"Come ye, buy and eat."—Isa. 55: 1.

ANON. P. P. Bliss, by per.

DUET.



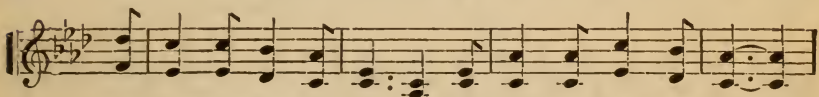
1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say:
2. Be - side the pool Be - thes - da, I hear a mourn-ful cry:
3. While seat - ed on the hill - side, The hun-gry ones were fed



"I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink, I pray;
"No help, no hope is of - fered To one so weak as I;"
By Him who said most tru - ly: "I am the liv - ing bread;"

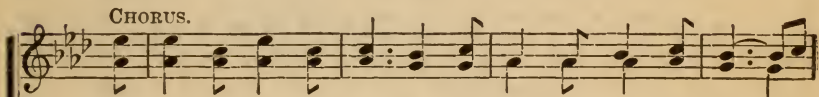


The well is deep, O pil - grim, But deep - er is my need;
Oh, cease thy sad com-plain-ing, The gos - pel gives thee cheer;
'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who doth our souls re - store;

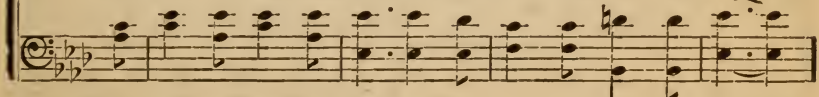


I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."
Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.
By faith of Him par - tak - ing We live for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
'Tis He, the great Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul;
Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!

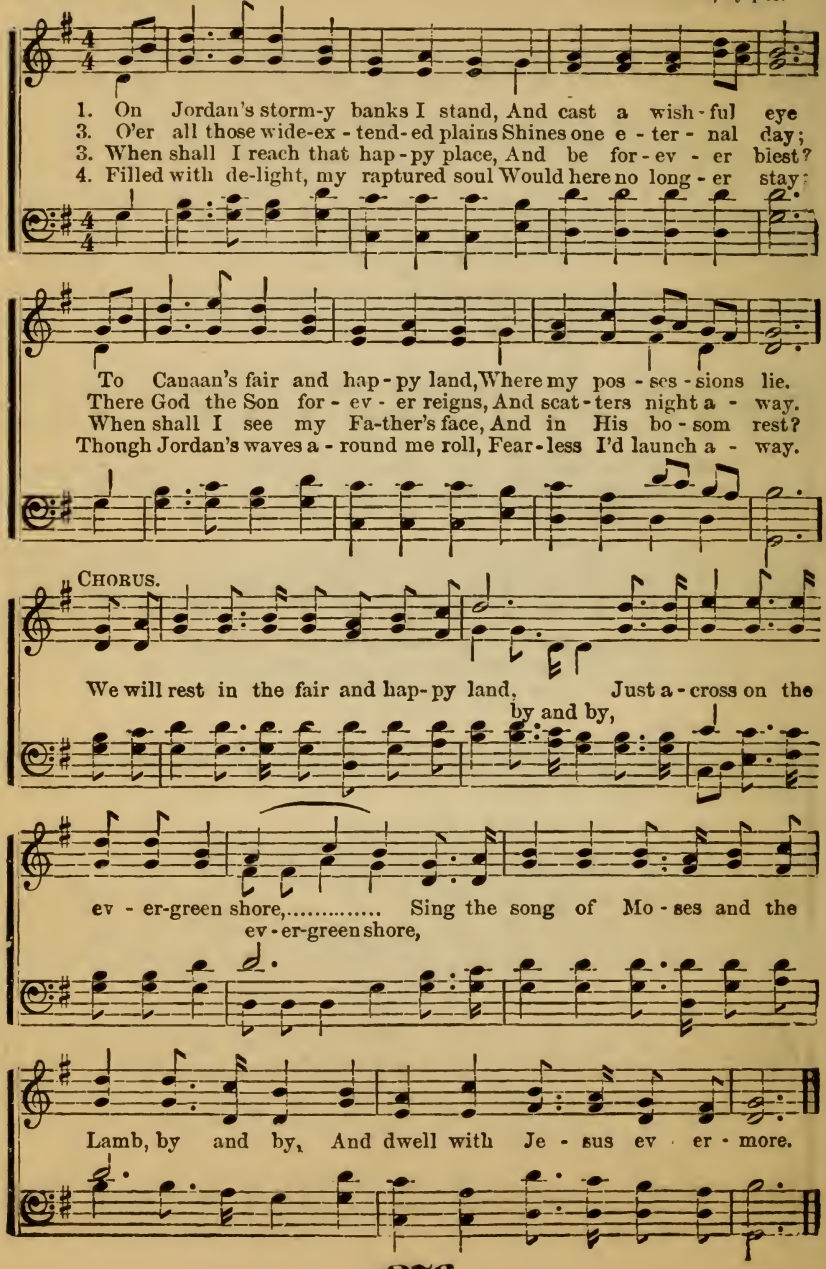


Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.

No. 303. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 17.

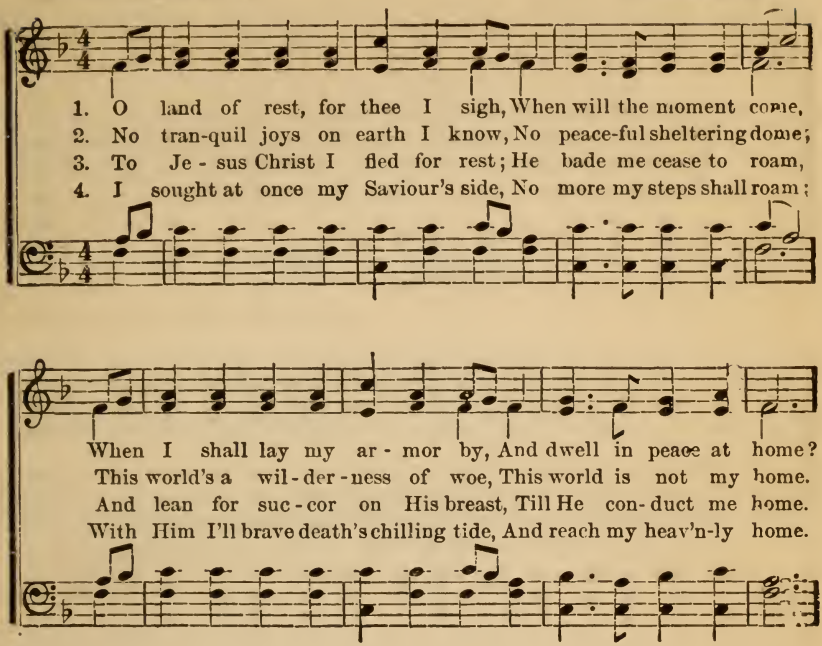
Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane, by per.



No. 304. We'll Work till Jesus comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31 : 16.

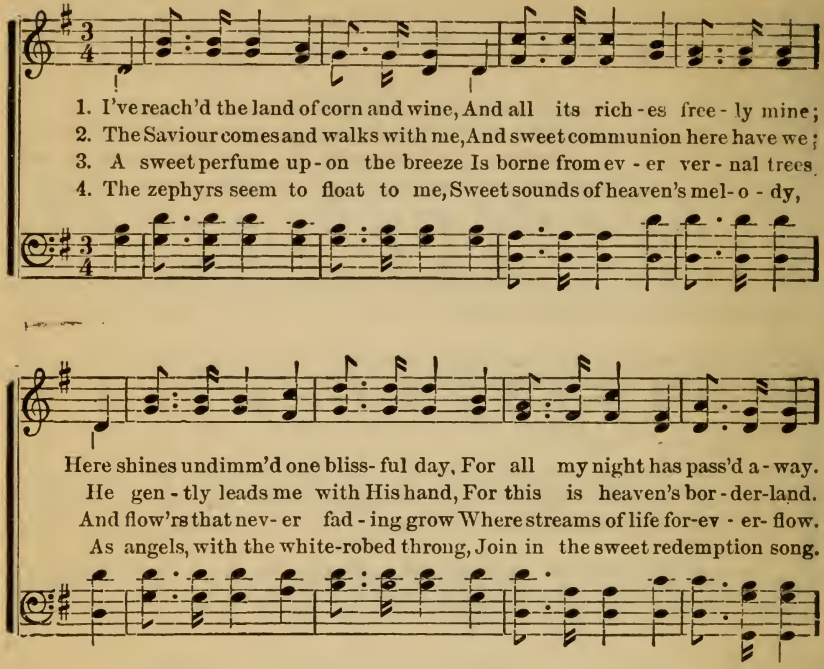
MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.



No. 305. Beulah Land.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

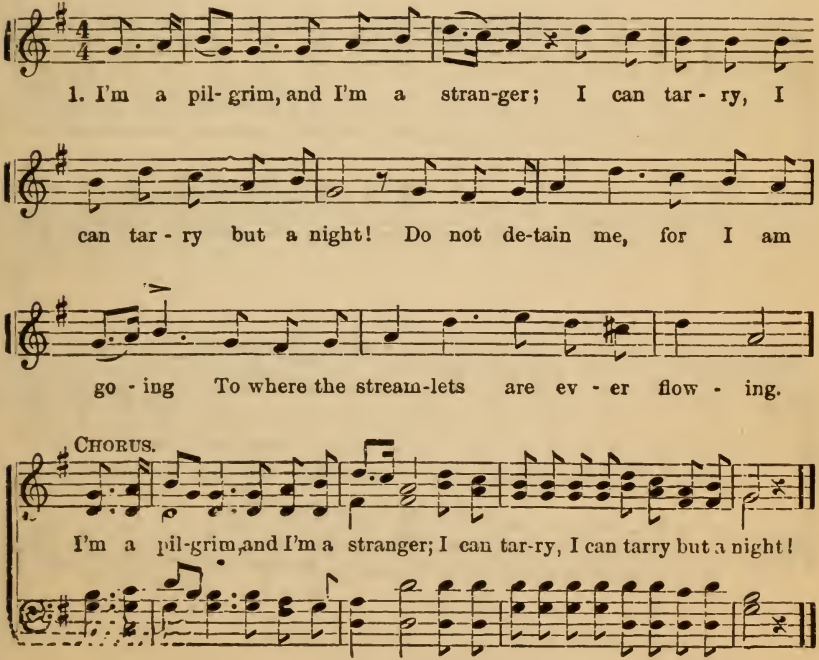
Rev. Edgar Page Stites. Jno. R. Sweney, by per.





No. 306. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER. ITALIAN AIR.



2 Of that city, to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying:—*Cho.*

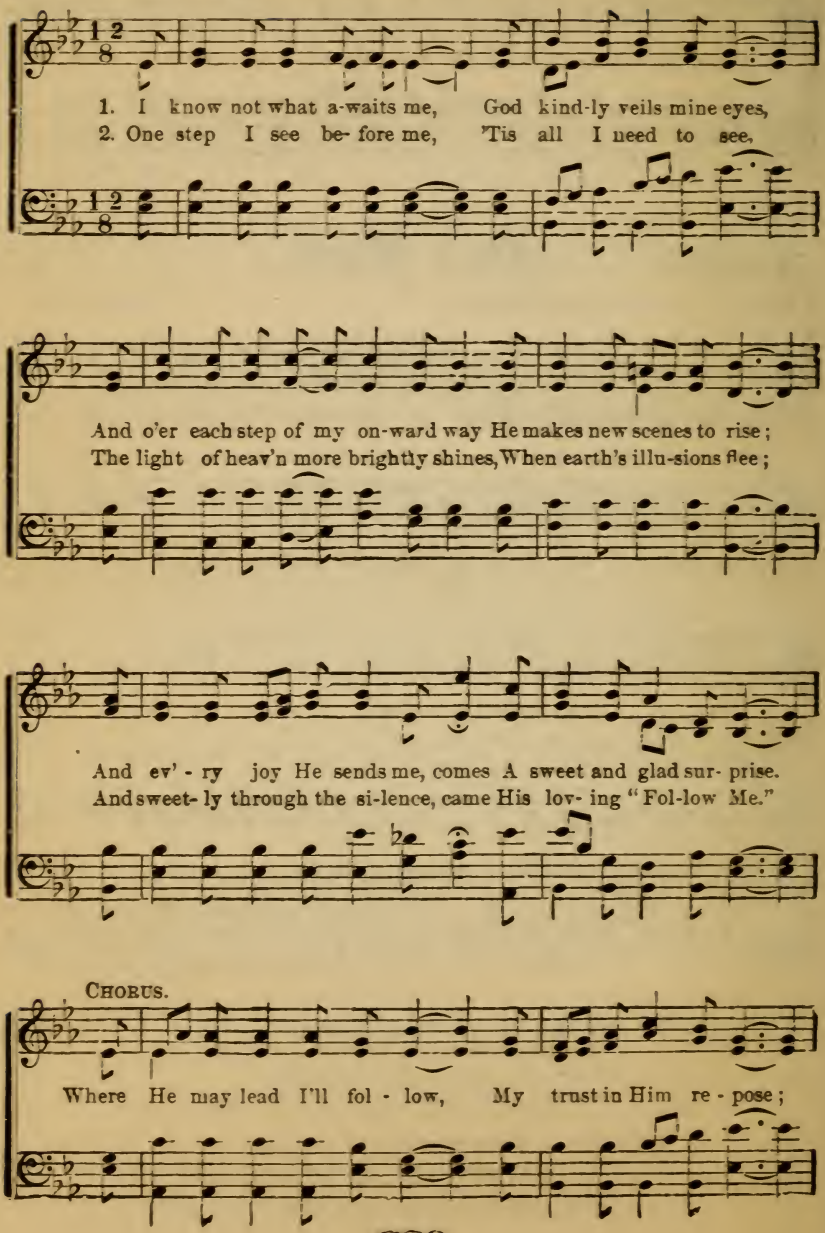
3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:—*Cho.*

No. 307.

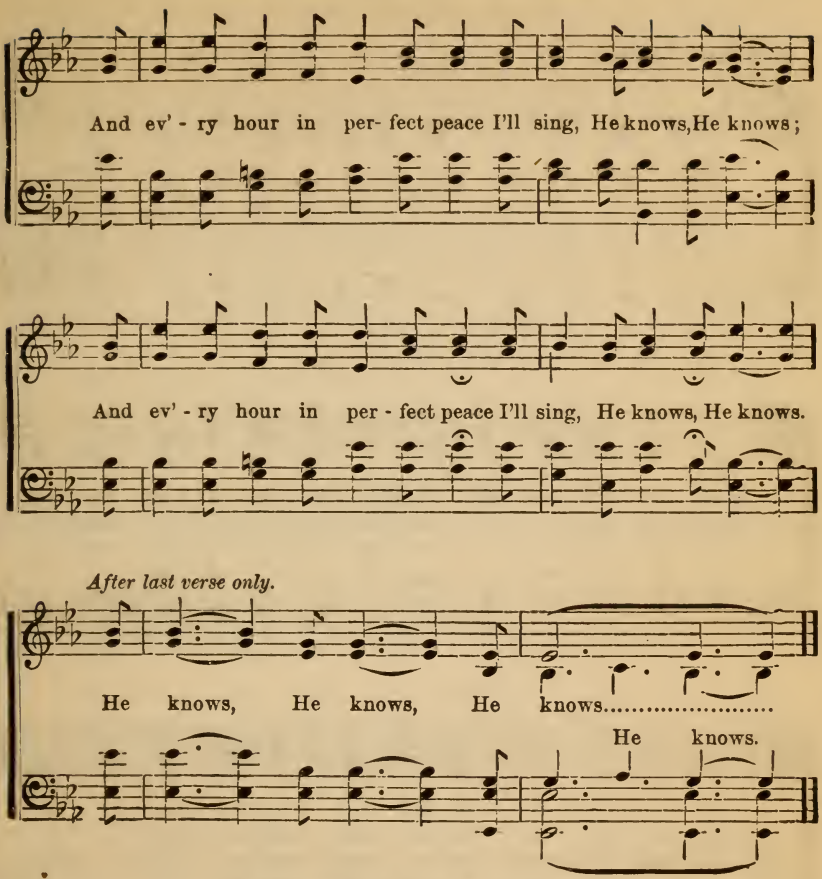
He Knows.

Words arranged by P. P. Bliss.

Mary G. Brainard. P. P. Bliss.



He Knows.—Concluded.



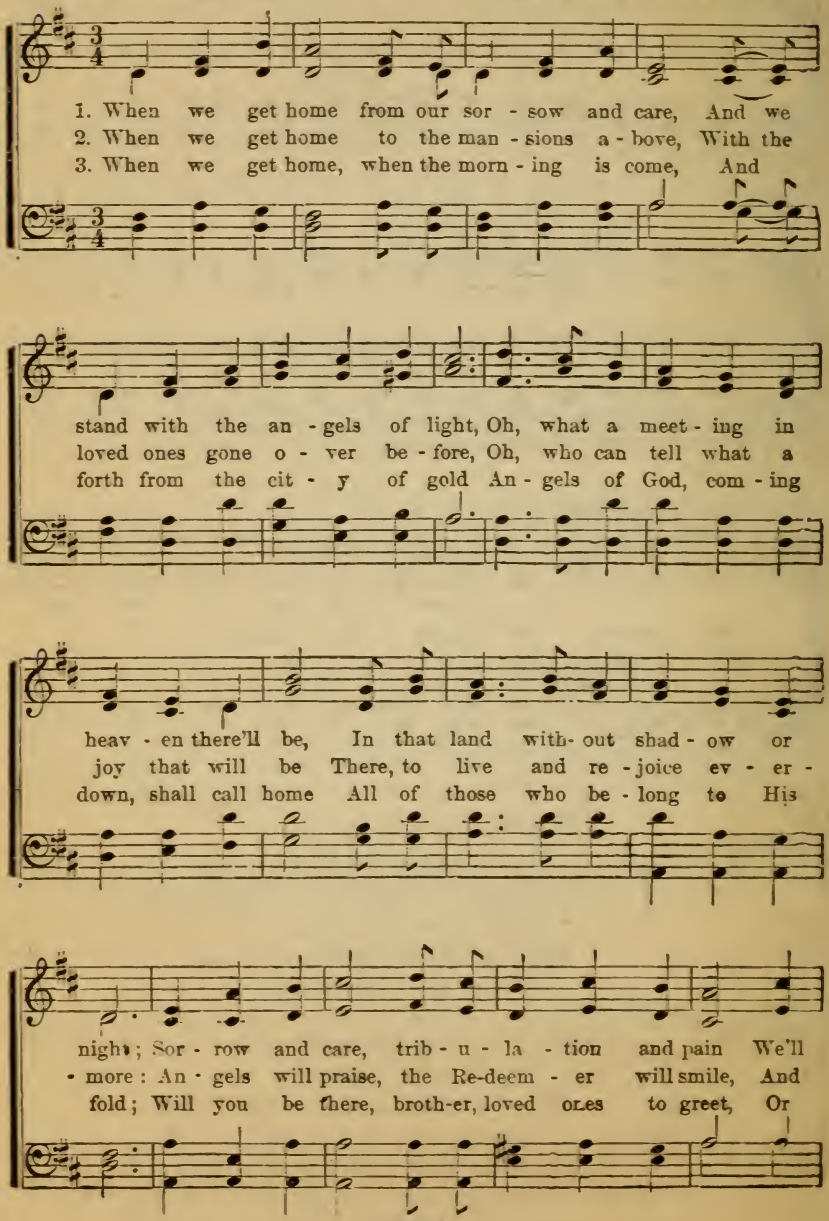
3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rathed walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

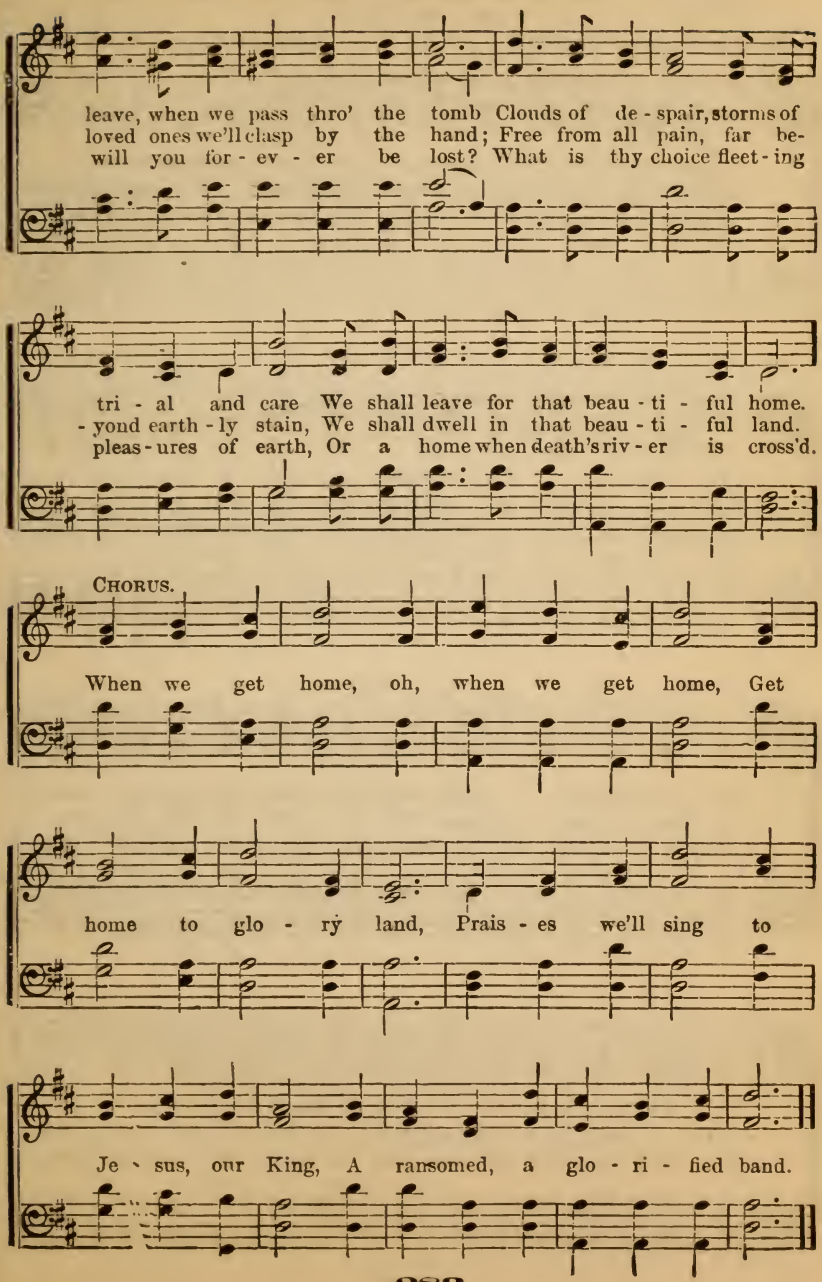
No. 308. When we get Home.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

Chas. H. Gabriel — James McGranahan, by per.



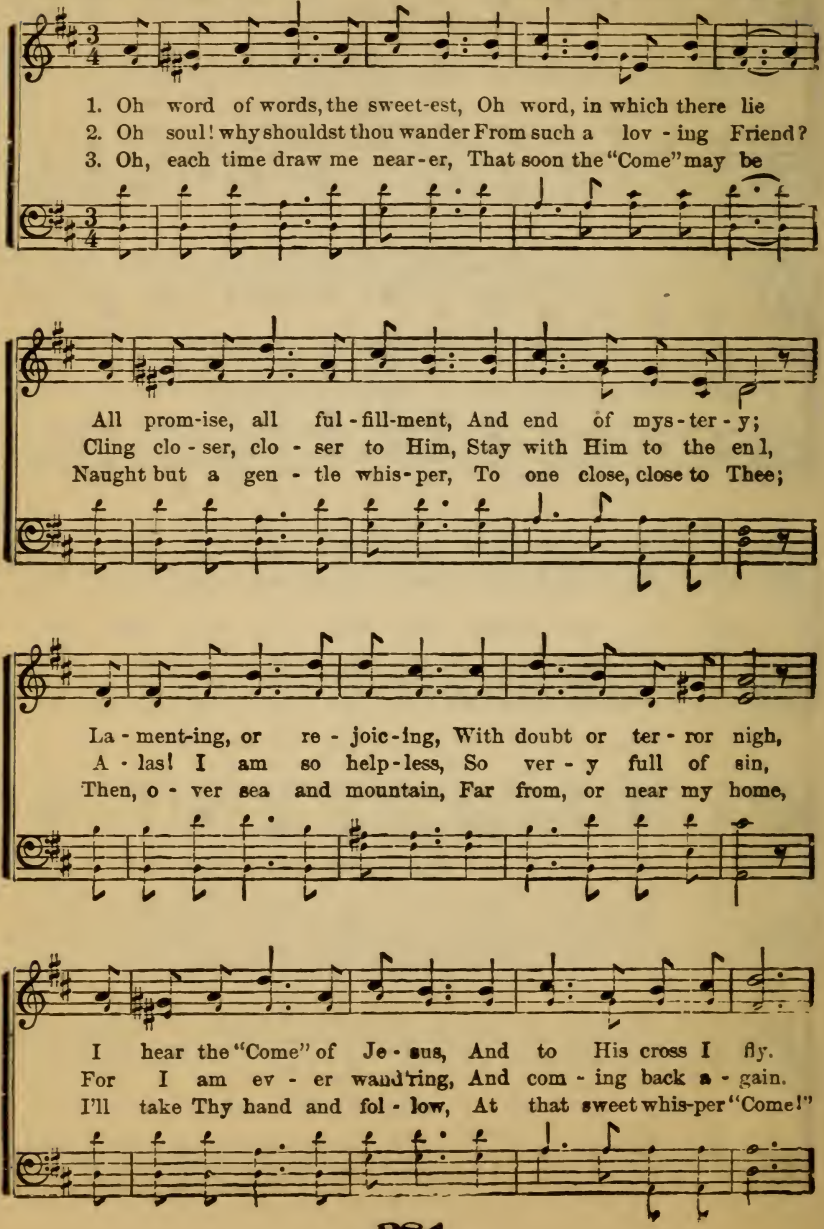
When we get Home.—Concluded.



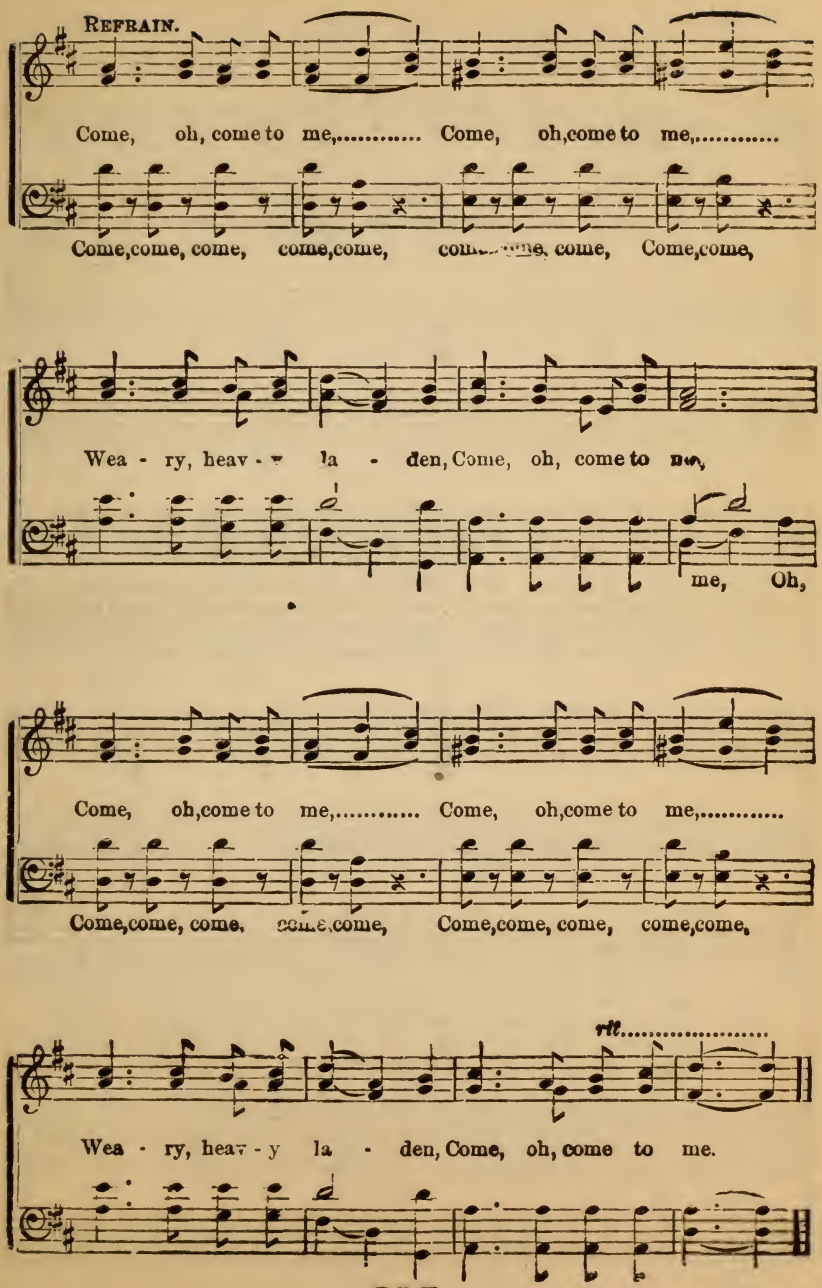
No. 309. **"Come."**

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Mrs. JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per



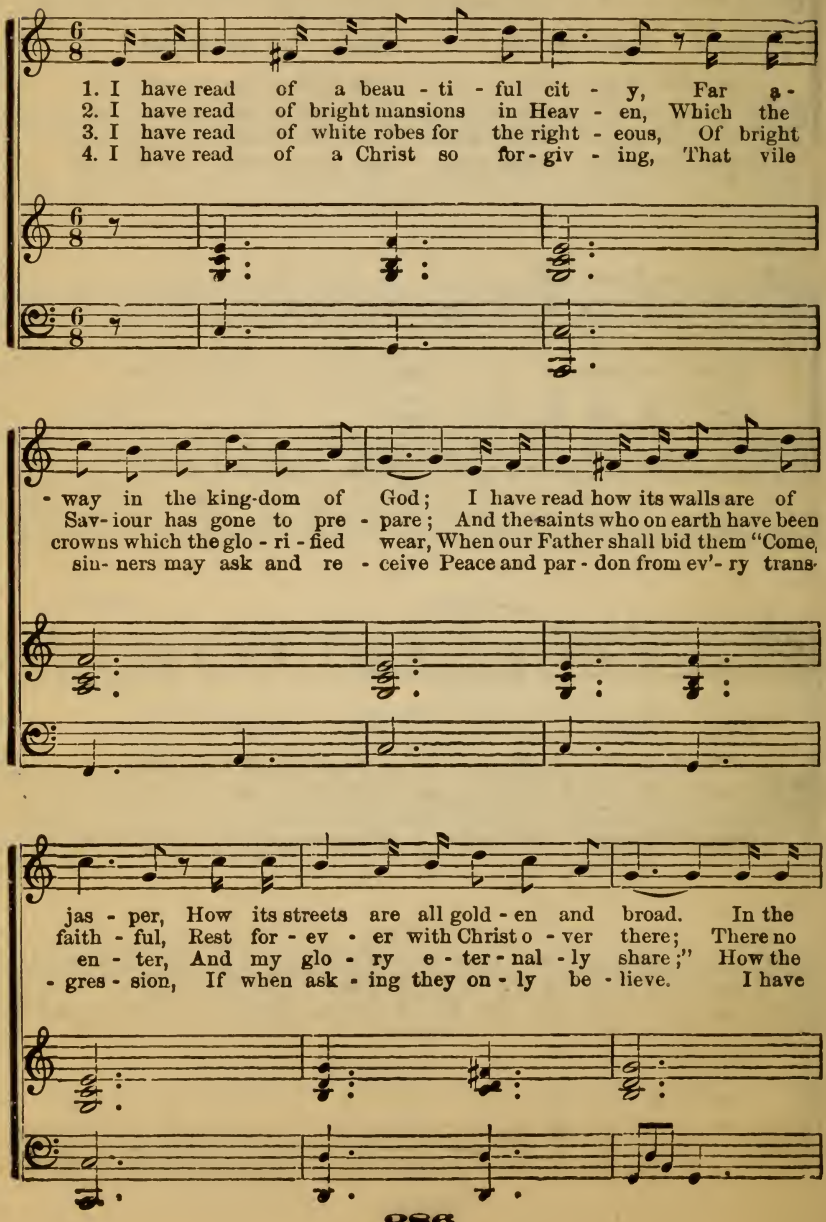
"Come."—Concluded.



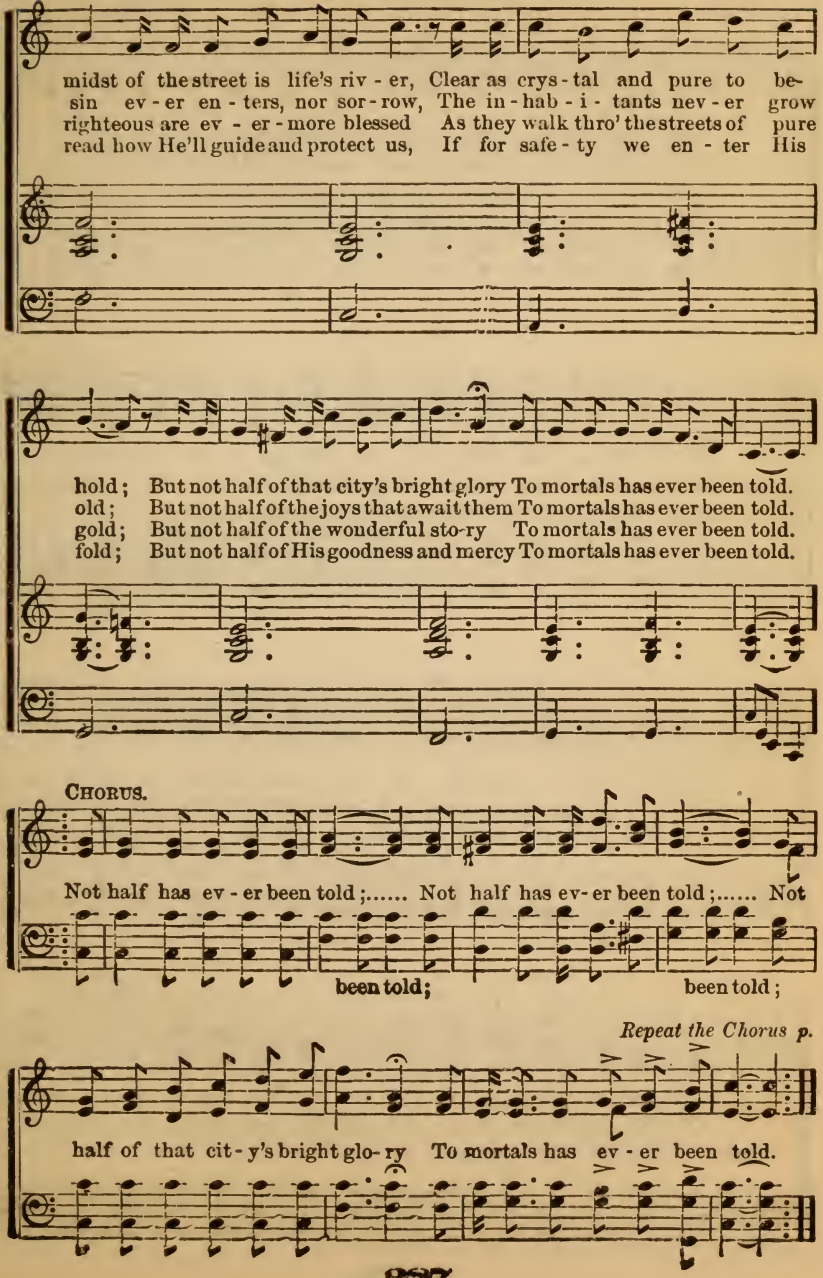
No. 310. Not Half has ever been Told.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—REV. 21: 18.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. O. F. PRESBREY, by per



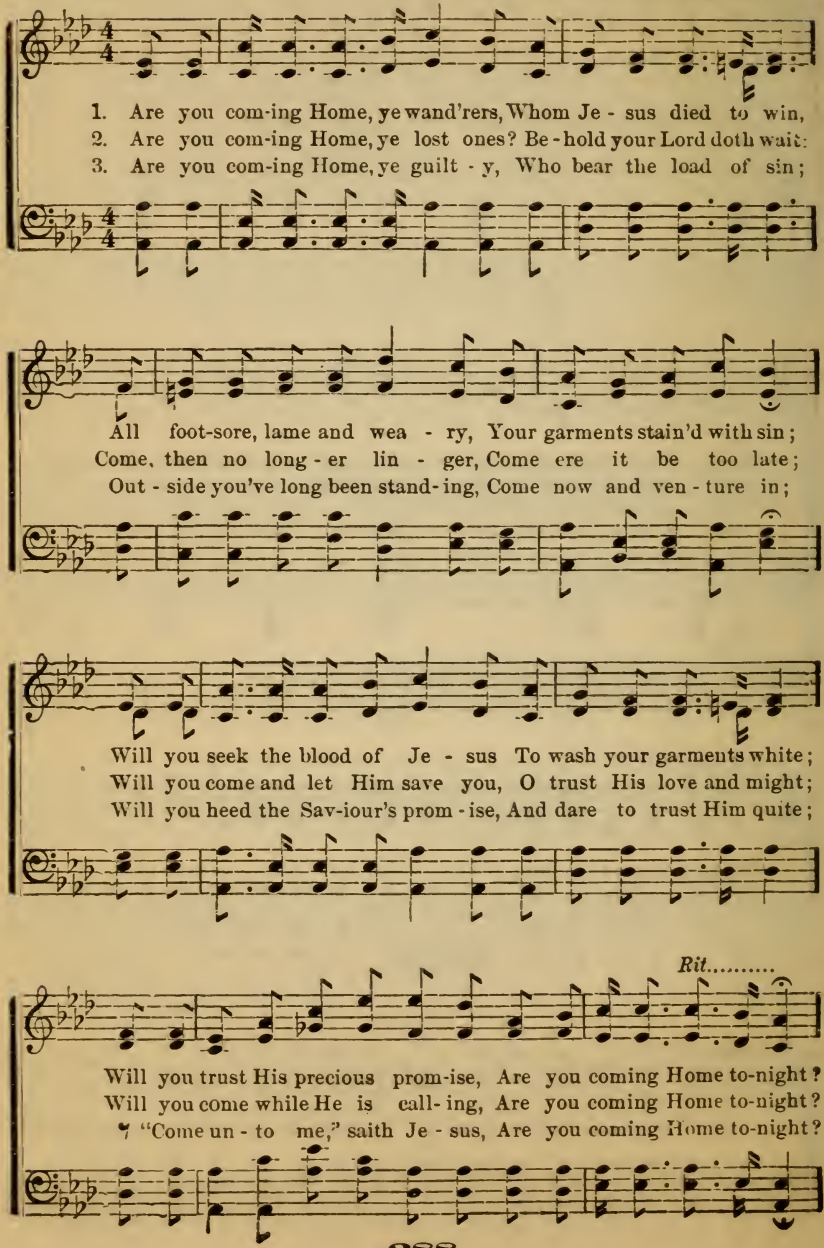
Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.



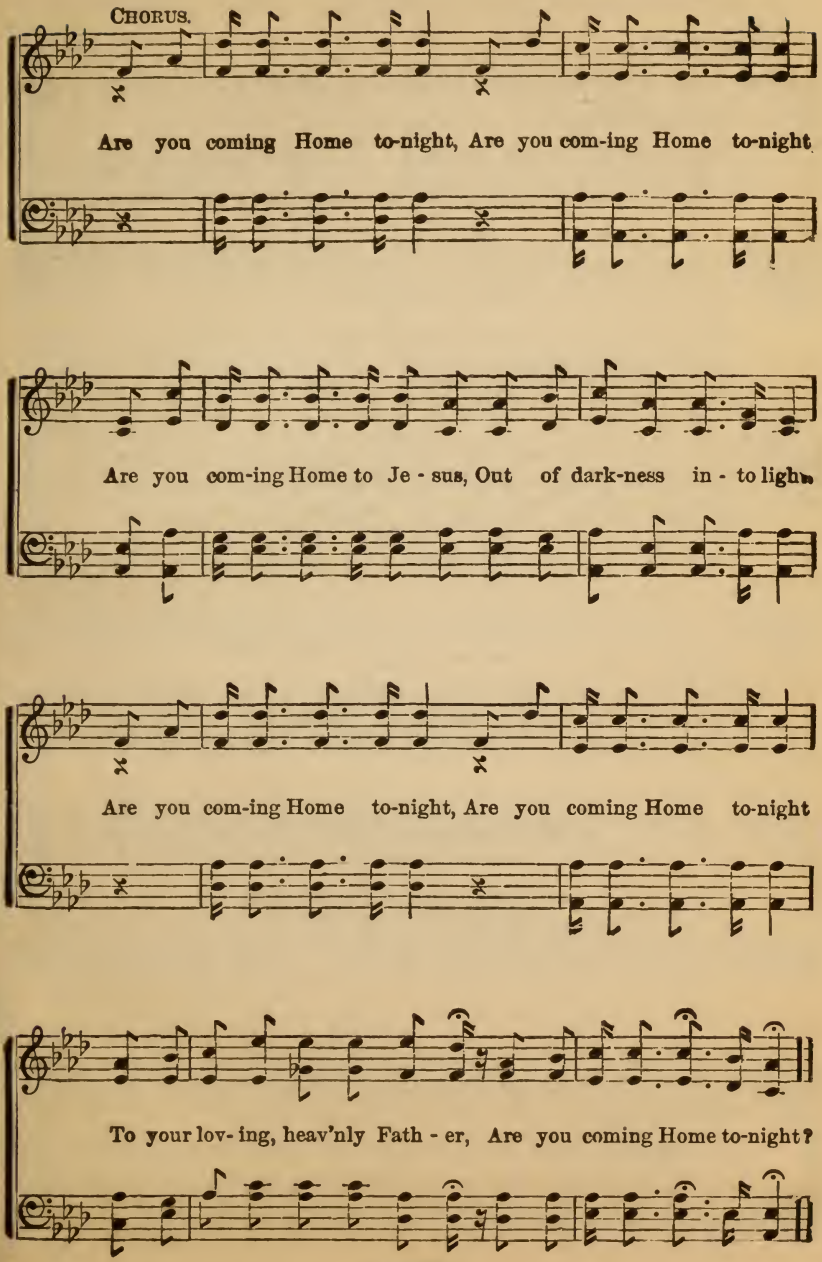
No. 311. Are you coming Home to-night?

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22: 4.

Arranged. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



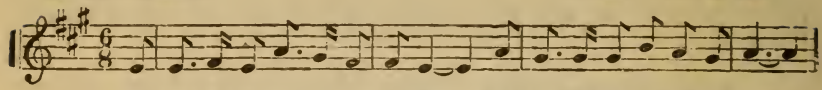
Are you coming Home?—Concluded.



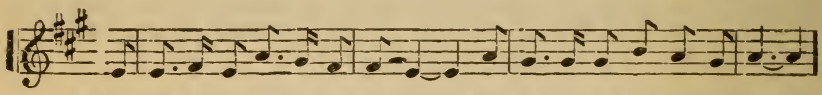
No. 312. Where is Thy Refuge?

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MATT. 16 : 26.

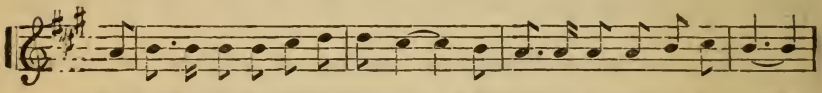
FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL, by per.



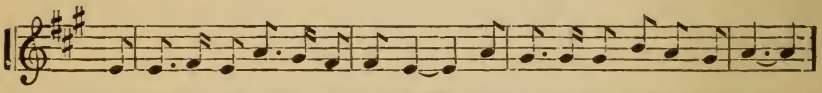
1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Mas-ter is calling thee, sinner, In tones of compassion and love,
3. As summer is waning, poor sinner, Repent, ere the season is past;



Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and decay?
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon, And lay up thy treasure a- bove:
God's goodness to thee is extend- ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

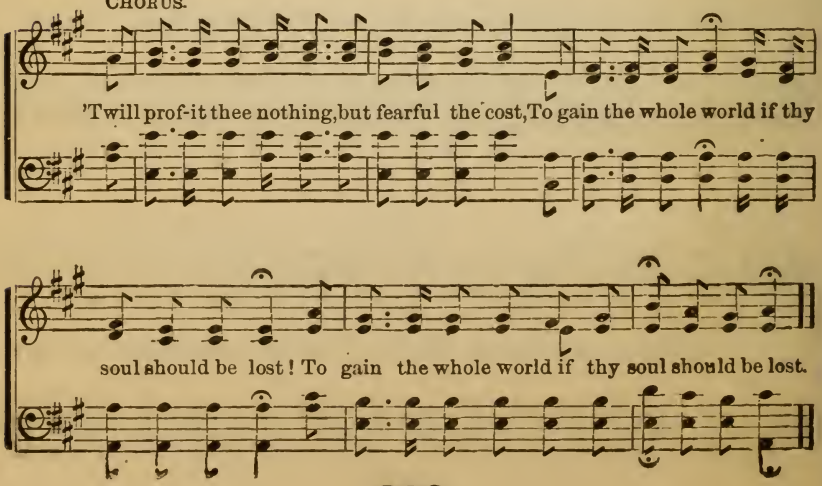


Oh! think of thy soul, that forev- er Must live on e - ter- ni- ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that roll,



When thou, in the dust art forgot-ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

CHORUS.

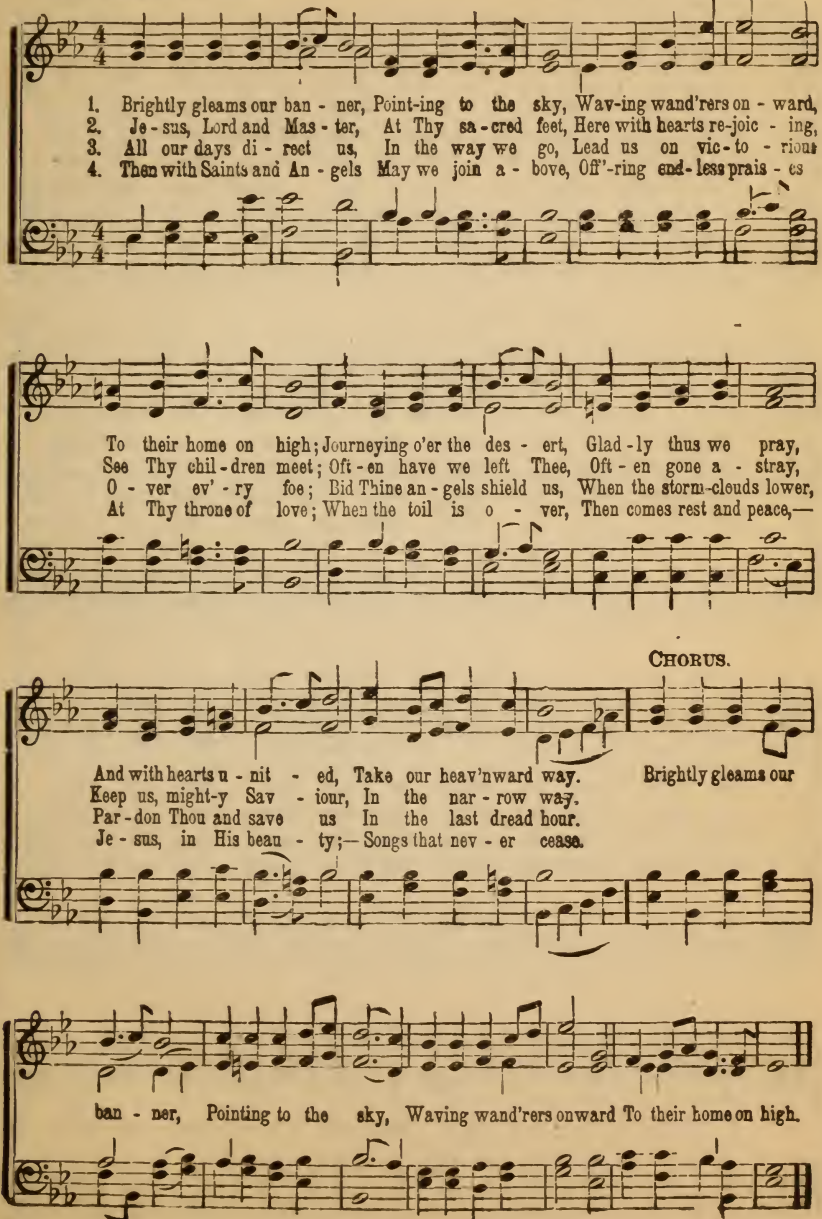


'Twill prof-it thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

No. 313. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—Isa. 13: 2.

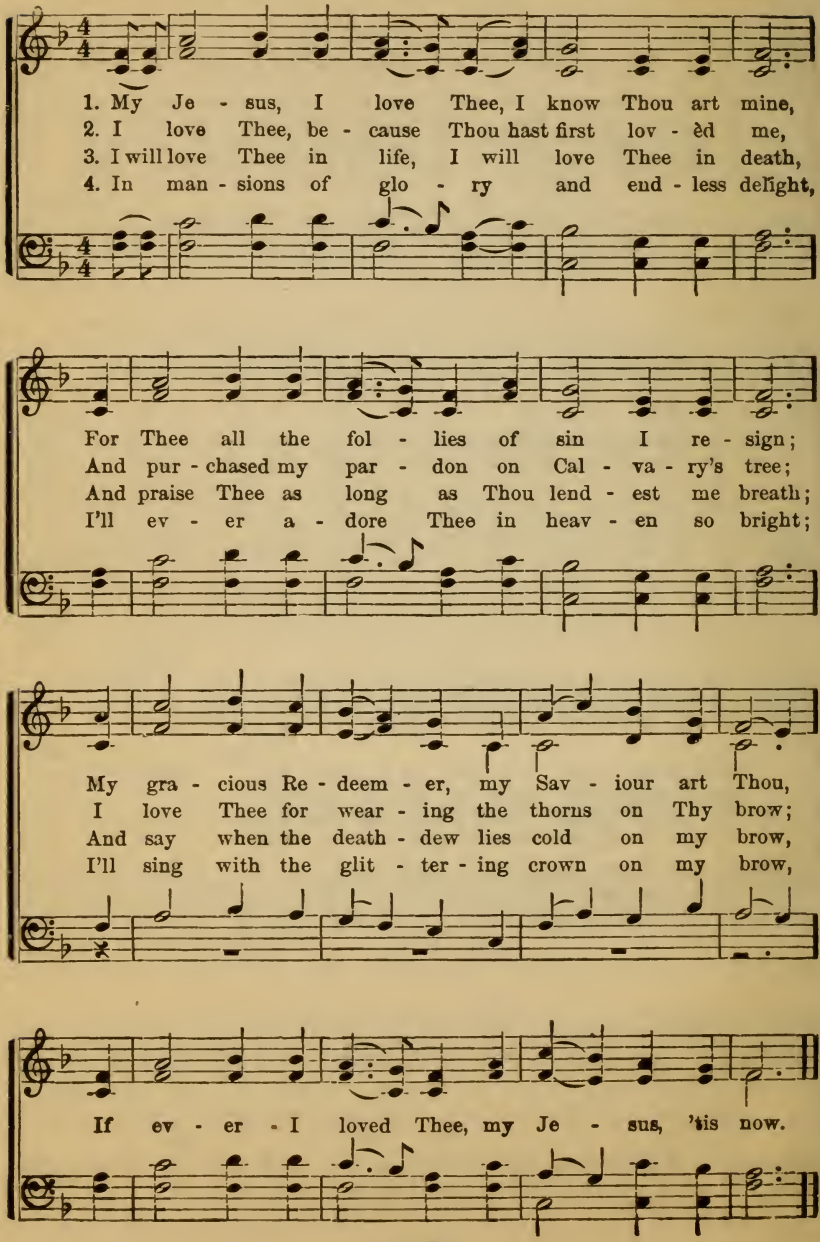
Rev. Thomas J. Potter. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.



No. 314. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. GORDON, by per



No. 315.

He that Believeth.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

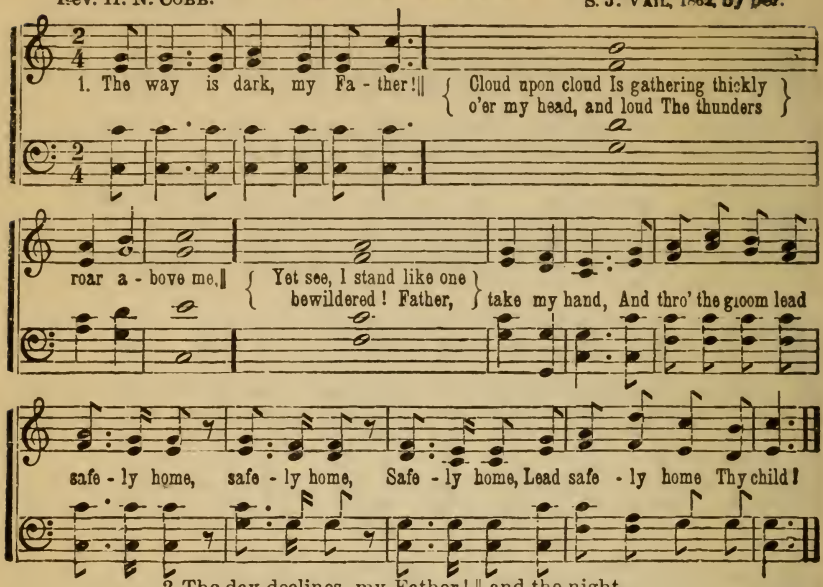
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



No. 316. Father, Take my Hand.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3

Rev. H. N. Cobb. S. J. Vail, 1862, by per.



2 The day declines, my Father! ‖ and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. ‖ Fears like a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! ‖ and my soul
Longs for the rest and quite | of the | goal; ‖
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand.
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

4 The path is rough, my Father! ‖ Many a thorn
Has pierced me! and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. ‖ Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!

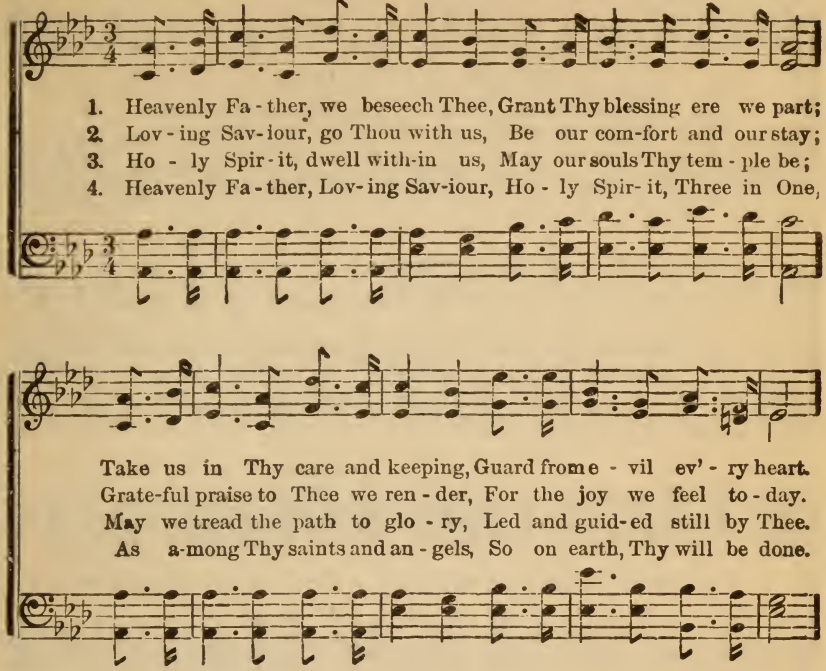
5 The throng is great, my Father! ‖ Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op- | press me | sore. ‖ I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along.
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child.

6 The cross is heavy, Father! ‖ I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. ‖ Let my worn
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child.

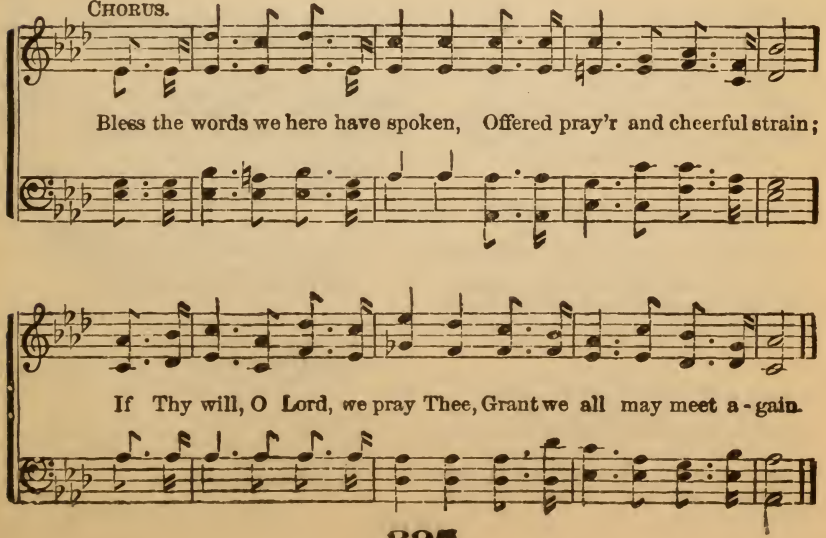
No. 317. Parting Hymn.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps, 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



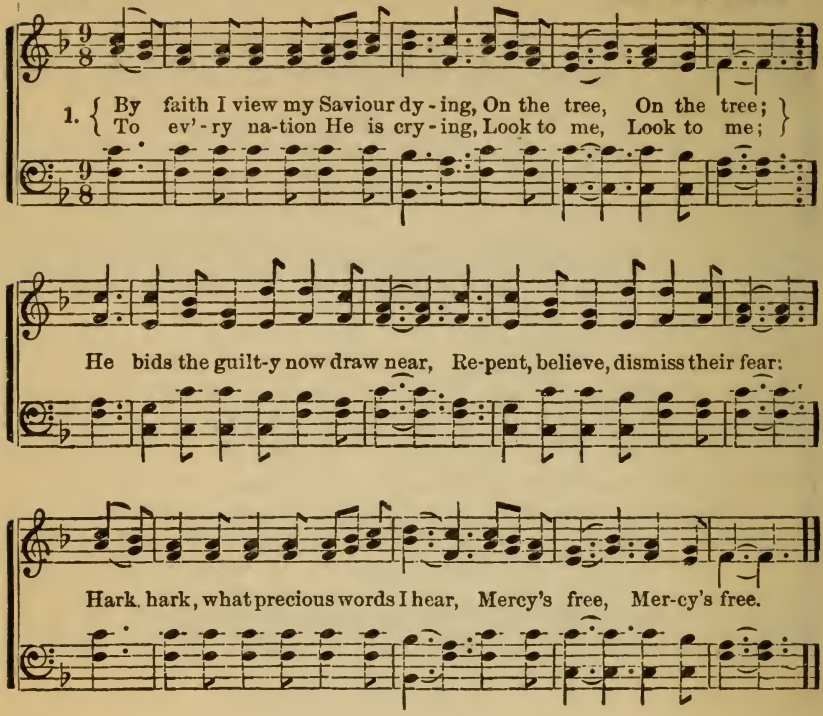
CHORUS.



No. 318. Mercy's Free.

"Without money and without price."—Isa. 55: 1.

R. Jukes. From D. F. E. Auber.



2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, Pity me?
And did He snatch my soul from sin?
Can it be, Can it be?
Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes:
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 319.

Tune—Mear. C. M. Key F.

1 Spirit of truth, oh, let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conqu'ring, quick'ning pow'r bestow
To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height
To scan its breadth and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.

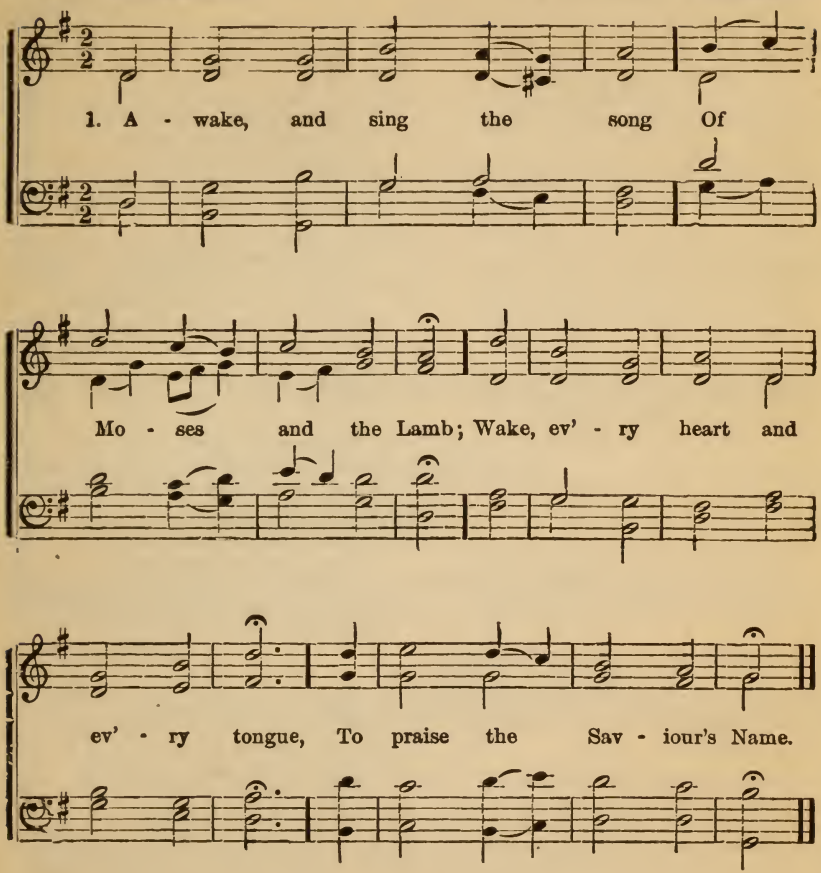
3 It is Thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wond'rous love;
Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
And bless me from above.

4 Thy quick'ning pow'r to me impart
And be my constant Guide;
With richer gladness fill my heart,
Be Jesus glorified.

Anon.

No. 320. St. Thomas. S. M.

Rev. Wm. Hammond. Arr. by Aaron Williams.



2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His risen power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, th'eternal King.

4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

No. 321. Tune—Duke Street. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts

No. 322. Tune—WARD. L. M.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

No. 323. Tune—WINDHAM. L. M.

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 324. Tune—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1 O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

OSWALD ALLEN.

No. 325. Tune—NO. 1, NO. 113.

1 Come, every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him we owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STENNET.

No. 326. LOOKING HOME. Tune—BRADBURY TRIO, p. 160.

1 Ah, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansion, still
Earnestly, I'm longing.

CHO.—Looking home, looking home,
T'wards the heavenly mansion,
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In His Father's kingdom.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.

3 Oh, to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.

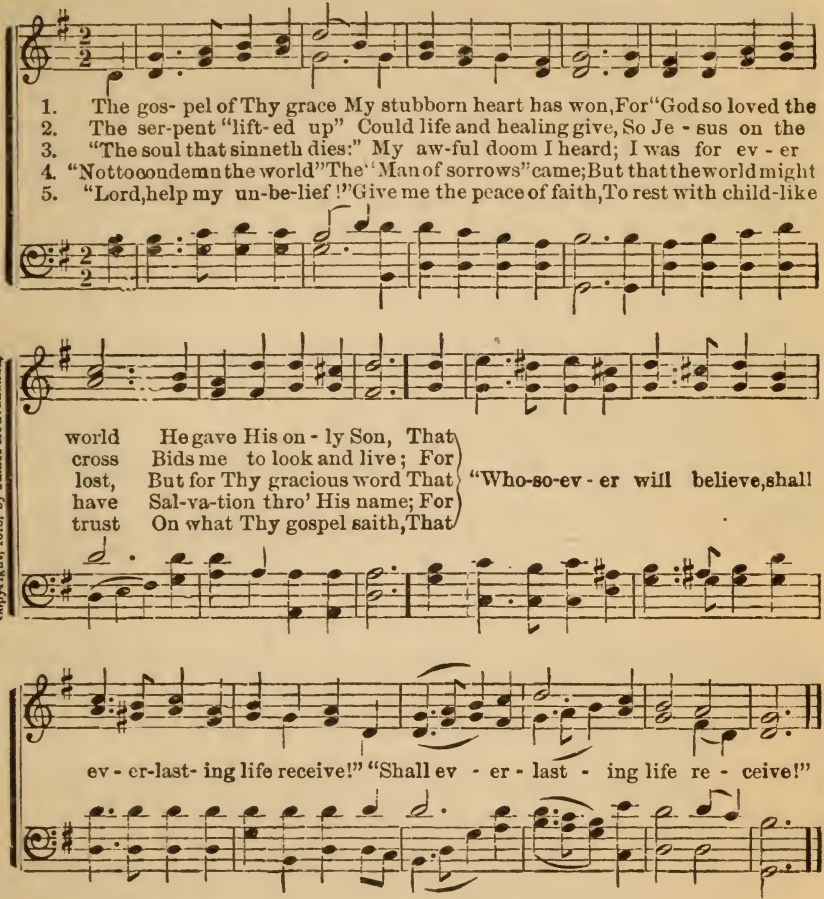
4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

C. J. P. SMITH.

No. 327. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

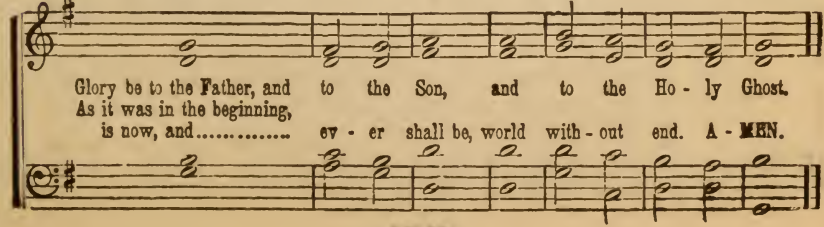
Rev. A. T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



Copyright, 1875, by James McGranahan.

No. 328. Gloria Patri.

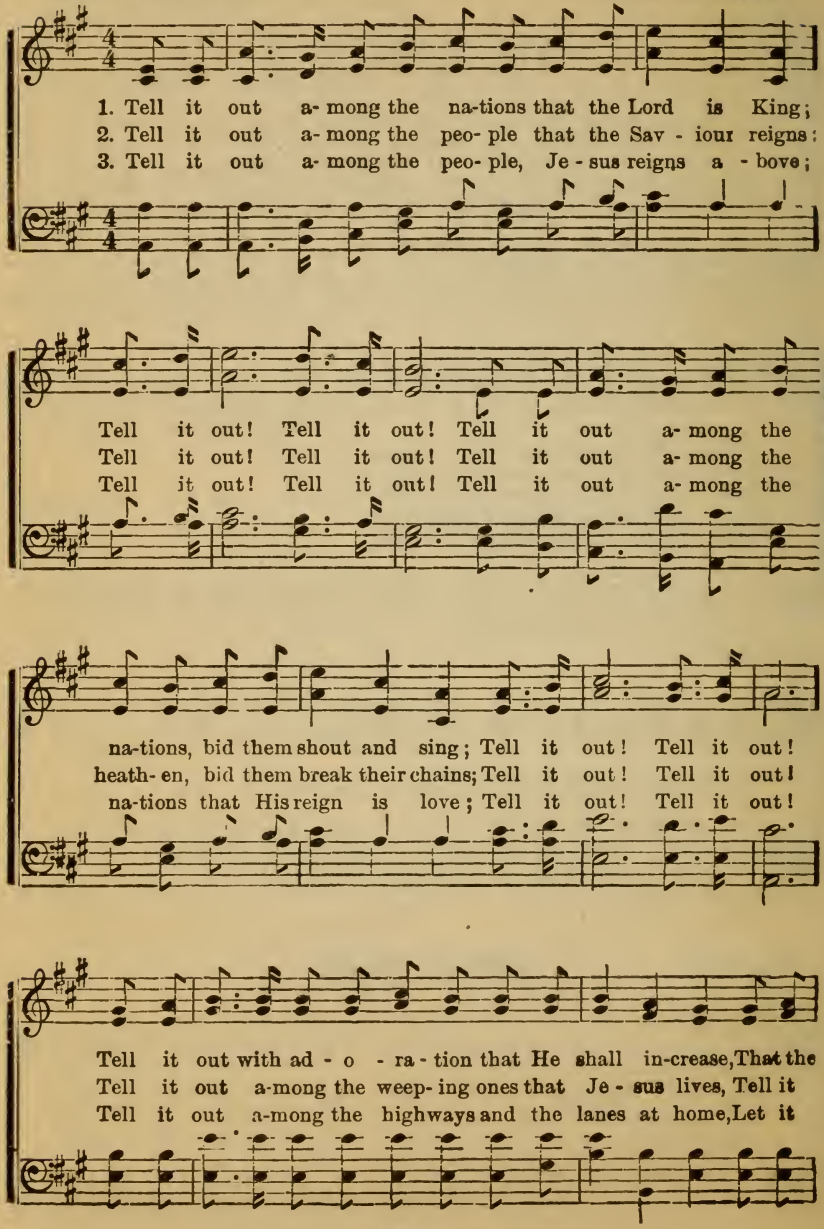
ANON.



No. 329. # Tell it Out.

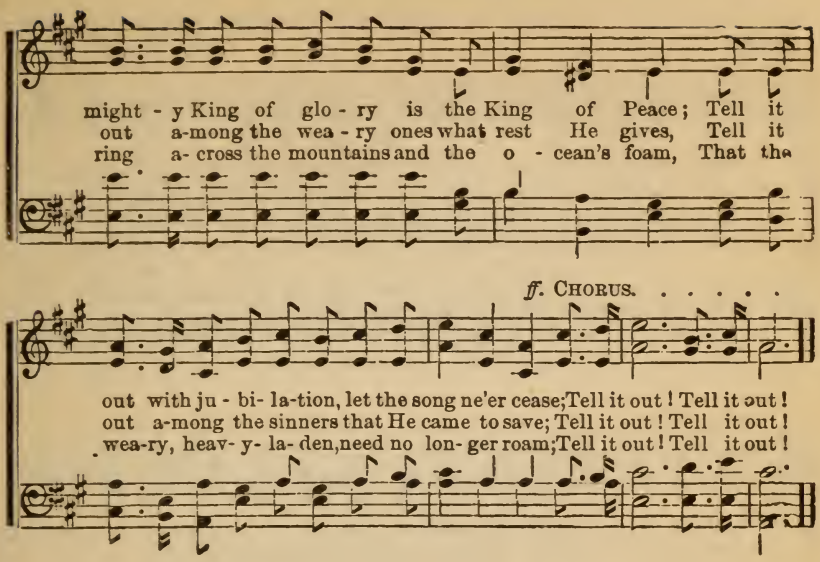
"The Lord is King for ever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



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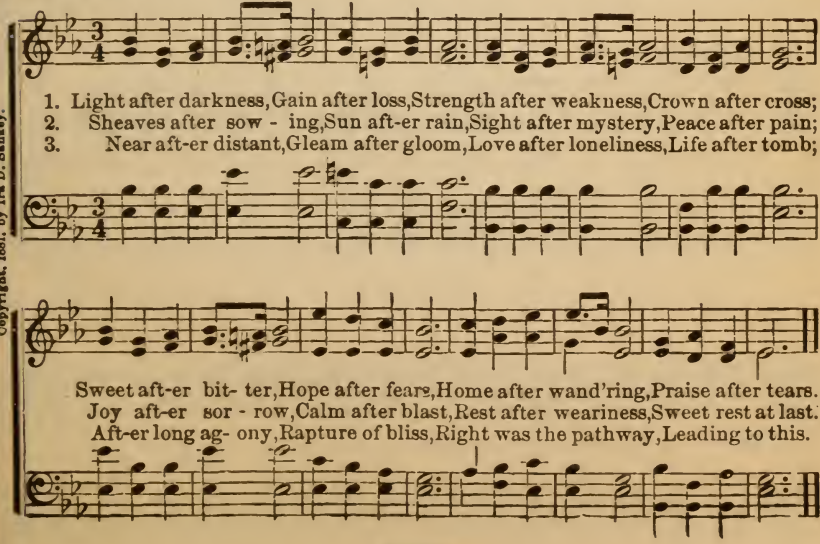
Tell it Out.—Concluded.



No. 330. Light after Darkness.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.

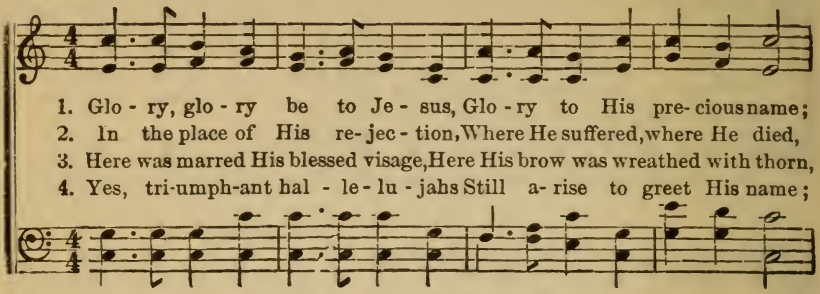


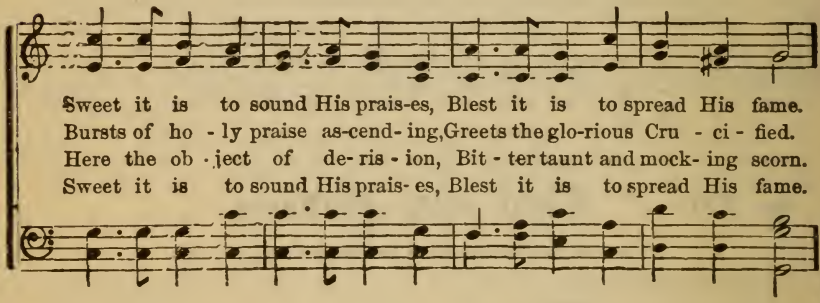
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No. 331. Glory be to Jesus' Name.

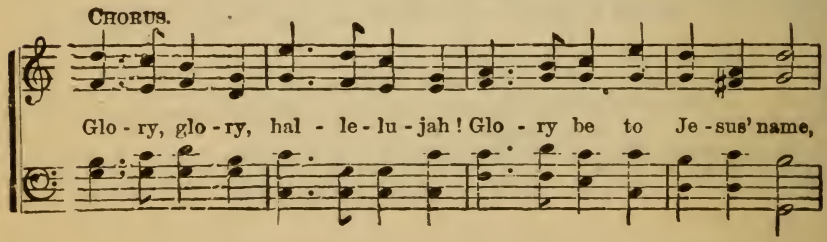
"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; * * * and the King of glory shall come in."—Ps. 24: 7.

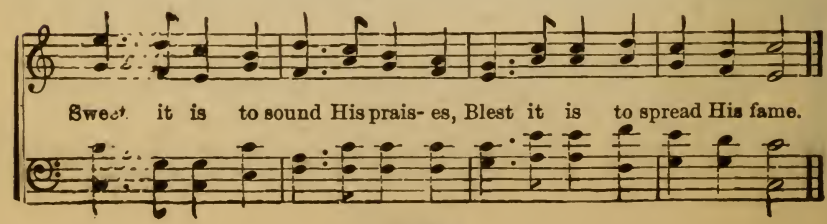
ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





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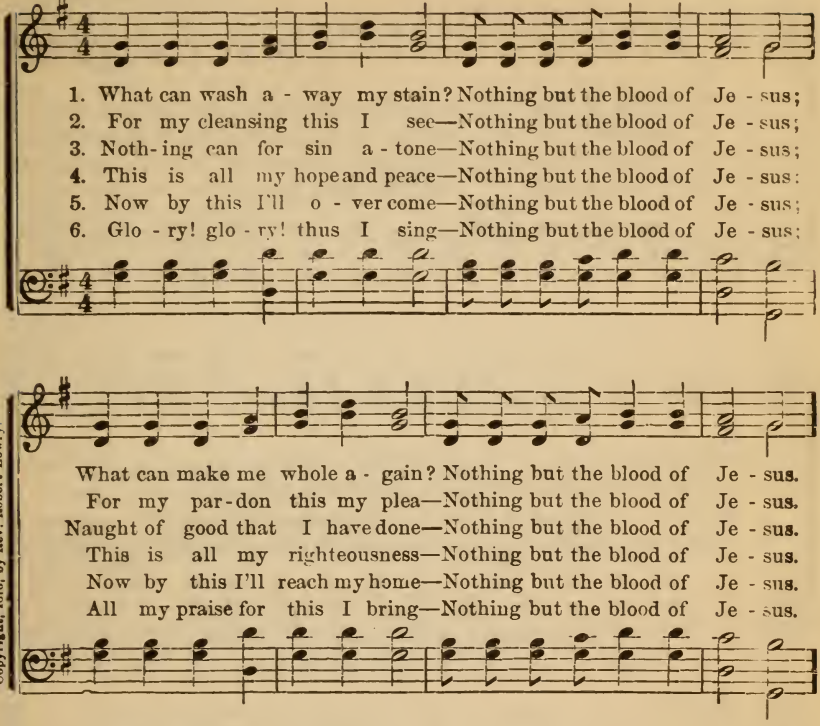




No. 332. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

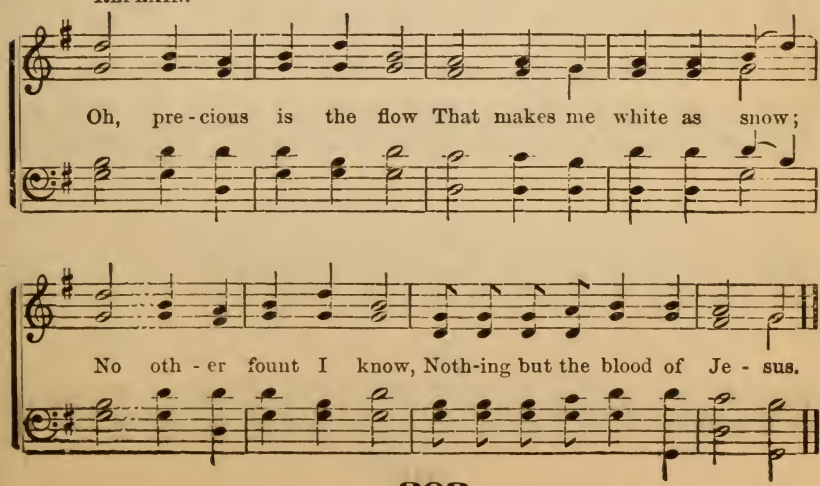
"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. 9: 22.

Rev. Robert Lowry. Rev. Robert Lowry.



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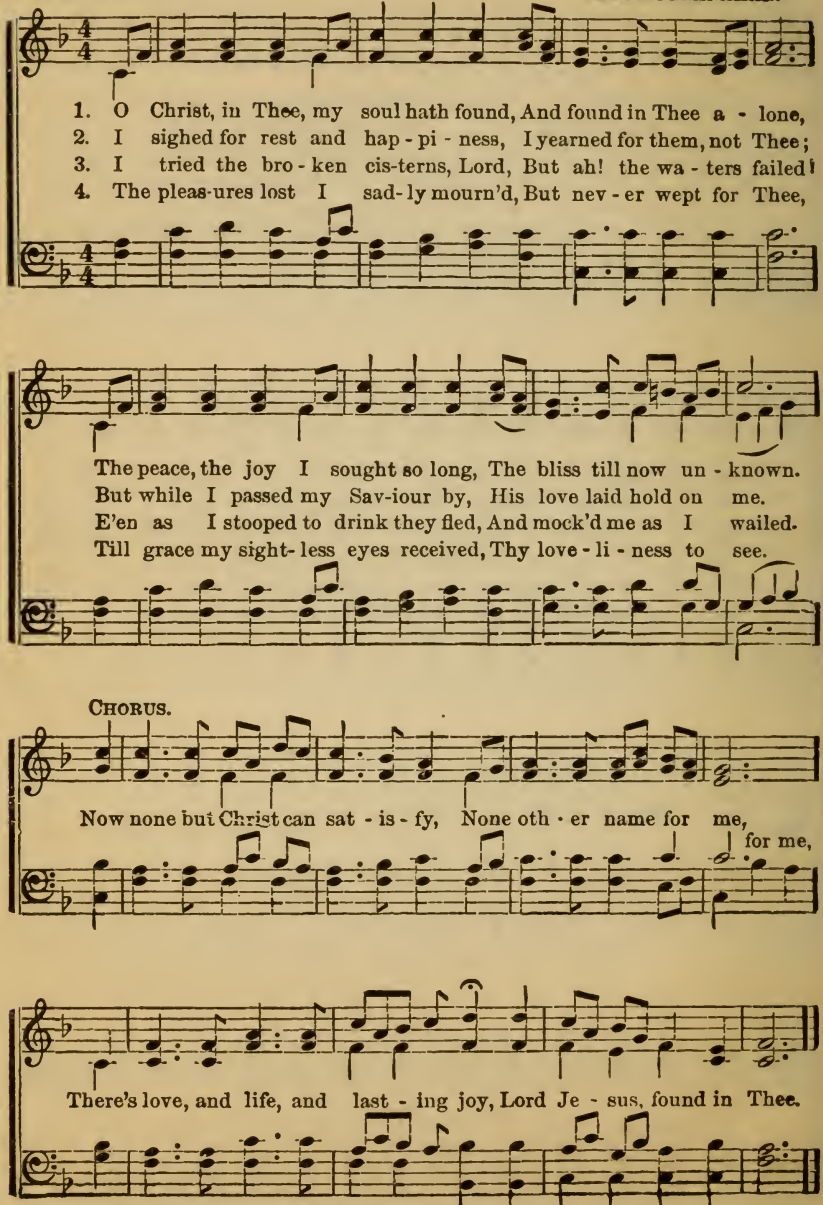
Refrain.



No. 333. None but Christ can Satisfy.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—Rom. 5: 118.

B. E. Arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

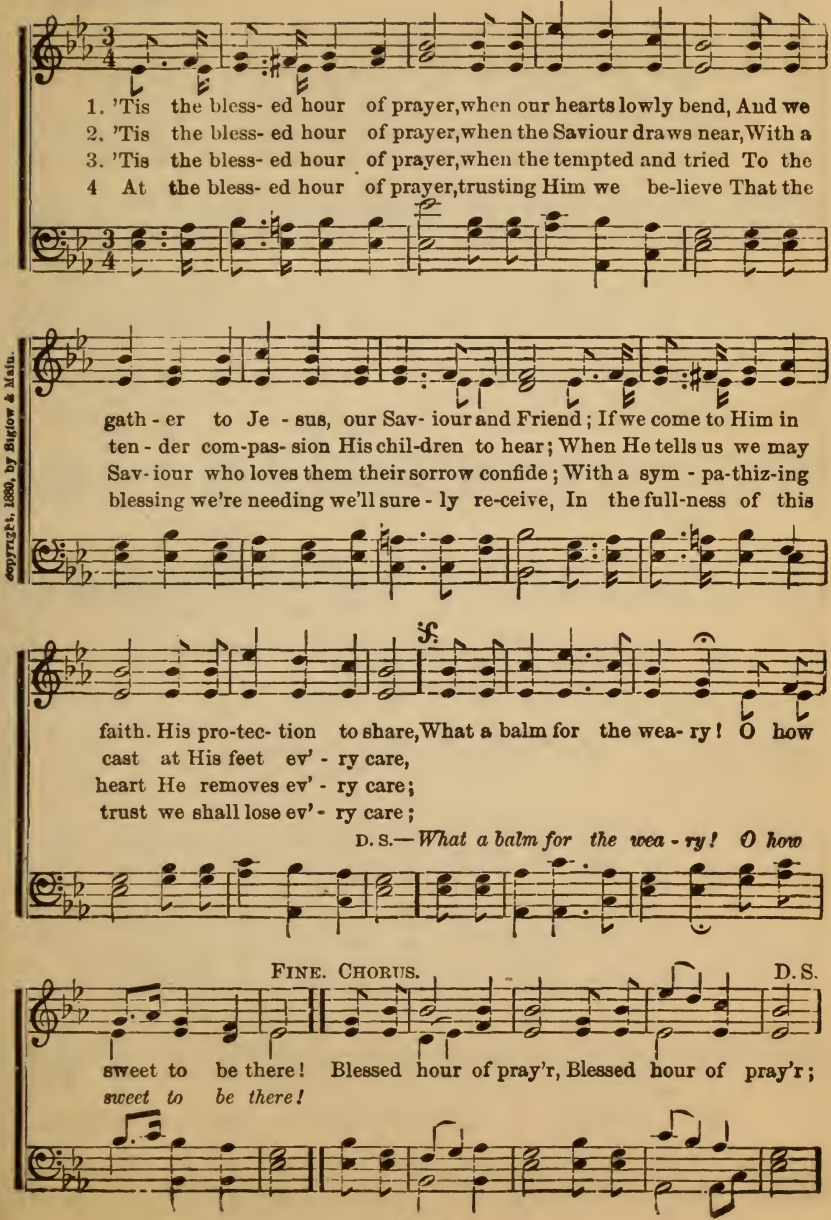


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No. 334. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

—went into the temple at the hour of prayer.—Acts 3: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

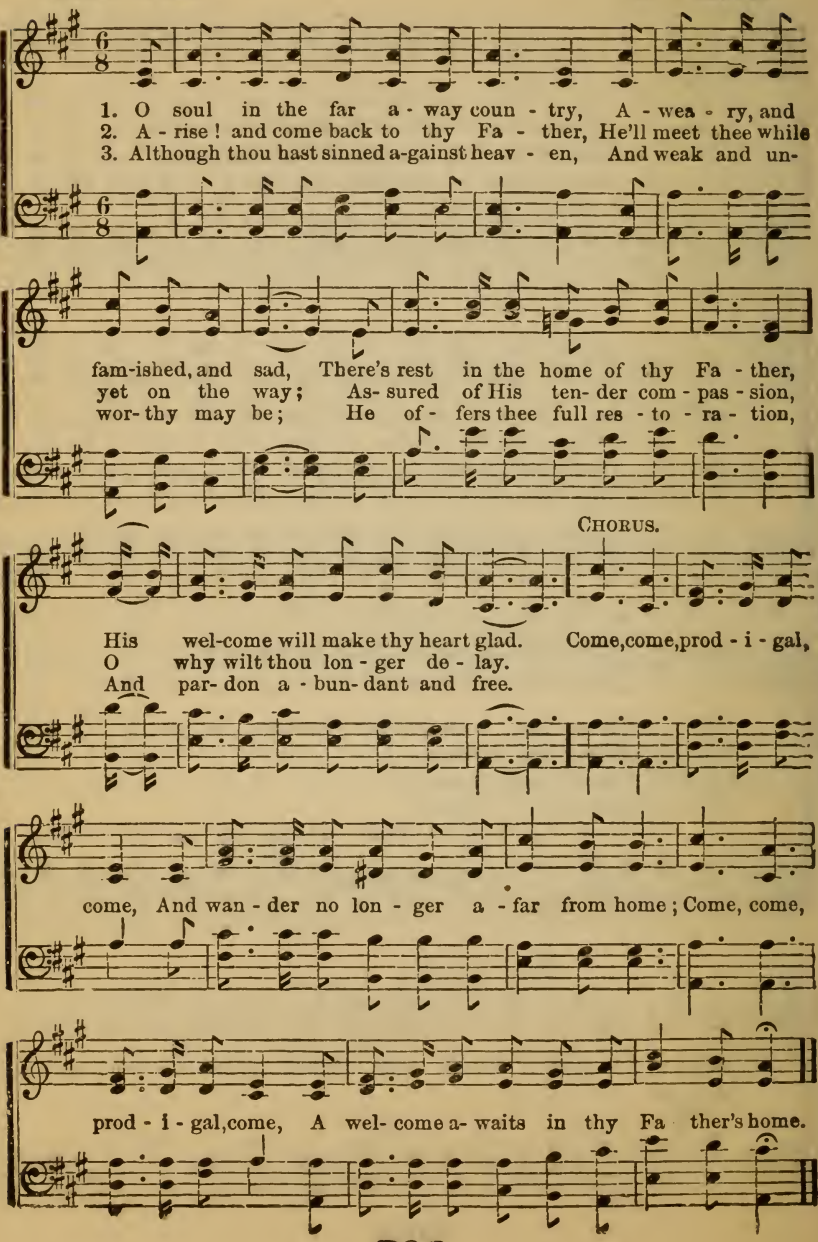


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No. 335. Come, Prodigal, Come.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

MABEL C. FROST. IRA D. SANKEY.

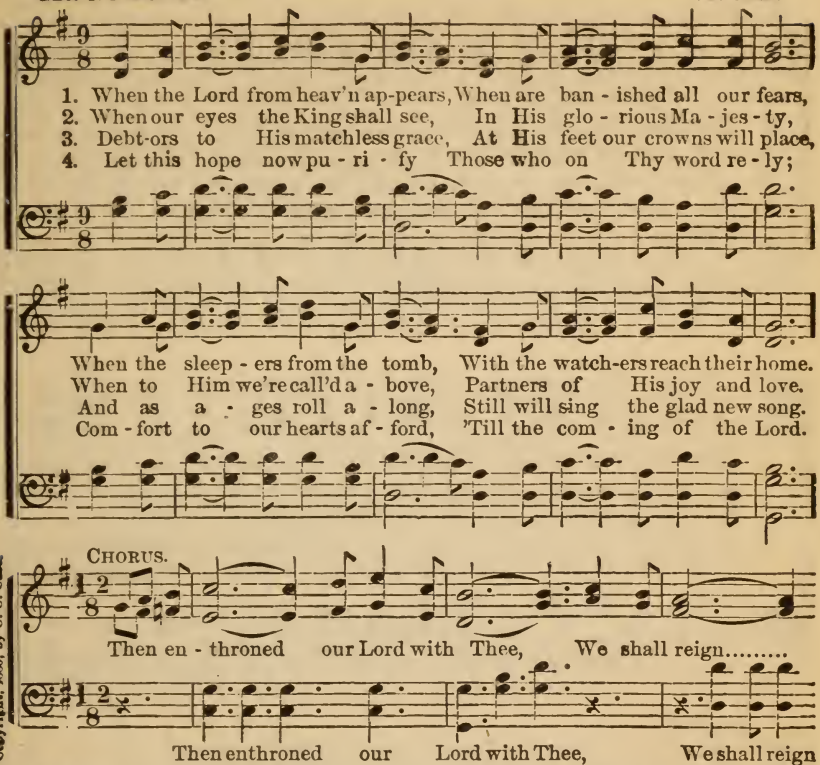


Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 336. We shall Reign.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 Tim. 2: 12.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case.

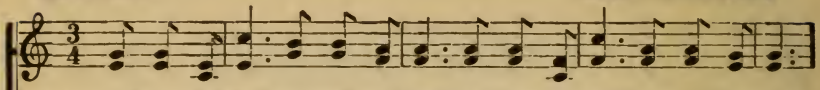


Copyright, 1888, by C. C. Case.

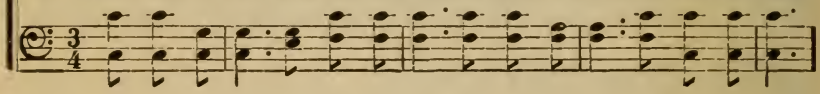
No. 337. Redemption Ground.

"The redemption of their soul is precious."—Ps. 49 : 8.

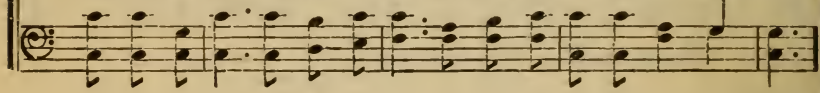
EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Come, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord, Who hath redeem'd thee by His blood;
2. Once from my God I wandered far, And with His ho - ly will made war:
3. O joy - ous hour when God to me A vis - ion gave of Cal - va - ry:
4. No works of mer - it now I plead, But Je - sus take for all my need;
5. Come, wea - ry soul, and here find rest; Ac-cept re-demption, and be blest:

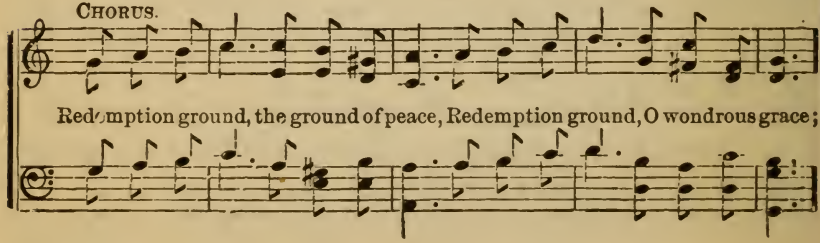


Delivered thee from chains that bound, And bro't thee to re - demption ground.
But now my songs to God a-bound; I'm standing on re - demption ground.
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound; I sang up - on re - demption ground.
No righteousness in me is found, Ex - cept up - on re - demption ground.
The Christ who died, by God is crown'd To par - don on re - demption ground.

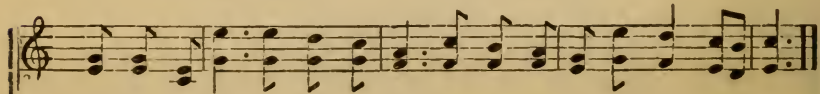


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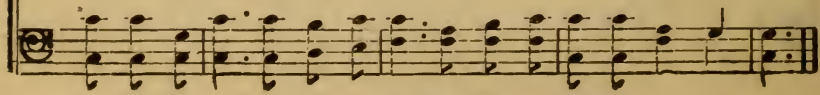
CHORUS.



Redemption ground, the ground of peace, Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;



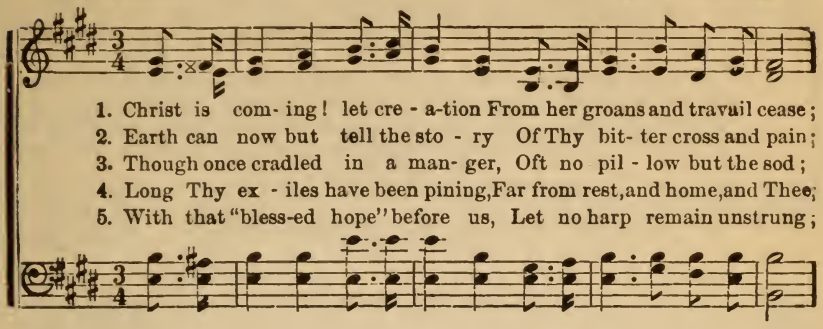
Here let our praise to God a-bound, Who saves us on re-demp - tion ground.

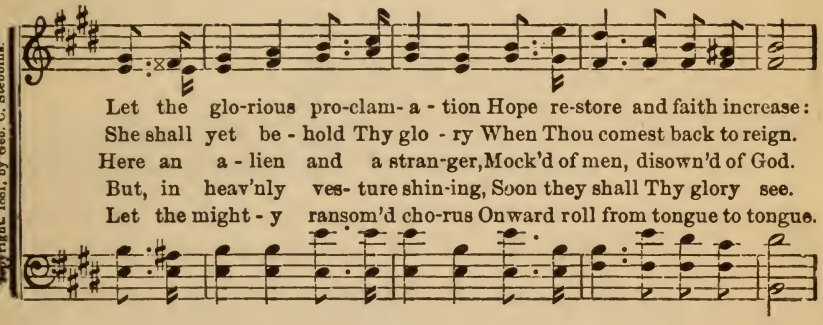


No. 338. Christ is Coming.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—MATT. 16 : 27.

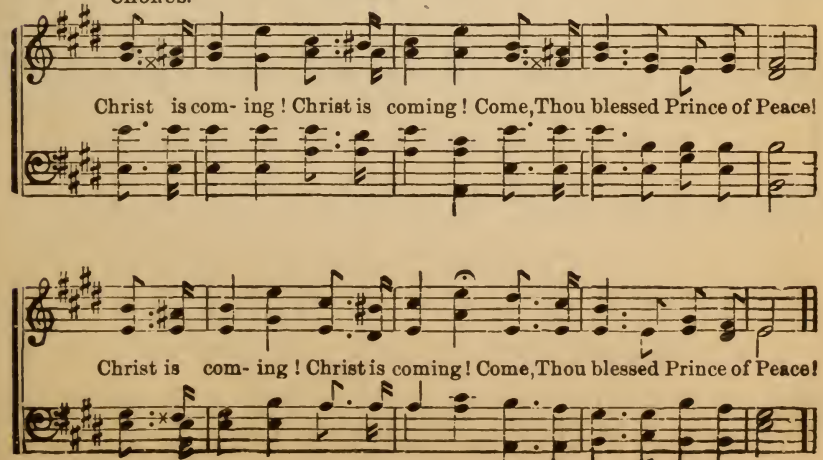
J. R. MACDUFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS





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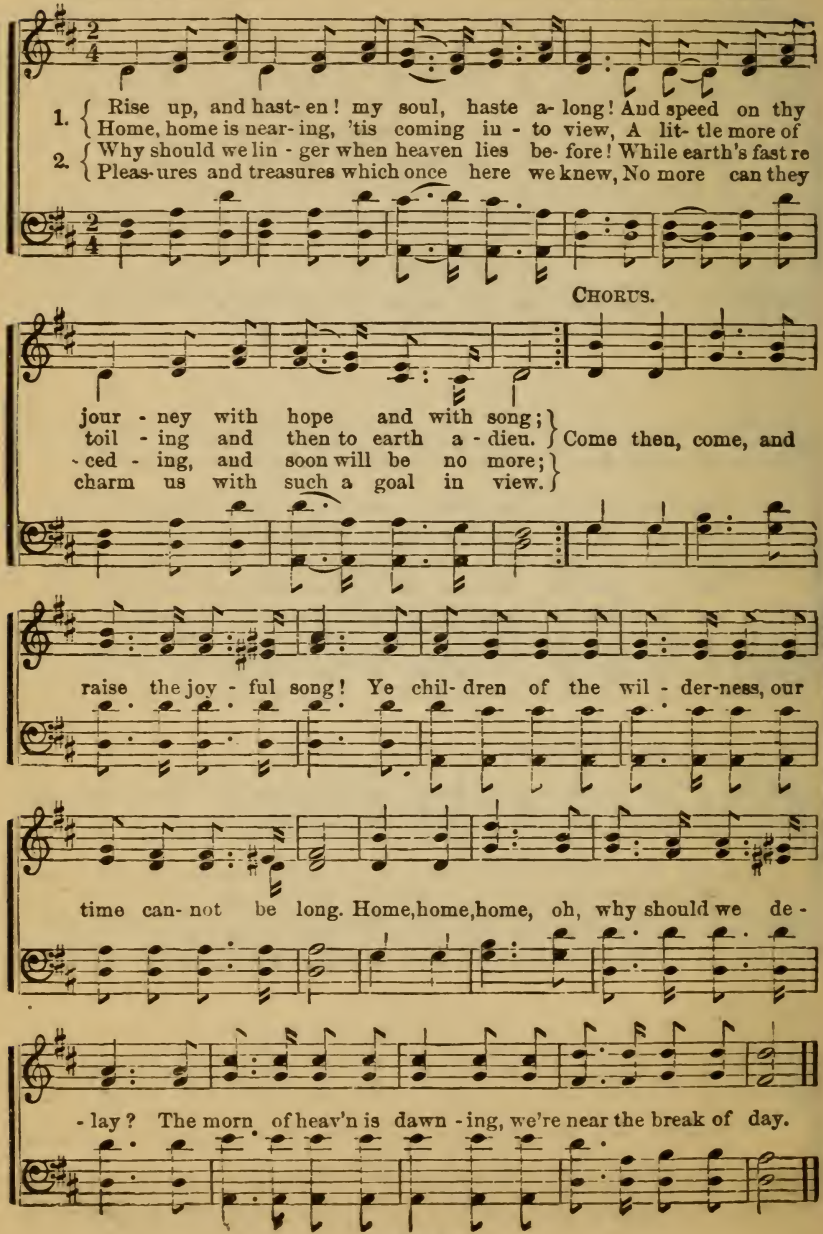
CHORUS.



No 339. Rise Up and Hasten.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—SONG OF SOL. 2: 13.

J. DENHAM SMITH. Arr. Arr. by JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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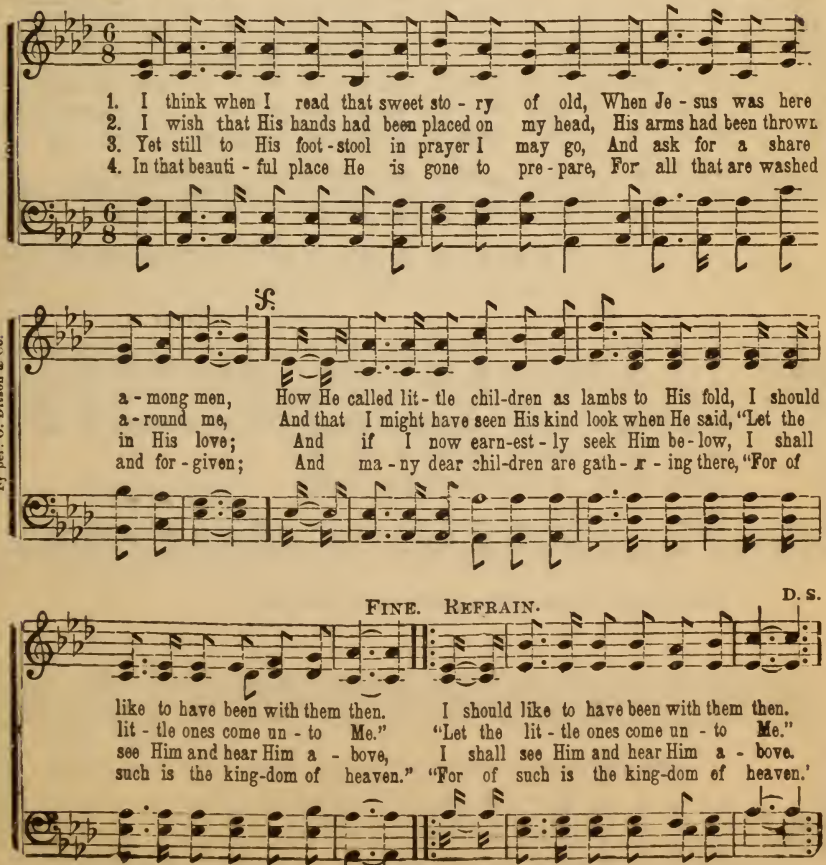
3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,
Now resting in glory, they weary are no more;
Toils all are ended, and nothing now but joy,
And praises, ascending their ever glad employ.
Come then, come, &c.

4 No condemnation! how blessed is the word,
And no separation! forever with the Lord;
He will be with us who loved us long before,
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.
Come then, come, &c.

No. 340. The Sweet Story of Old.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK 10: 16.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.

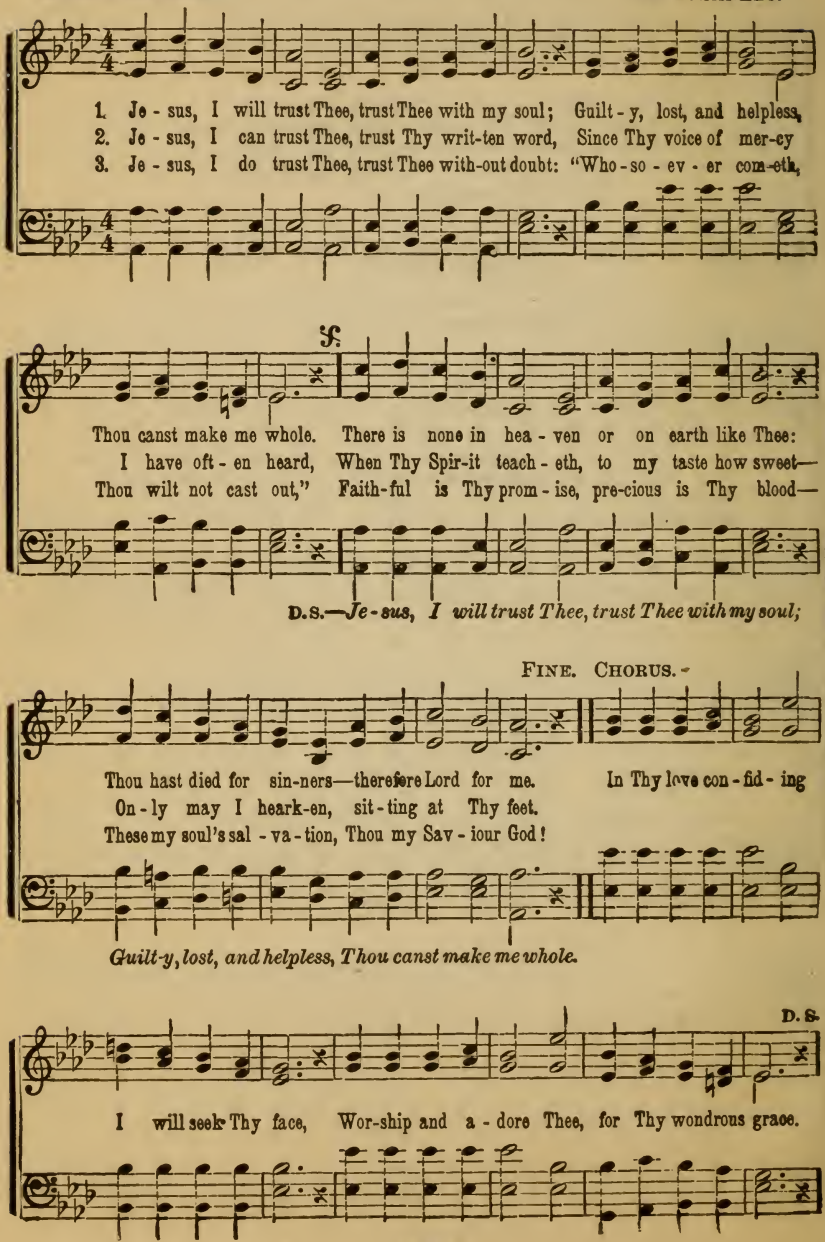


By per. O. Ditson & Co.

No. 341. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

"I will trust in Thee."—Ps. 55: 23.

MARY J. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.

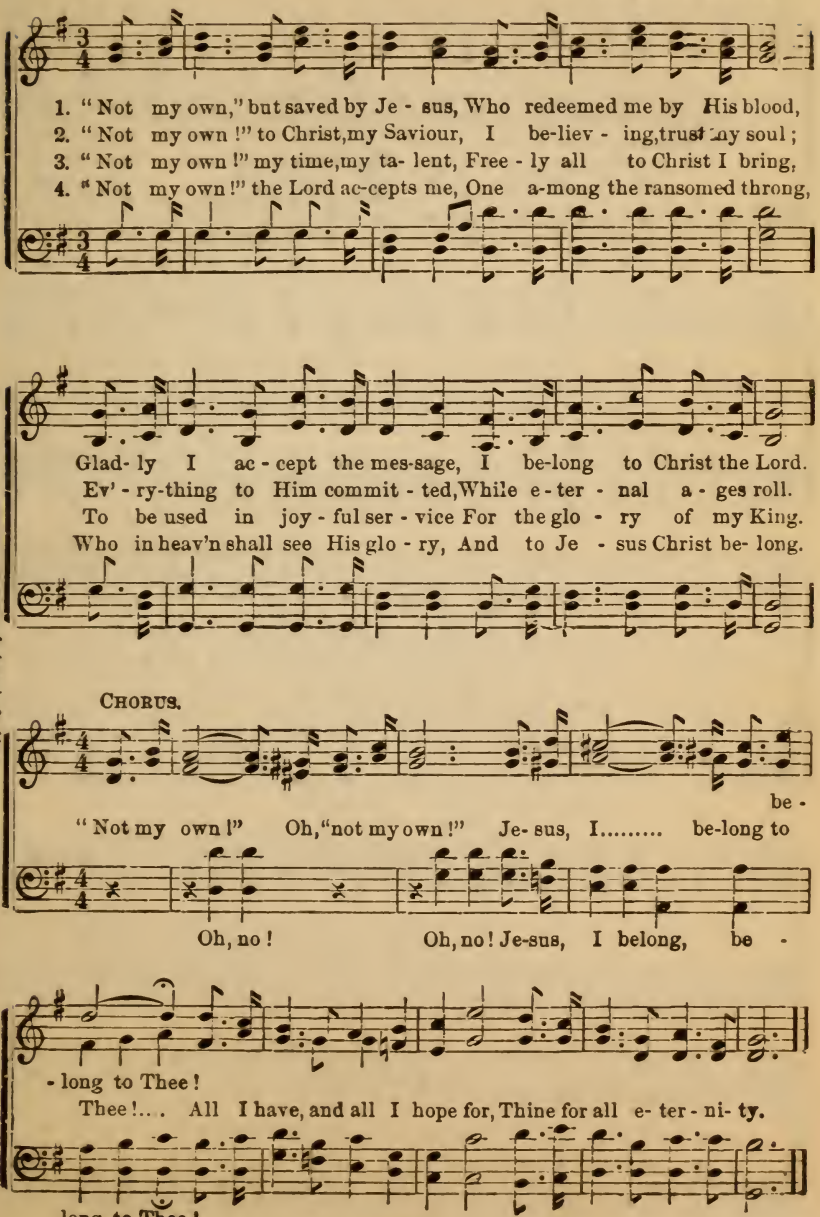


copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey

No. 342. Not My Own.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN

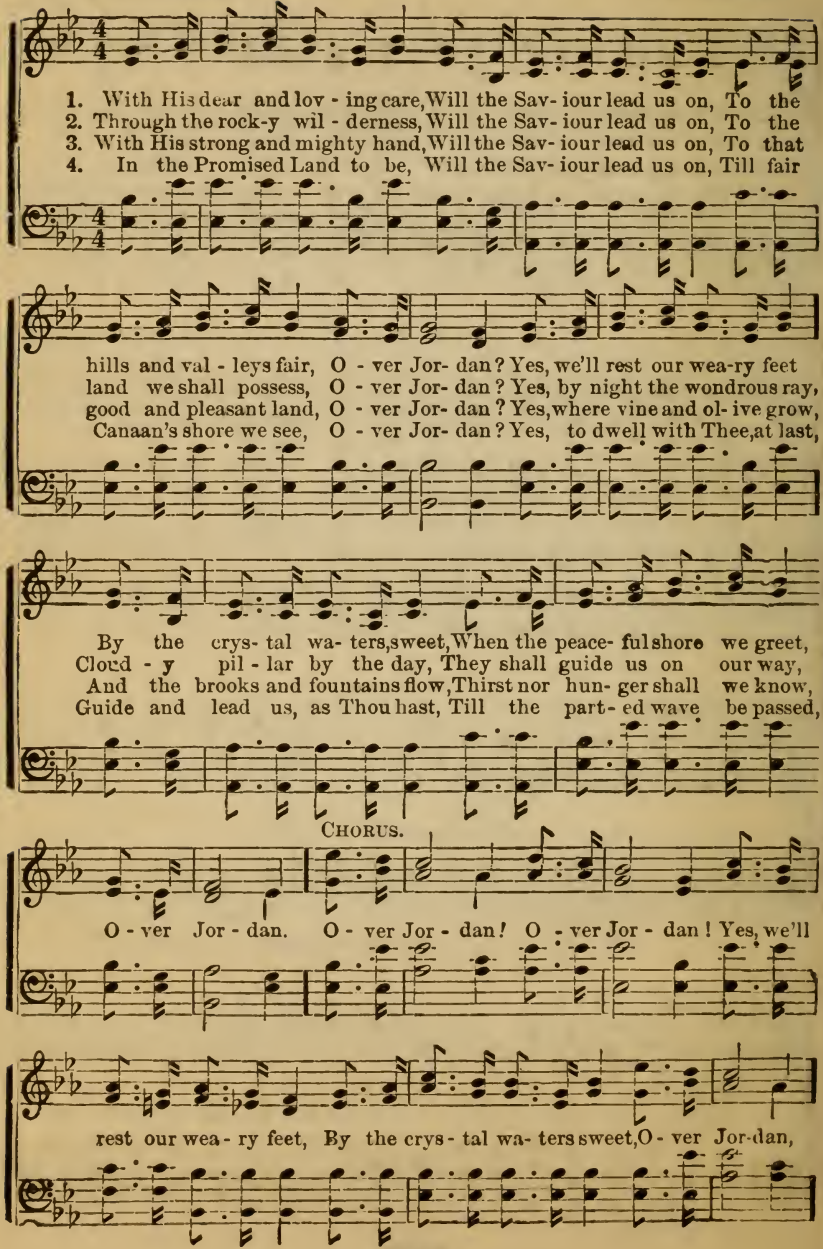


Copyright, 1878, by James McGranahan.

No. 343. Over Jordan.

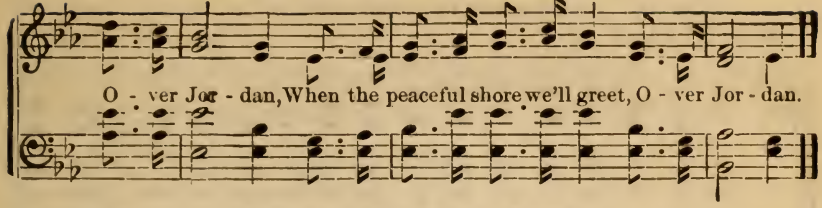
(Read Duet. 11: 31. 8: 7, 8.)

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. J. R. Murray



From "Pure Diamonds," by per. Brainard & Sons.

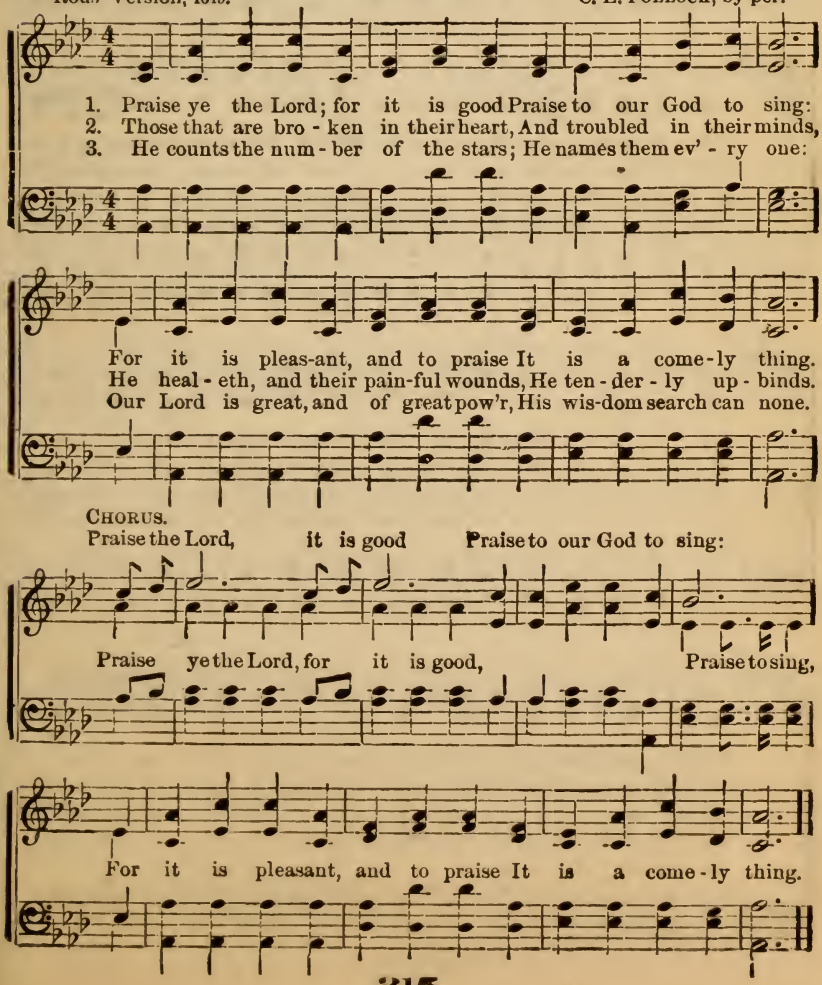
Over Jordan.—Concluded.



No. 344. Praise Ye the Lord.

"It is good to sing praises unto our God; He healeth the broken in heart * * He telleth the number of the stars."—Ps. 147: 1, 3, 4.

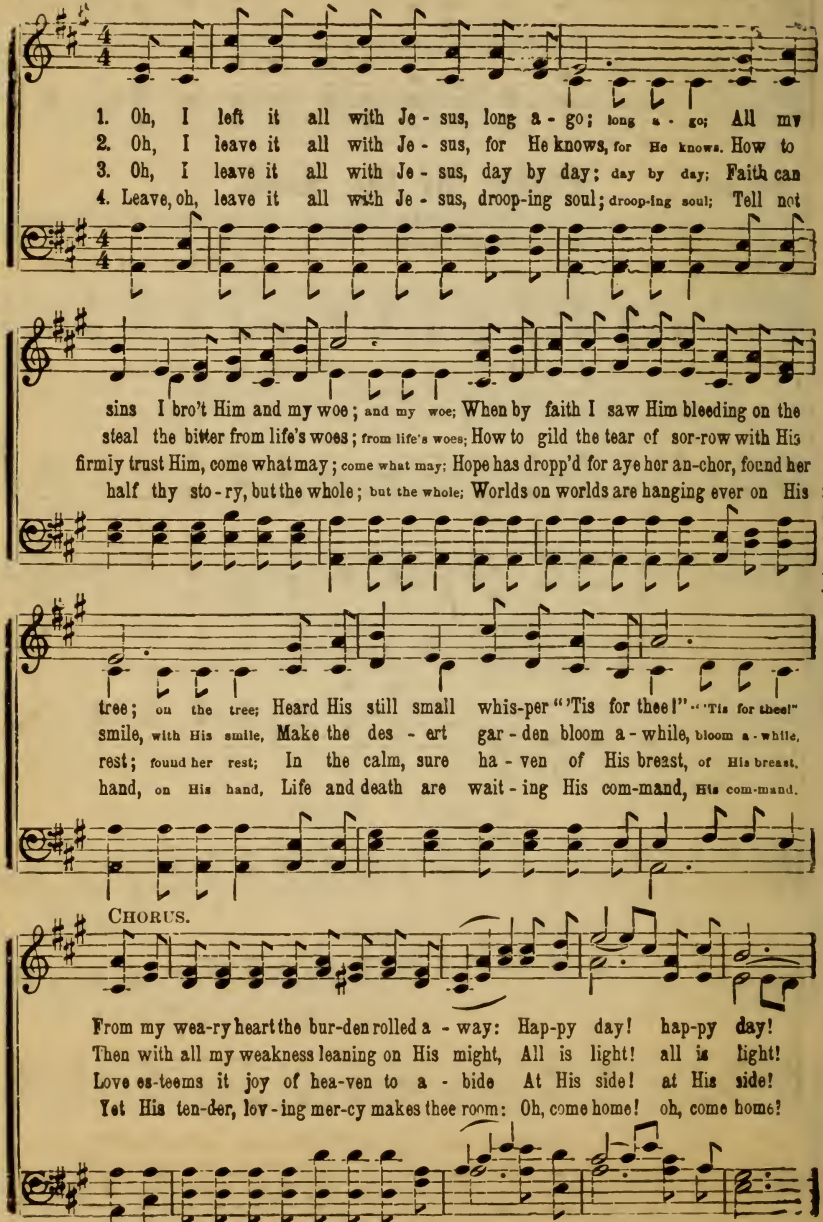
Rous' Version, 1649. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.



No. 345. I Left it all with Jesus.

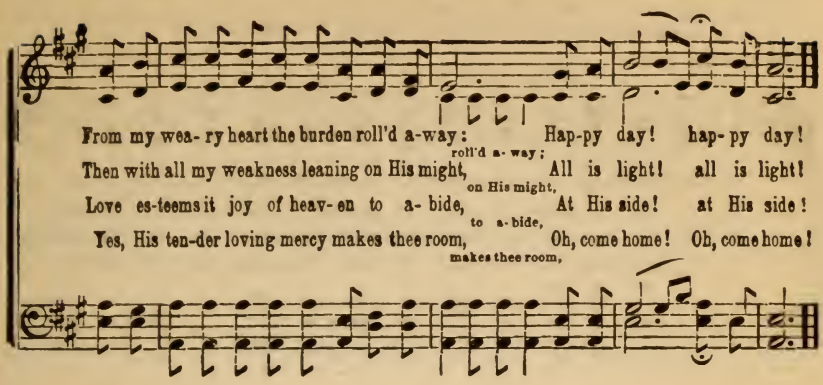
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PET. 5: 7.

Mrs. E. H. WILLIS. Arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN



Copyright, 1874, by James McGranahan

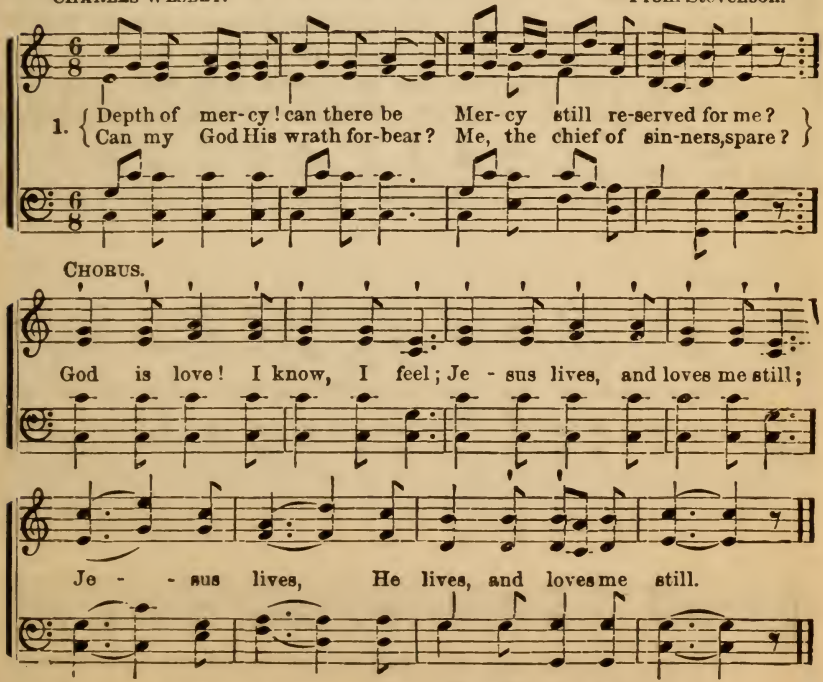
I Left it all with Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 346. Depth of Mercy.

"God is Love."—1 JOHN, 4: 8.

CHARLES WESLEY. From Stevenson.



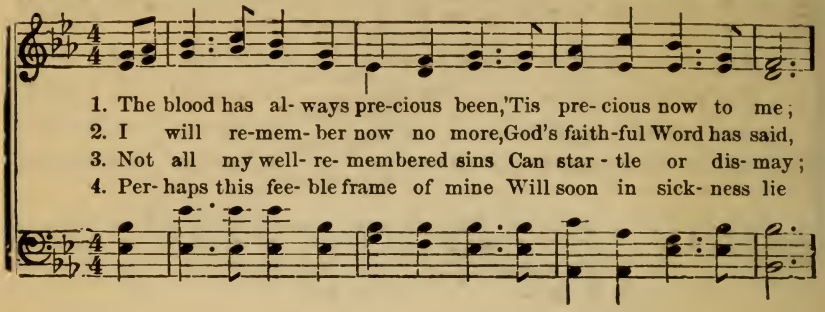
2 I have long withstood His grace
Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

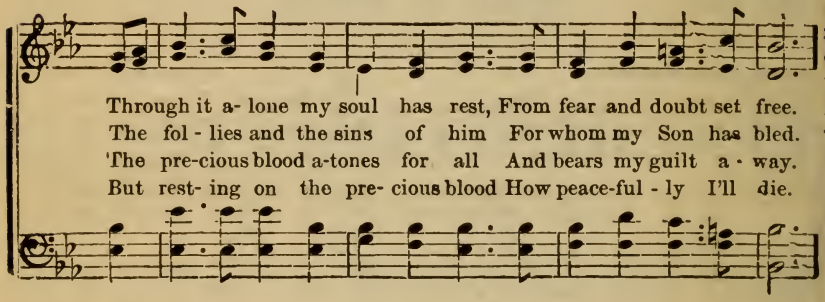
3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

No. 347. Precious Blood.

"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 Pet. 1: 18, 19.

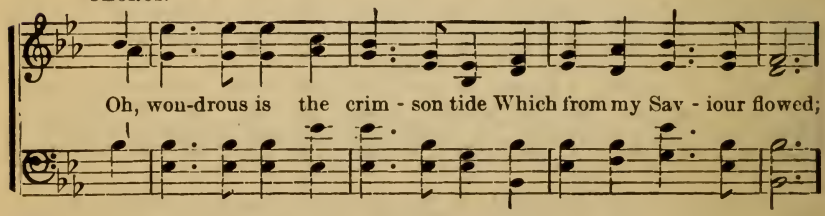
MacLeod Wylie. Geo. C. Stebbins.

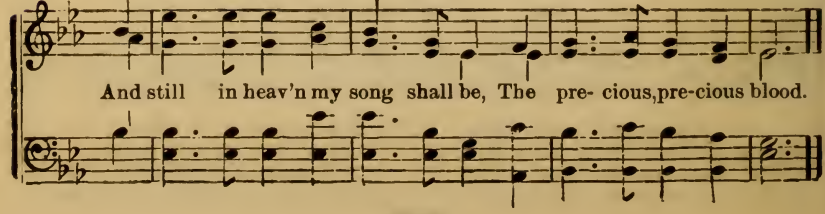




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Chorus.

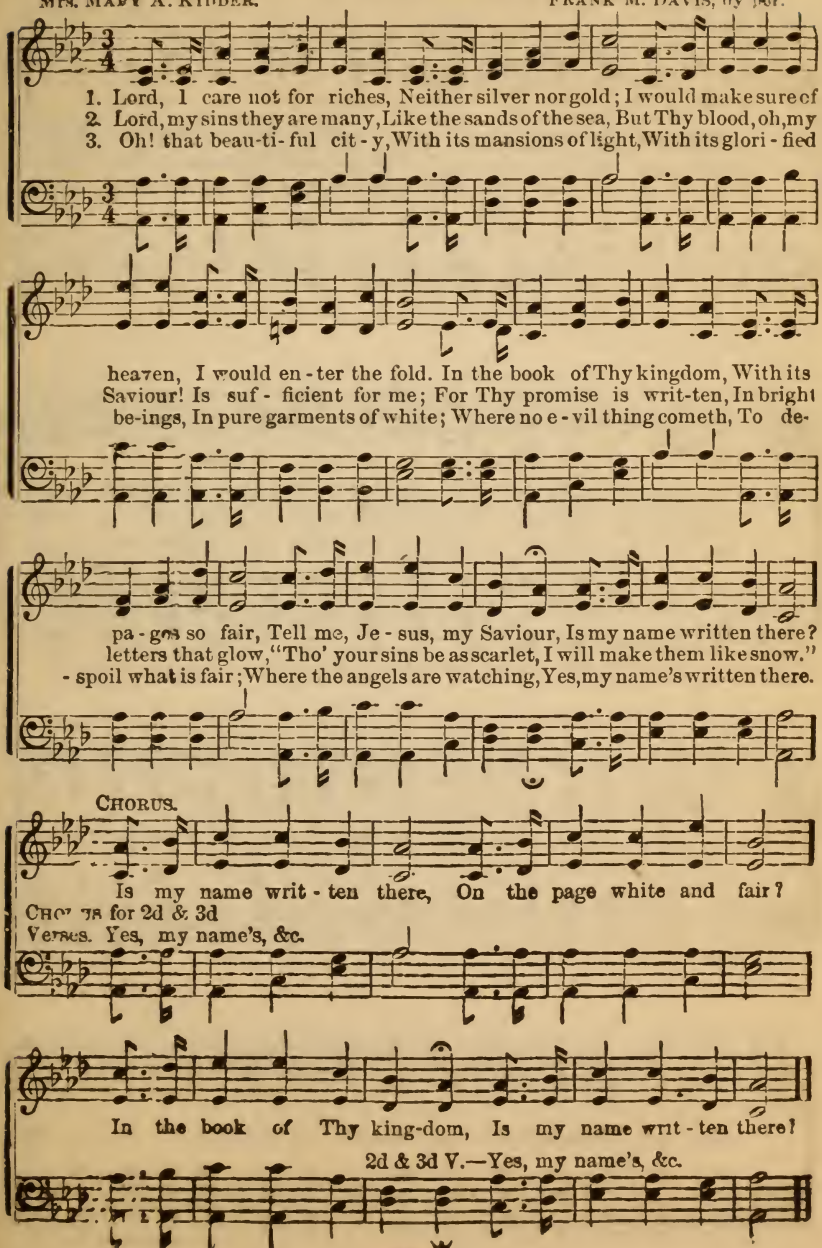




No. 348. Is my Name written There?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20.

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

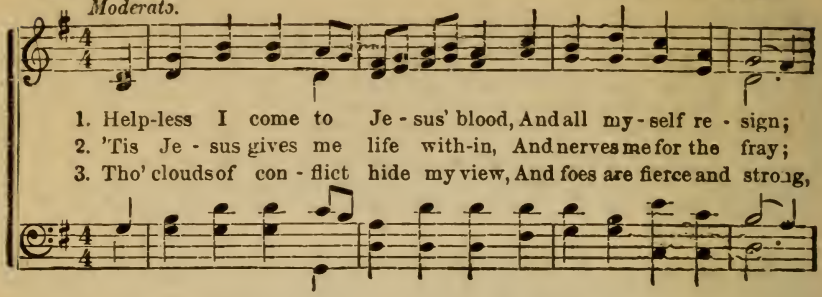


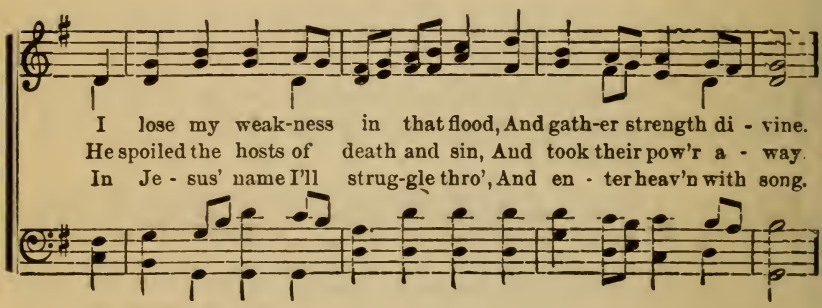
No. 349. My Soul will Overcome.

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12. 11.

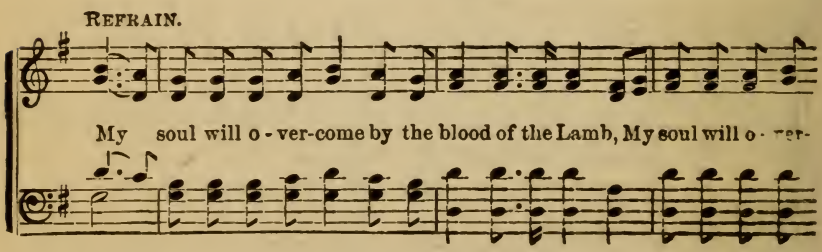
Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

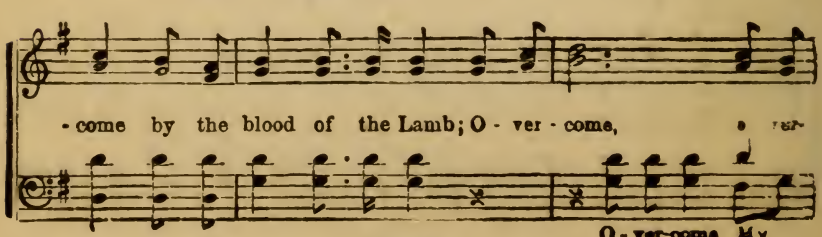
Moderato.

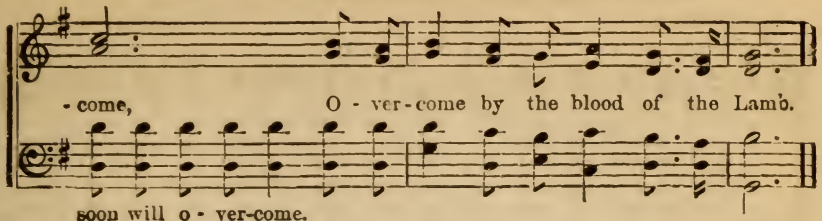




Copyright, 1876, by Rev. R. Lowry.





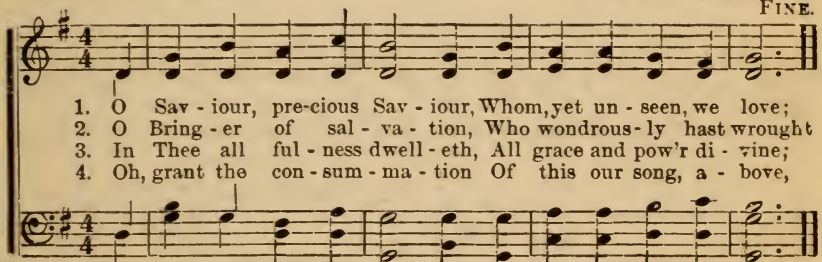


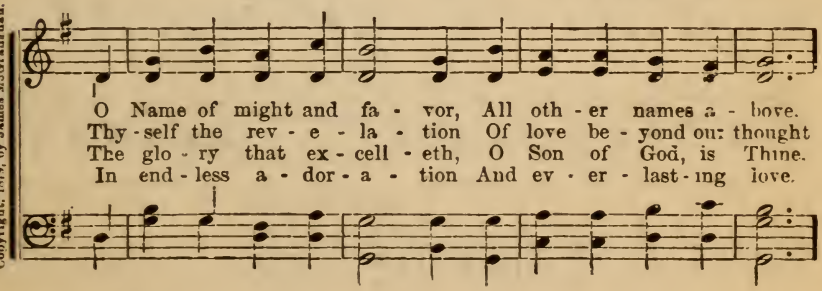
—o—

No. 350. We Worship Thee.

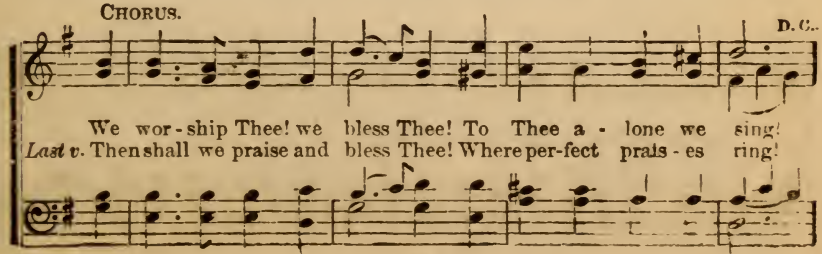
"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. 1: 8.

Frances R. Havergal. James McGranahan.





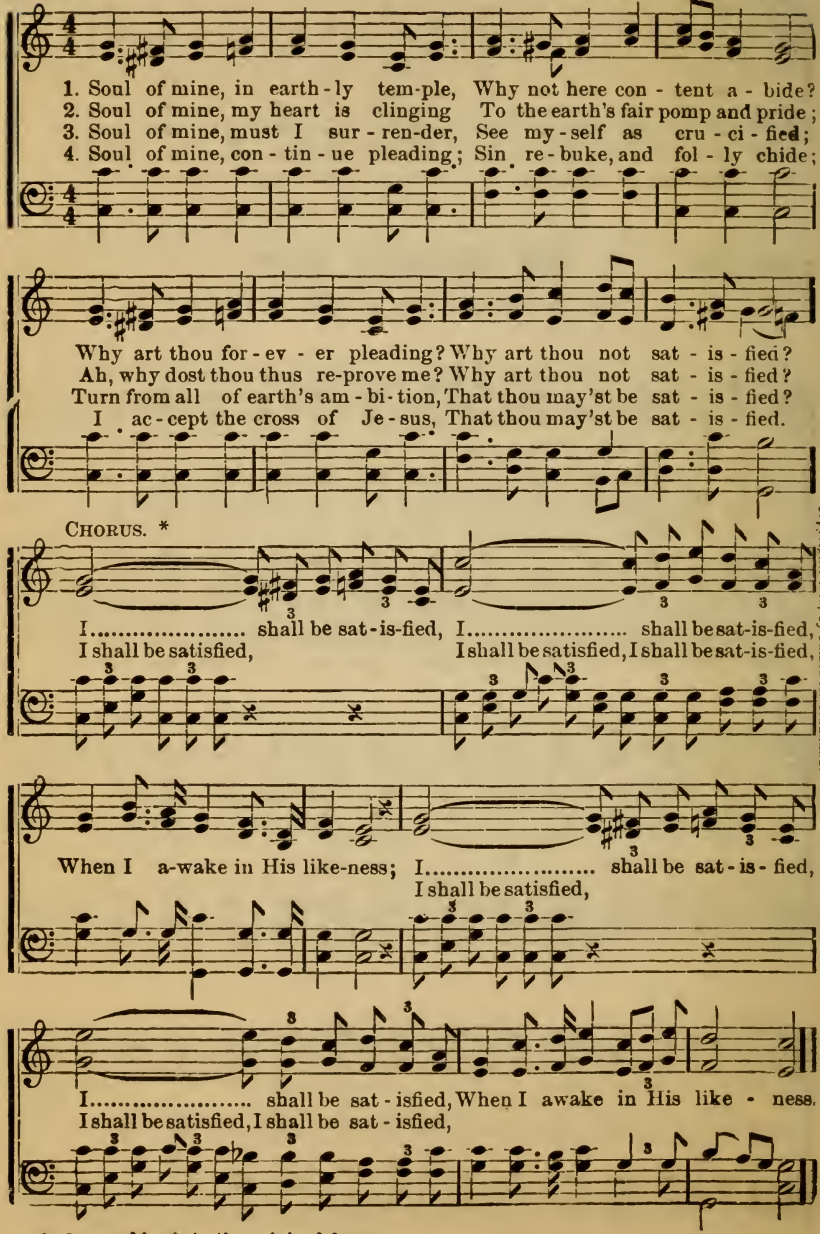
Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.



No. 351. I shall be Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



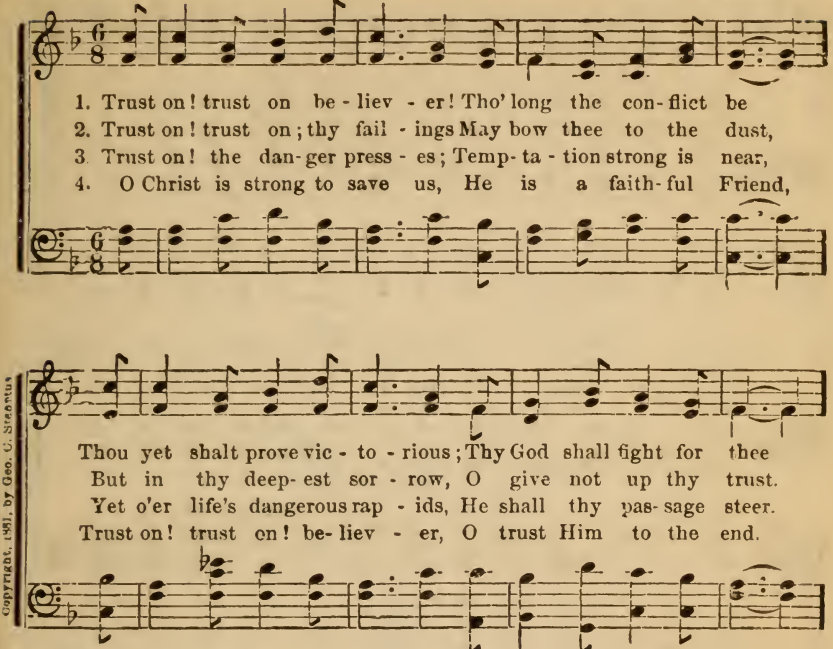
Copyright, 1874, by James McGranahan.

* Sing 3d back to the original form

No. 352. Trust On!

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—PROV. 3: 5.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

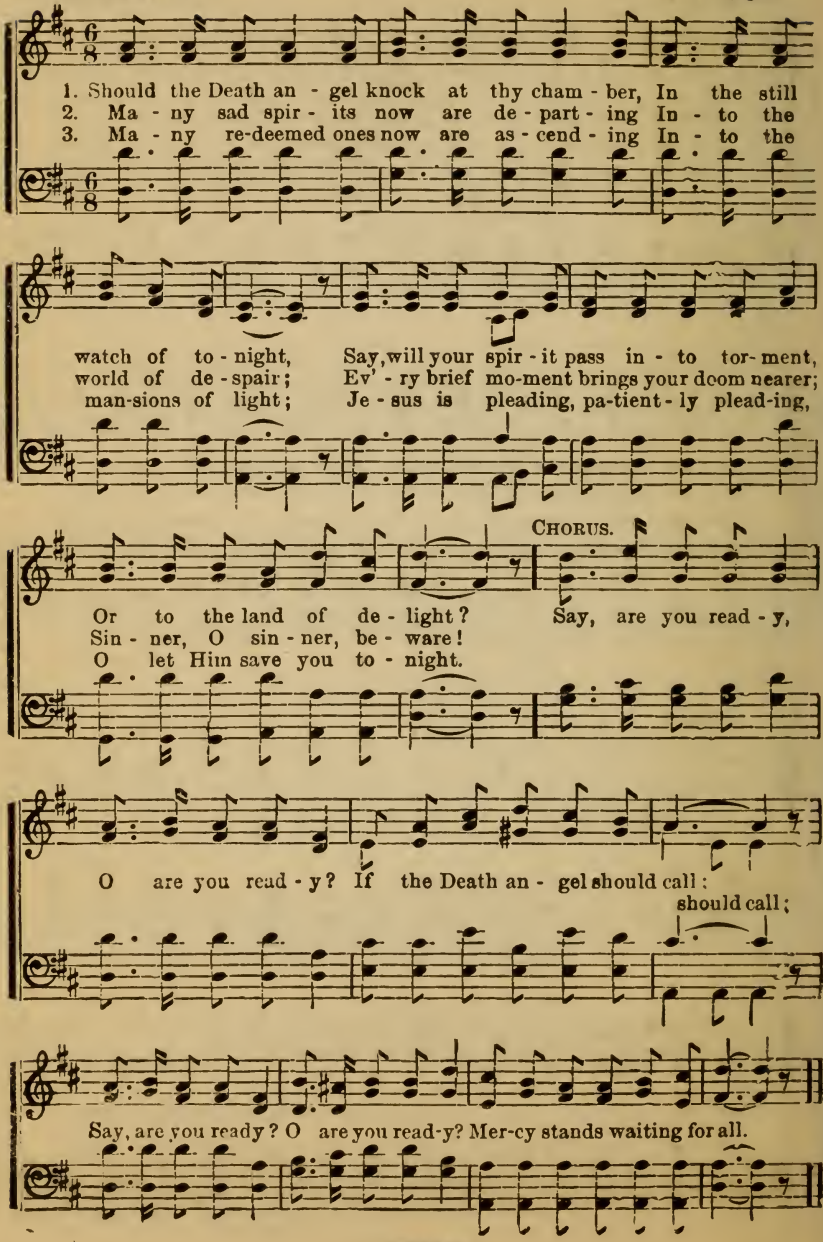


Copyright, 1891, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 353. Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24 : 44.

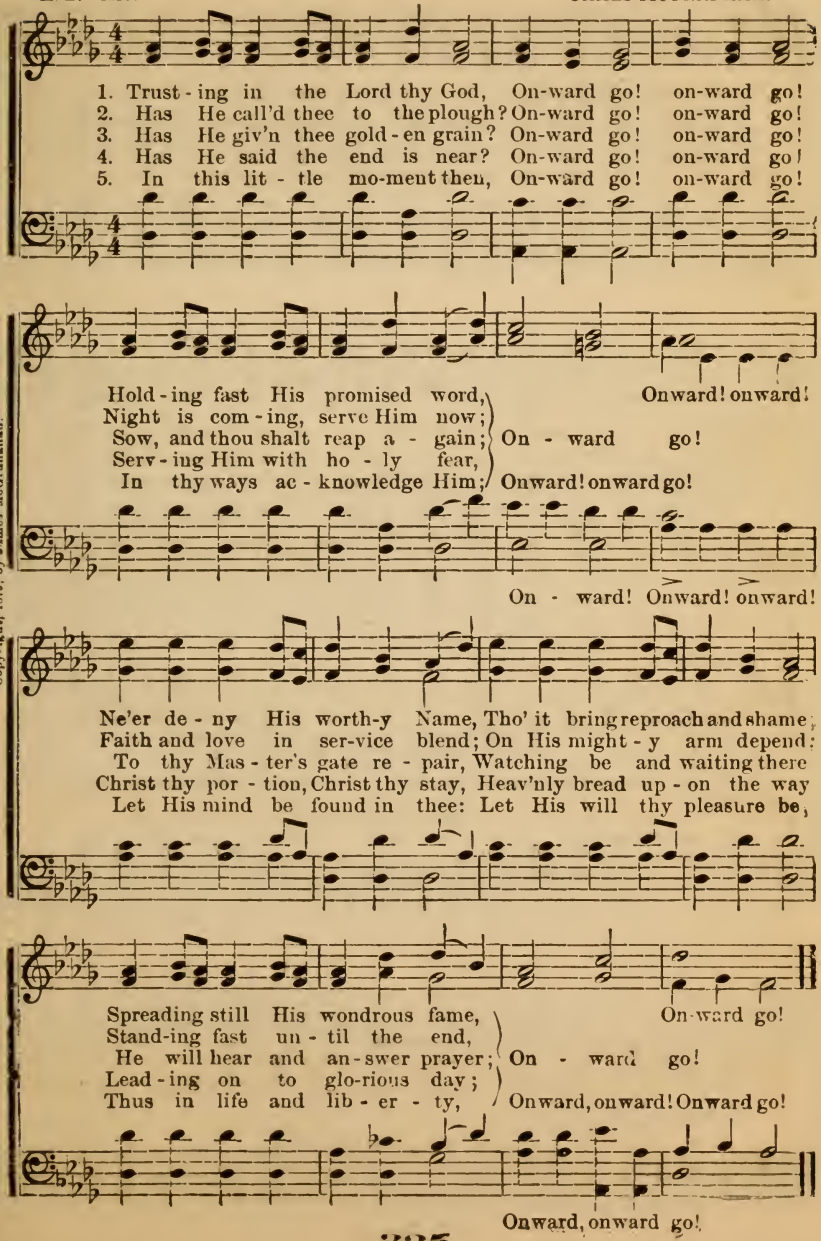
A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



No. 354. Onward Go!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—PHIL. 3: 13.

E. B. Arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

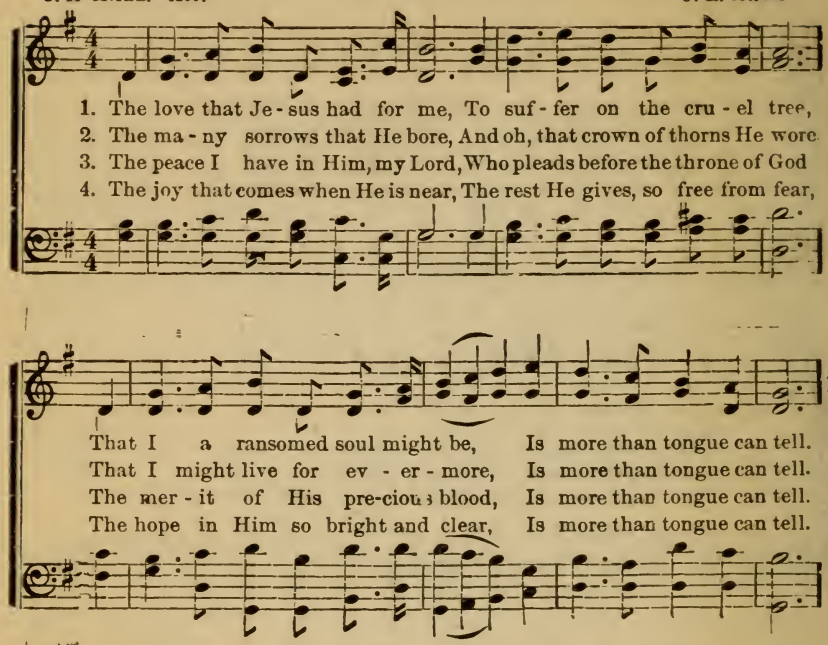


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No. 355. More than Tongue can Tell.

"Greater love hath no man than this."—1 JOHN 15: 13.

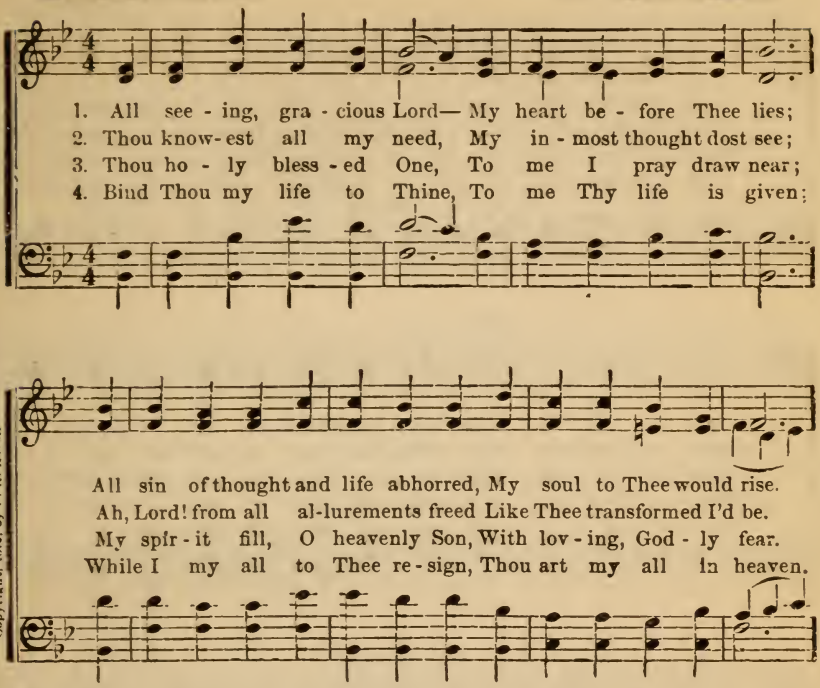
J. E. HALL, Arr. J. E. HALL



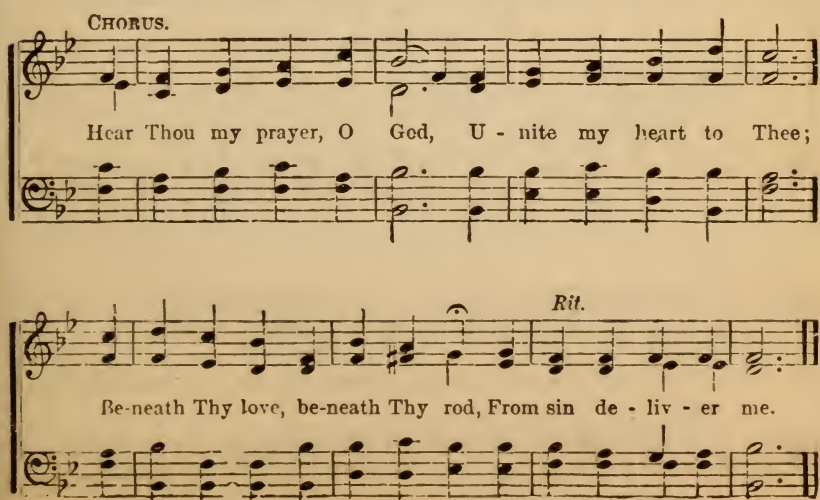
No. 356. Hear Thou my Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143: 1.

Rev. HENRY C. GRAVES. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



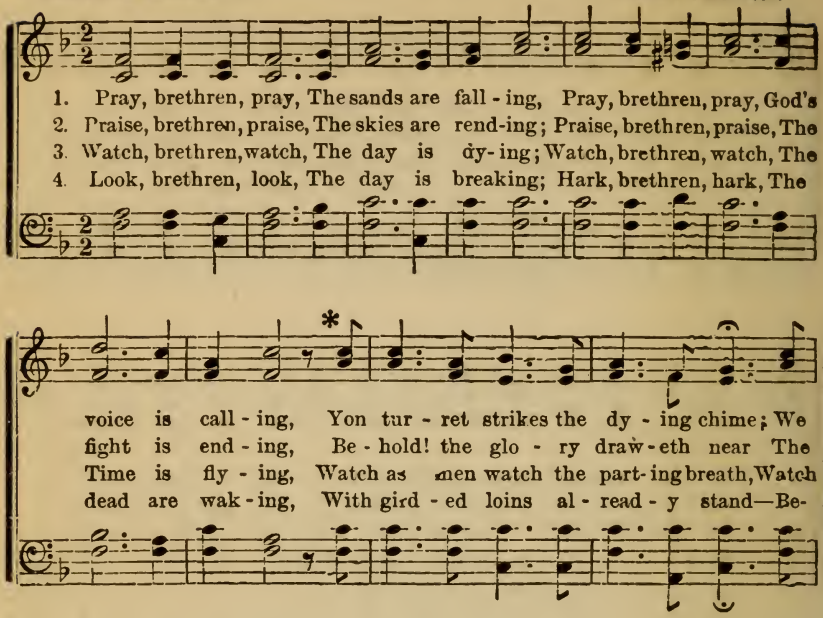
Copyright, 1879, by P. H. Rovell



No. 357. Eternity is drawing Nigh.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—Rom. 13: 12.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. Philip Phillips.



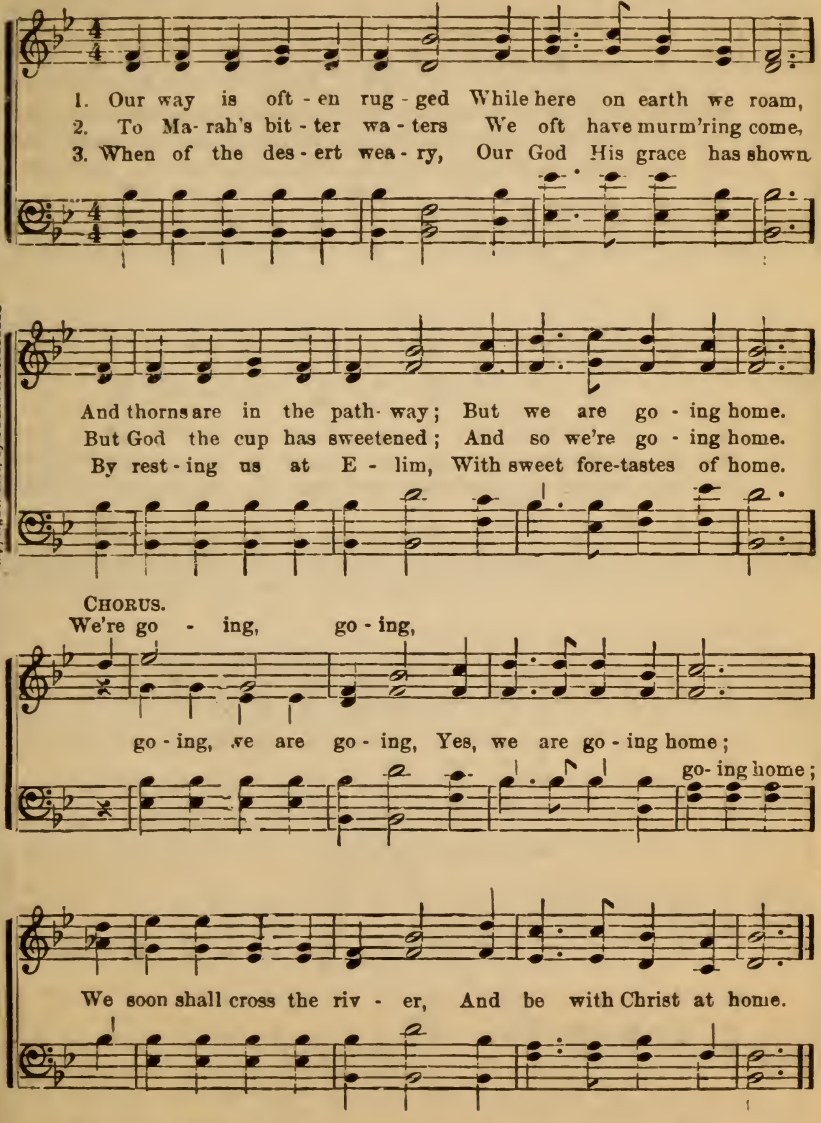
Copyright, 1877, by Philip Phillips.

* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

No. 358. We are Going Home.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 5: 17.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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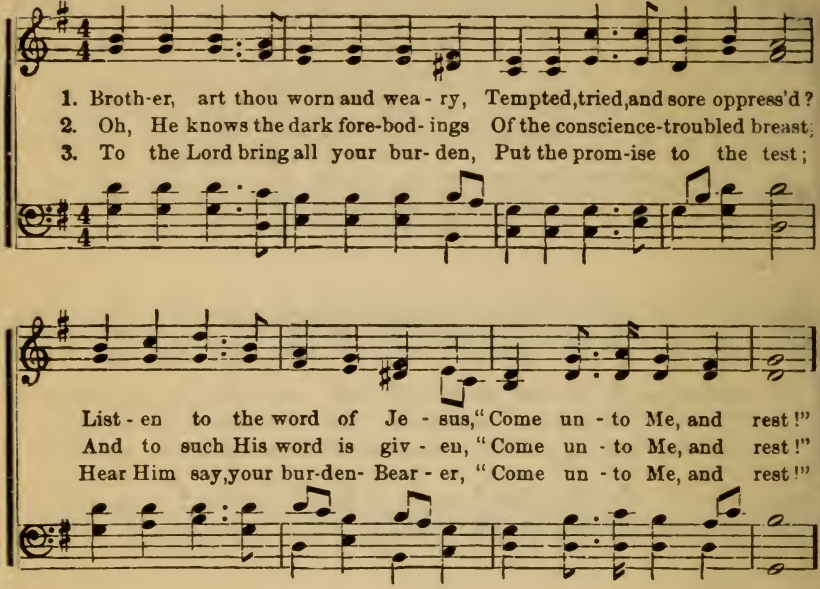
1 With hunger often fainting,
We've made complaining moan;
But, fed by heavenly manna,
We still are going home.

5 Some stand to-day on Nebo,
The journey nearly done,
And some are in the valley
But all are going home.

No. 359. Come unto Me, and Rest.

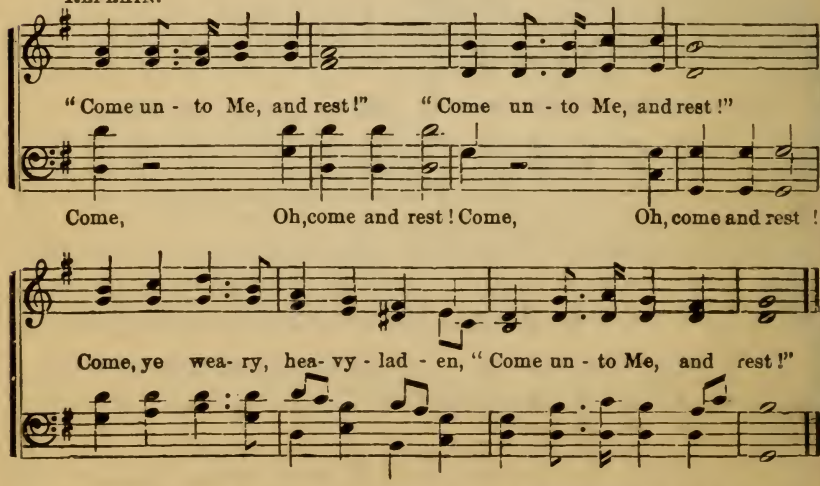
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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REFRAIN.



5 If in sorrow thou art weeping,
Grieving for the loved ones missed,
Surely then to you He whispers,
"Come unto Me, and rest!"

5 Trust to Him for all thy future,
He will give thee what is best;
Why then fear when He is saying,
"Come unto Me, and rest!"

No. 360. While the Days are going By.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccl. 9: 10.

GEORGE COOPER, by per. IRA D. SANKEY.

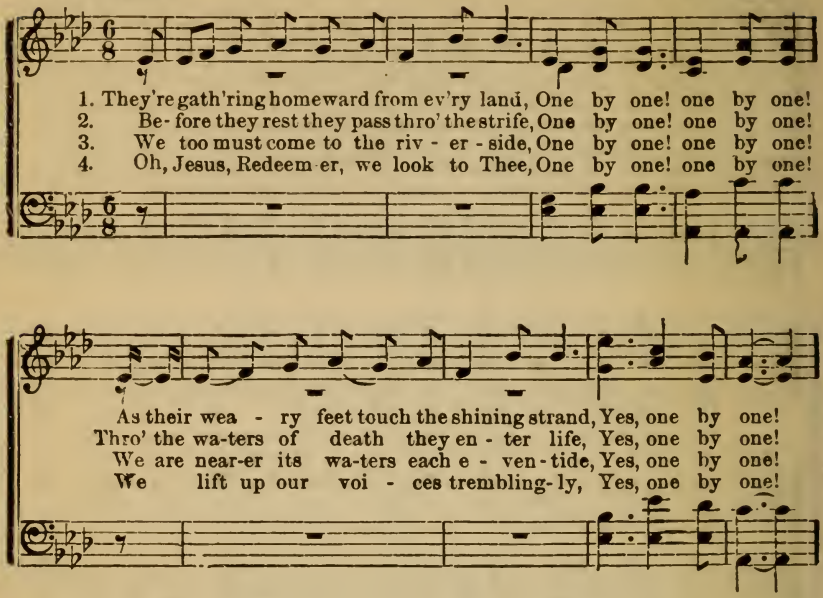


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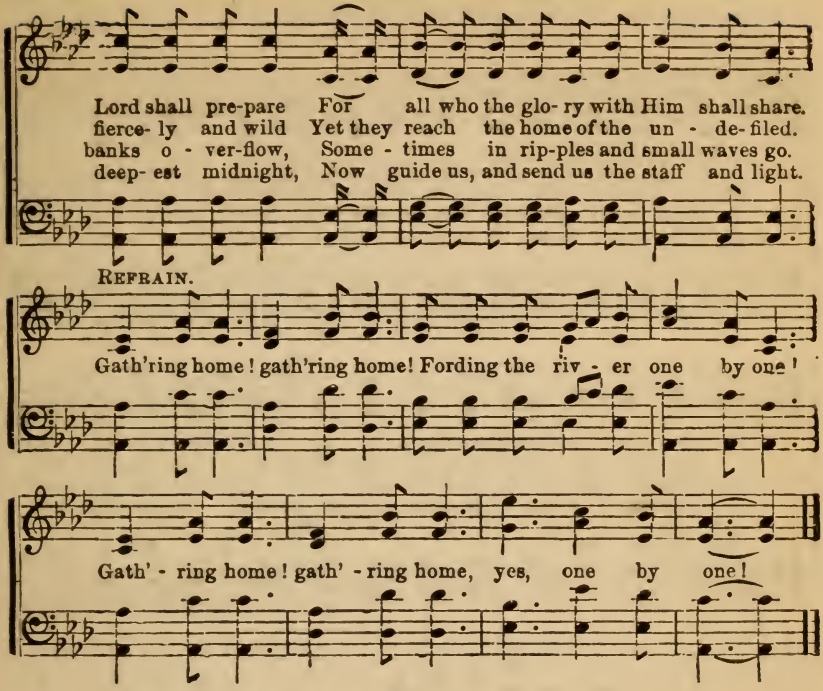
No. 361. **Gathering Home.**

"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel."—Ps. 27 : 12

MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.



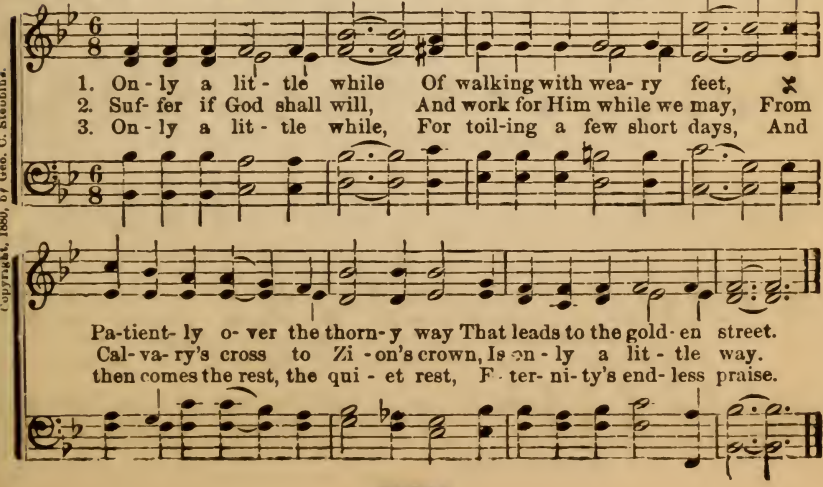
By permission, W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O.



No. 362. Only a Little While.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier. Geo. C. Stebbins.

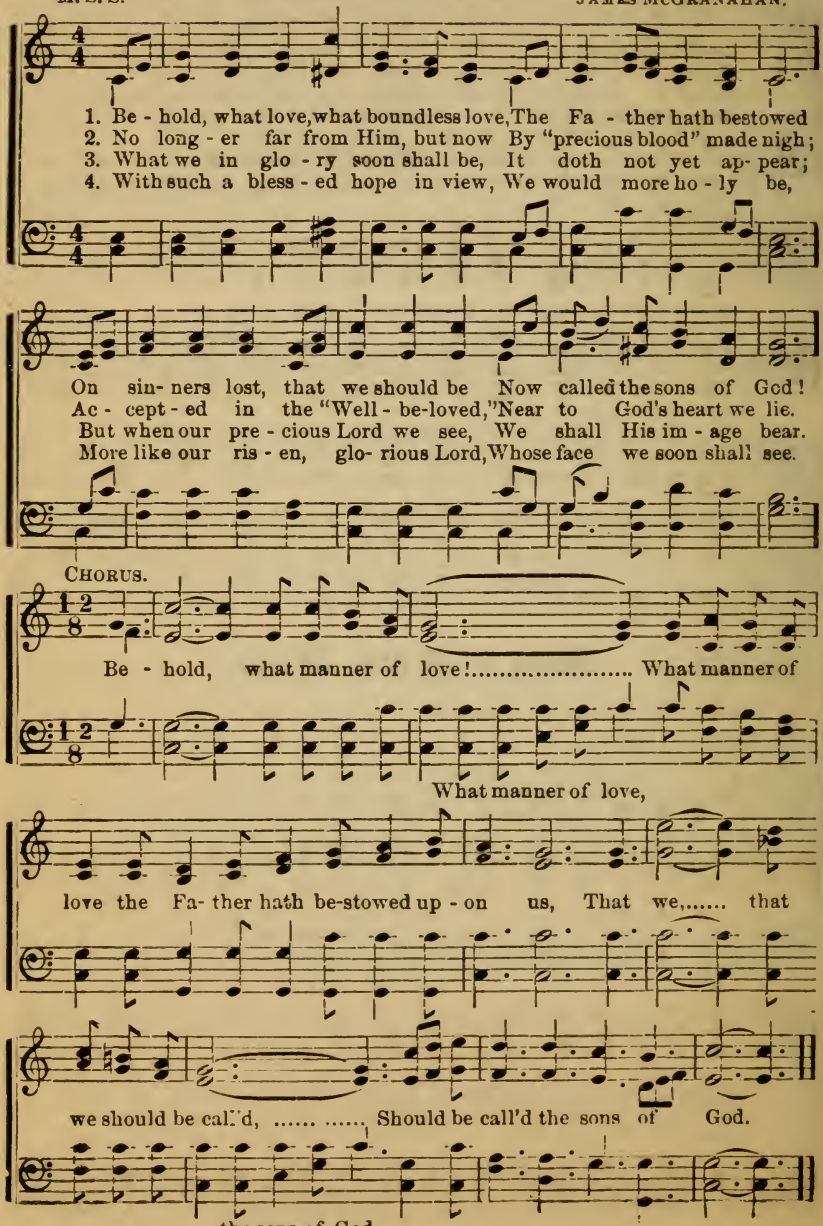


Copyright, 1880, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 363. Behold, what Love!

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—JOHN 3: 1.

M. S. S. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

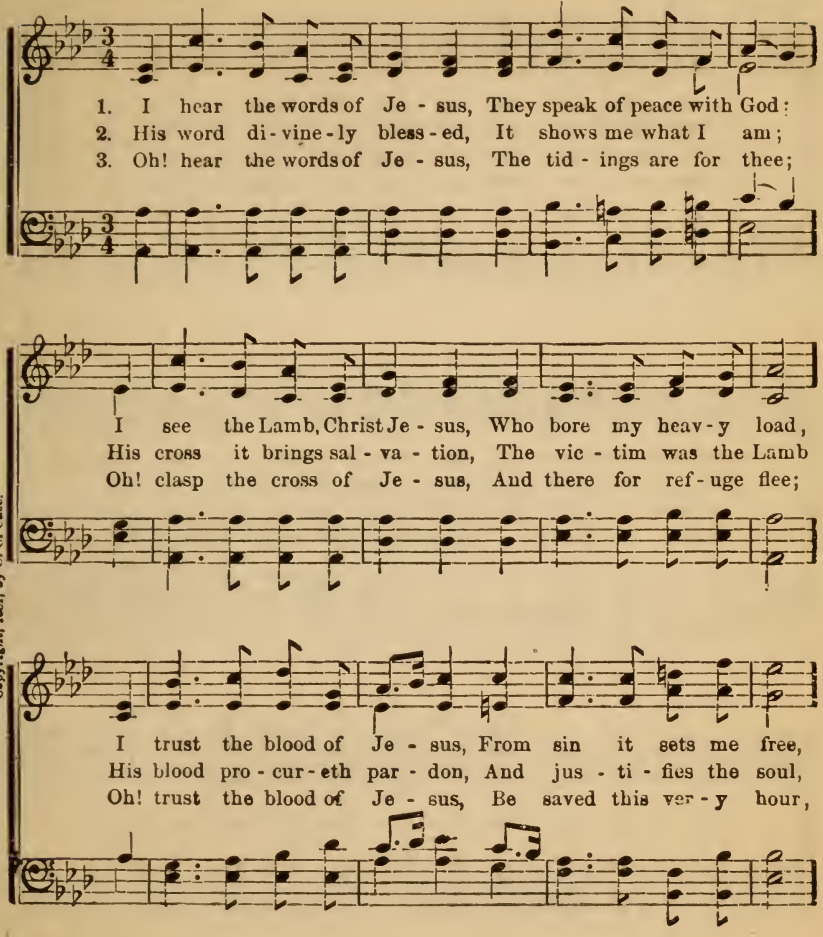


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No. 364. I hear the Words of Jesus.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 2.

Geo C. Needham. C. C. Case



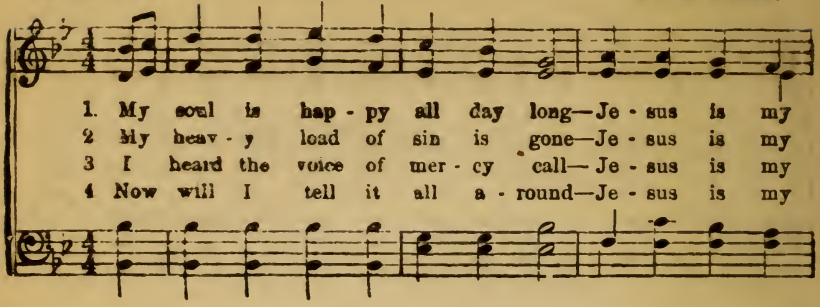
Copyright, 1881, by C. C. Case.

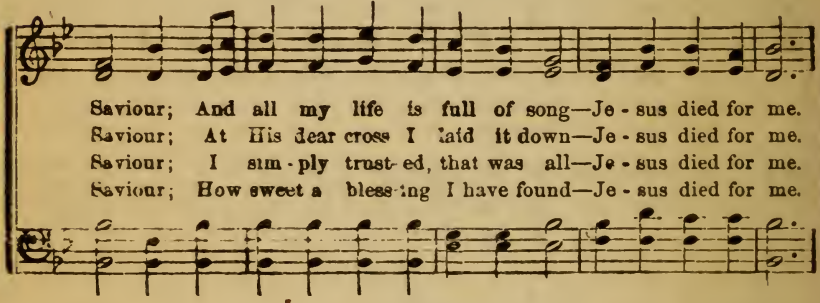
No. 385.

Jesus is My Saviour.

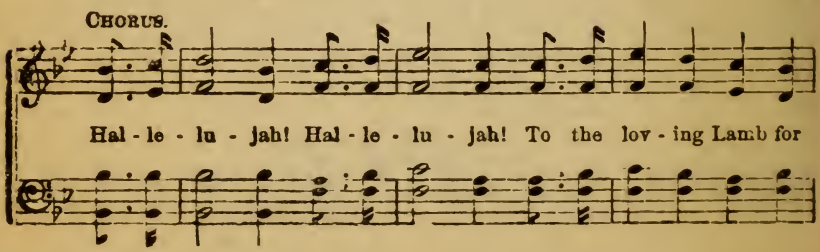
"——went on his way rejoicing."—Acts 8. 39.

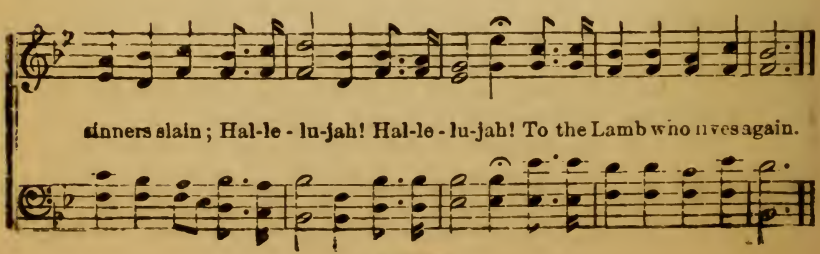
Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.





Copyright, 1878, by Robert Lowry.

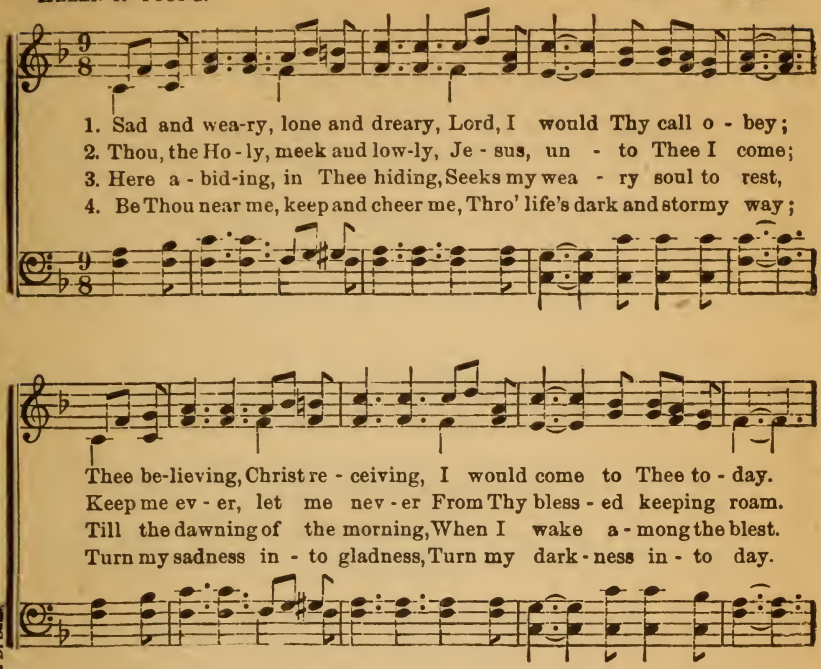




No. 366. I am Coming.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 9: 28.

HELEN R YOUNG. IRA D. SANKEY.

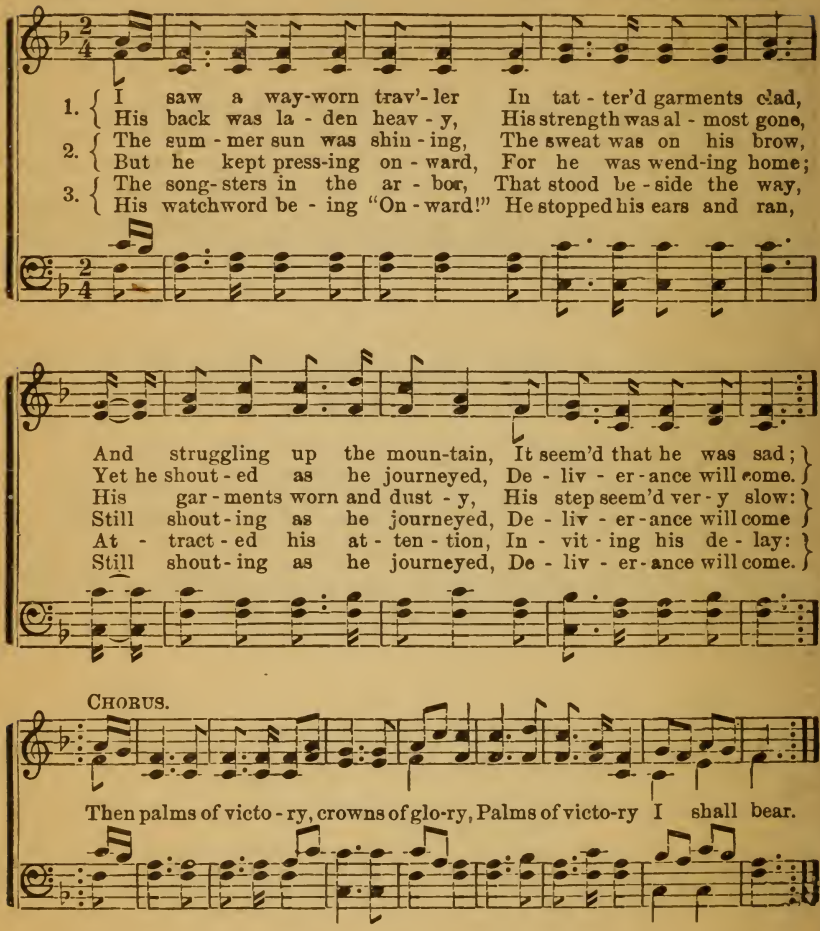


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No. 367. Deliverance will Come.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you."—NUM. 10: 29.

J. B. M. Rev. JNO. B. MATTHIAS, 1856



4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

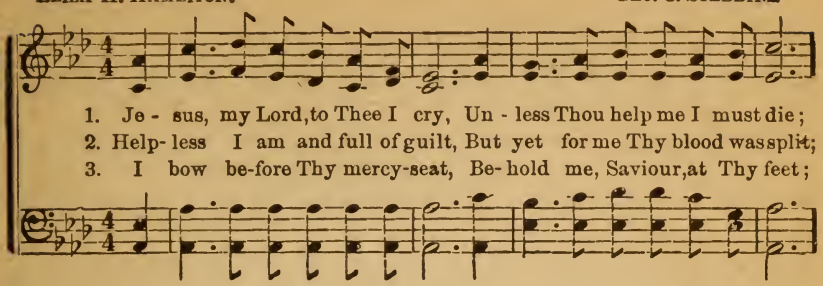
5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance had come!

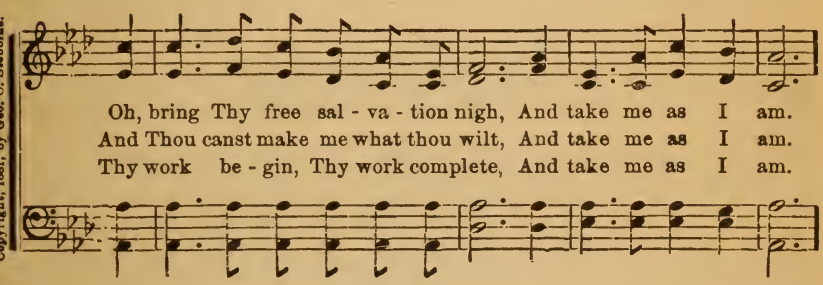
6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 368. Take me as I am.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."—Ps. 102: 1.

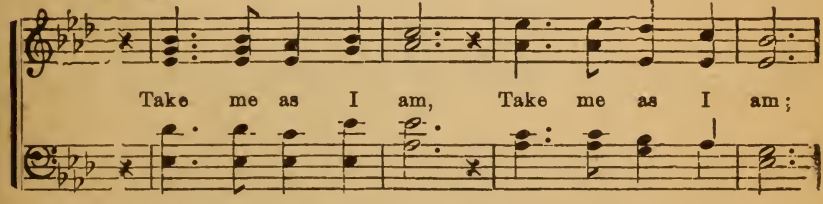
ELIZA H. HAMLITON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

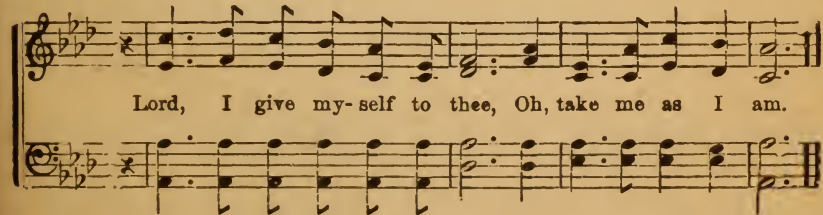




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CHORUS.





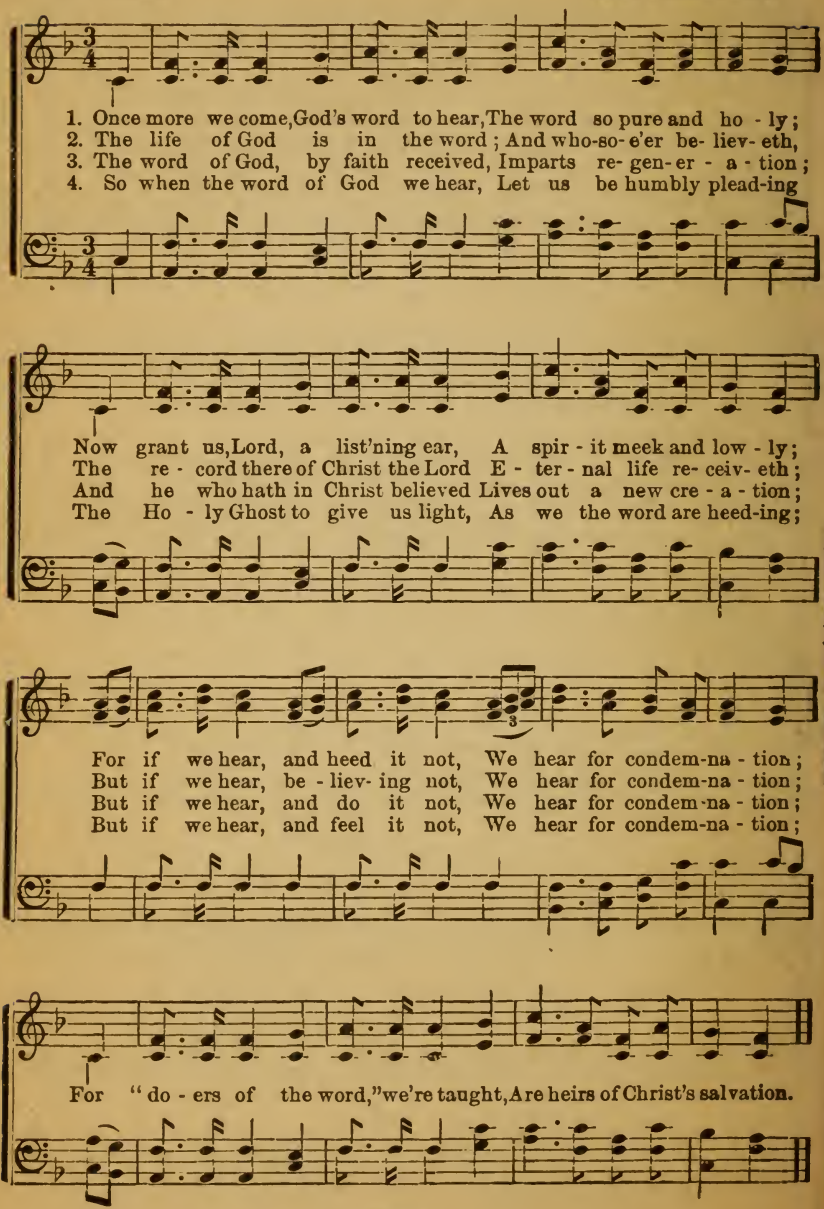
4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in, and by me too,
And take me as I am.

5 And when at last the work is done
The battle fought, the victory won
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am

No. 369. Doers of the Word.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—JAMES 1: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN

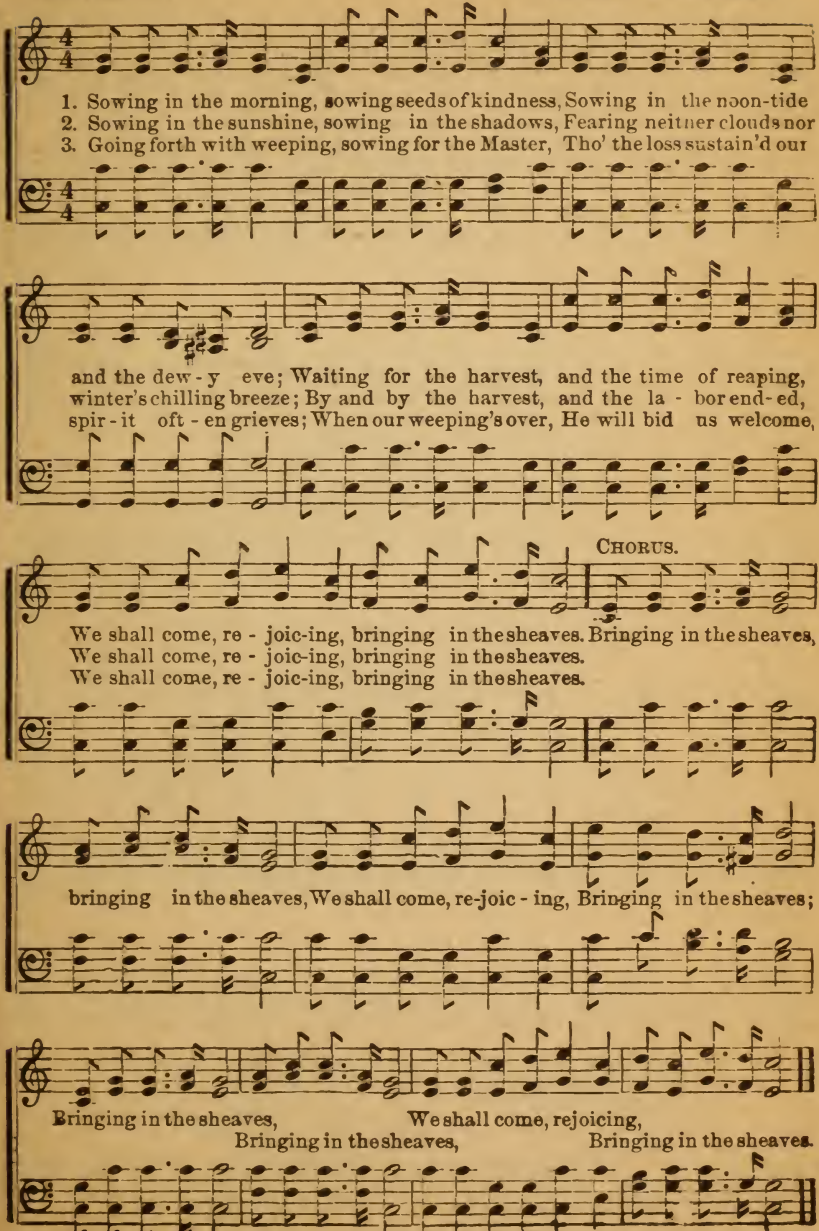


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No. 370. Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13: 39.

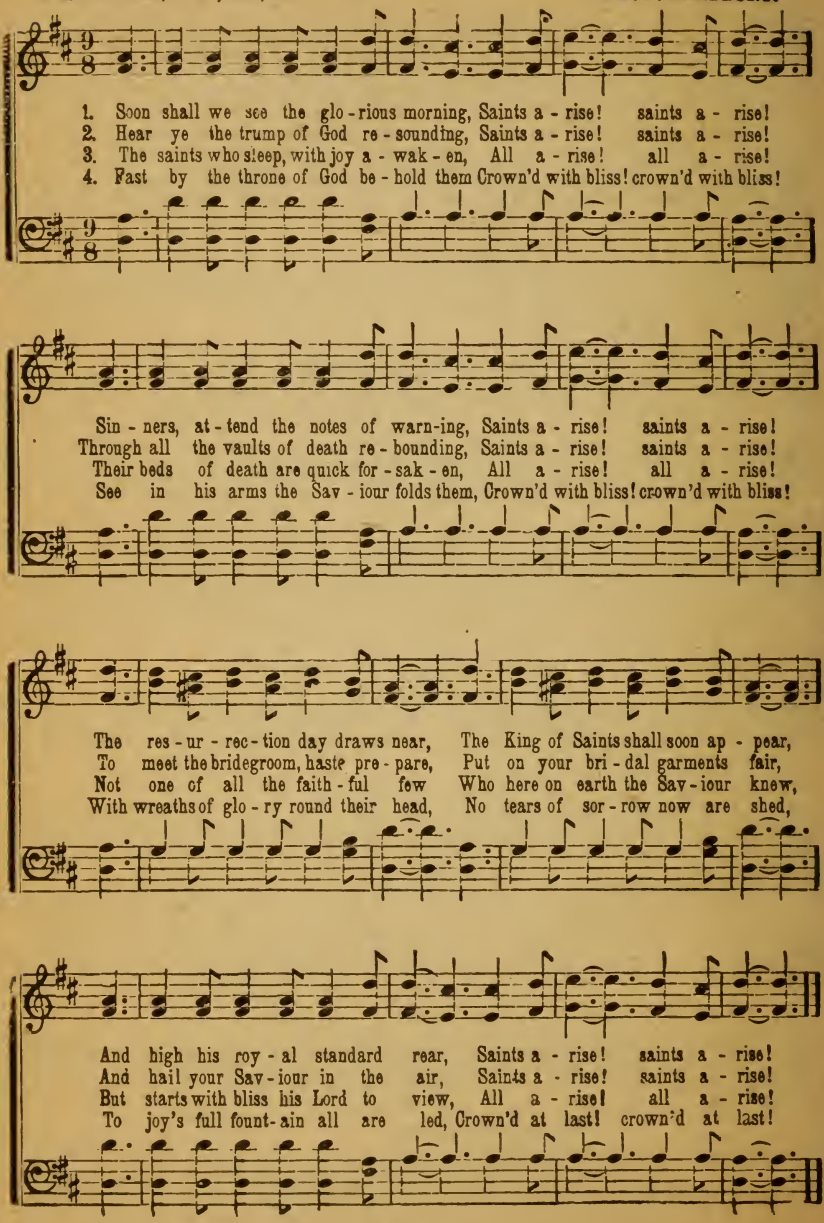
KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.



No. 371. The Glorious Morning.

"And God hath raised up the Lord, and will also raise us up by his own power."—1 Cor. 6: 14.

Wm. Hunter, D. D., 1838, alt. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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No. 372. We Praise Thee and Bless Thee.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord."—Ps. 113: 1.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
For food by the way;
The manna from heaven
Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
Thy word hath gone forth,
That Christ shall be King and
Reign over the earth.

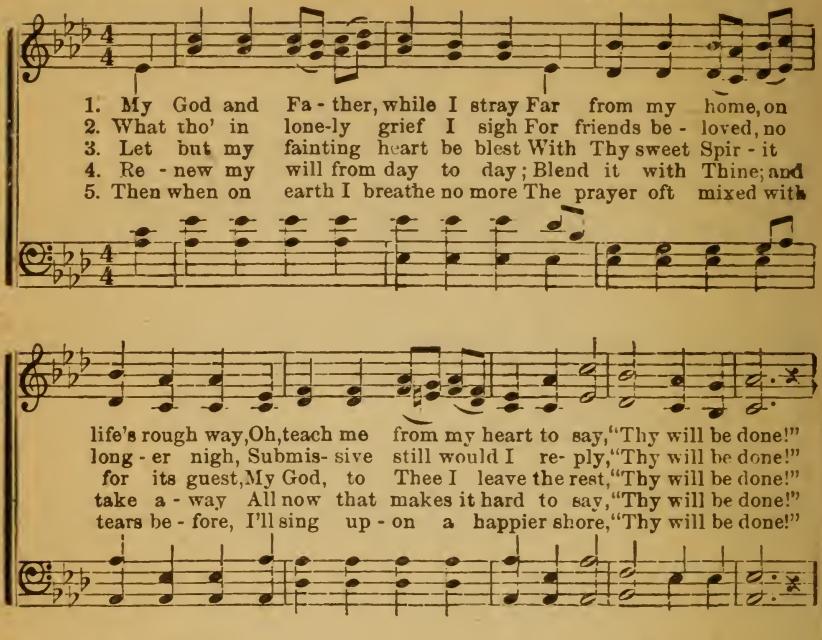
6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
And wait His return
To fulfil every promise
He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
We'll reign with Him then,
To praise Thee and bless Thee
For ever. Amen.

No. 373. Thy Will be Done.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. 6: 10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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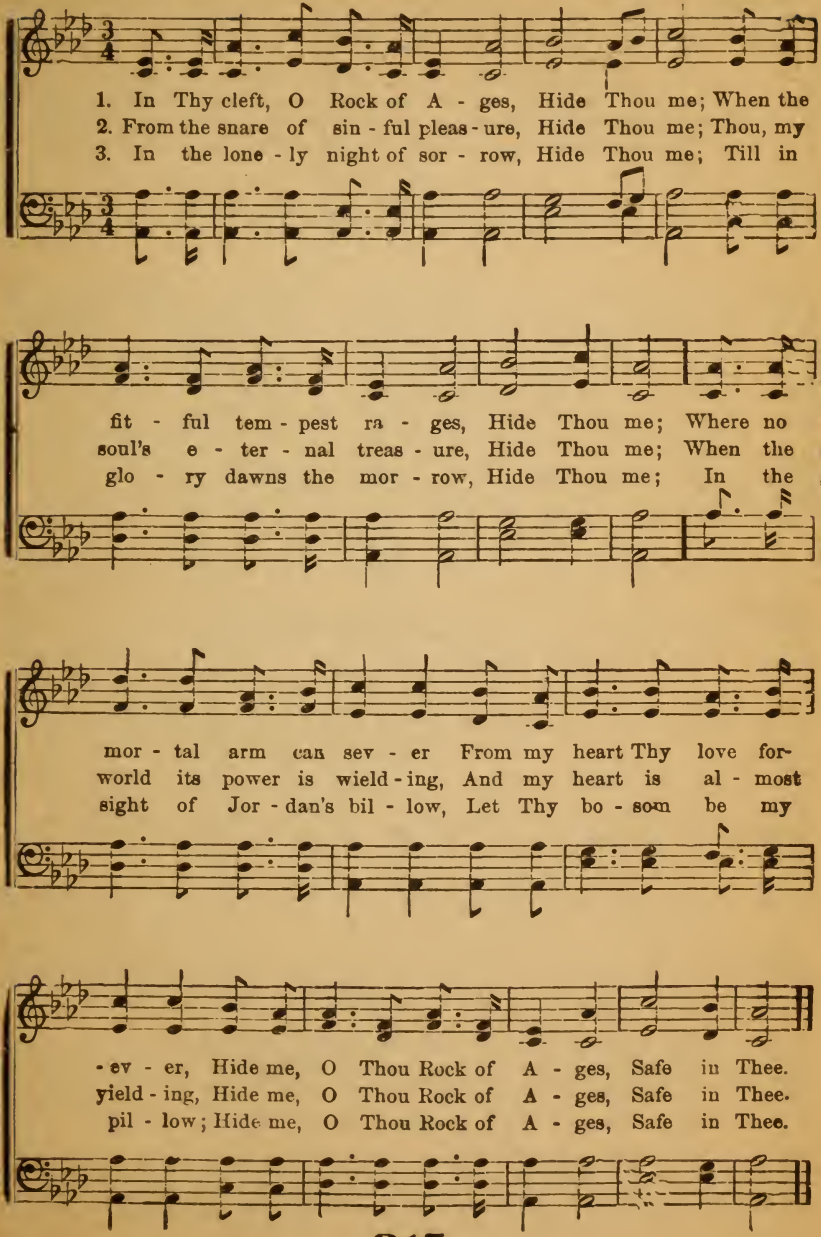
REFRAIN.



No. 374. Hide Thou Me.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



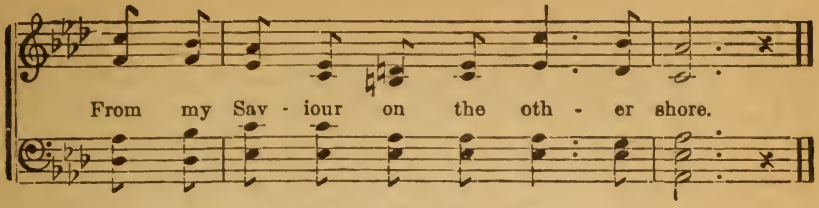
Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

No. 375. Only Waiting.

"The Lord direct your hearts into.....the patient waiting for Christ."—2 THESS. 3 : 5.

W. G. IRVIN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

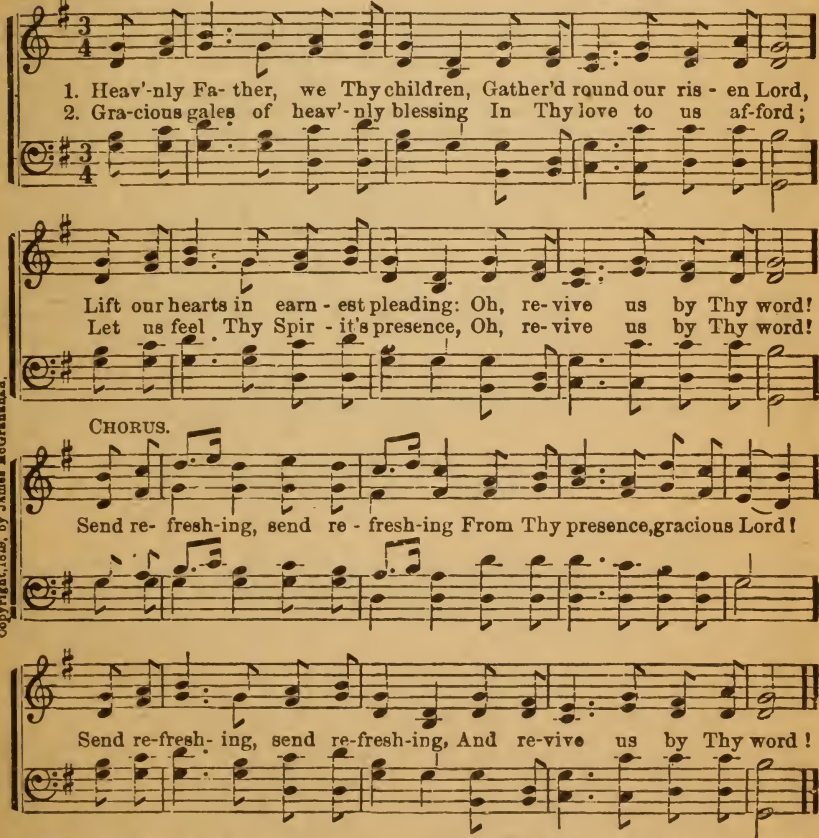




No. 376. Oh, Revive Us by Thy Word.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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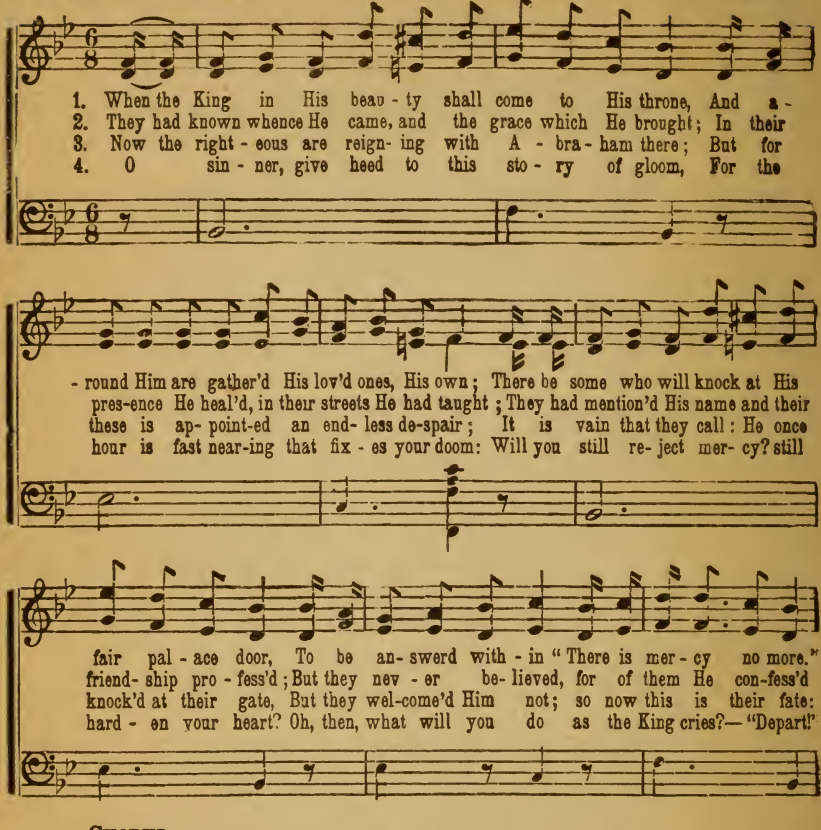
Weak and weary in the conflict,
"Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
Help us, Lord, as faint we falter;
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

4 With Thy strength, O Master, gird us;
Be our Guide and be our Guard:
Fill us with Thy holy Spirit,
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

No. 377. I Never Knew You.

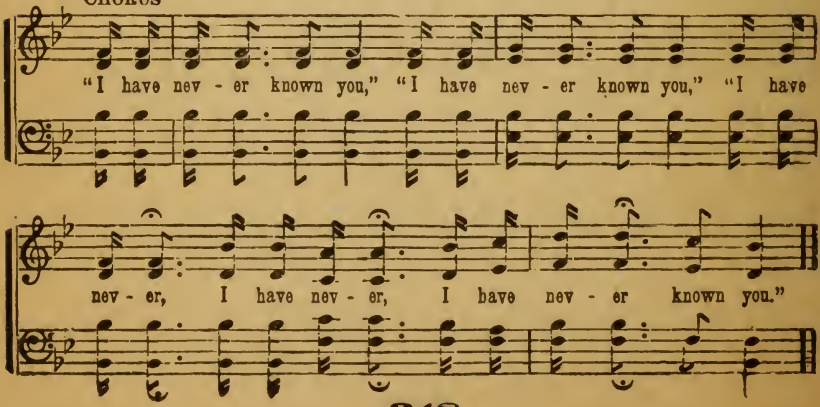
"I never knew you: depart from Me."—MATT. 7 : 23.

MRS. G. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.



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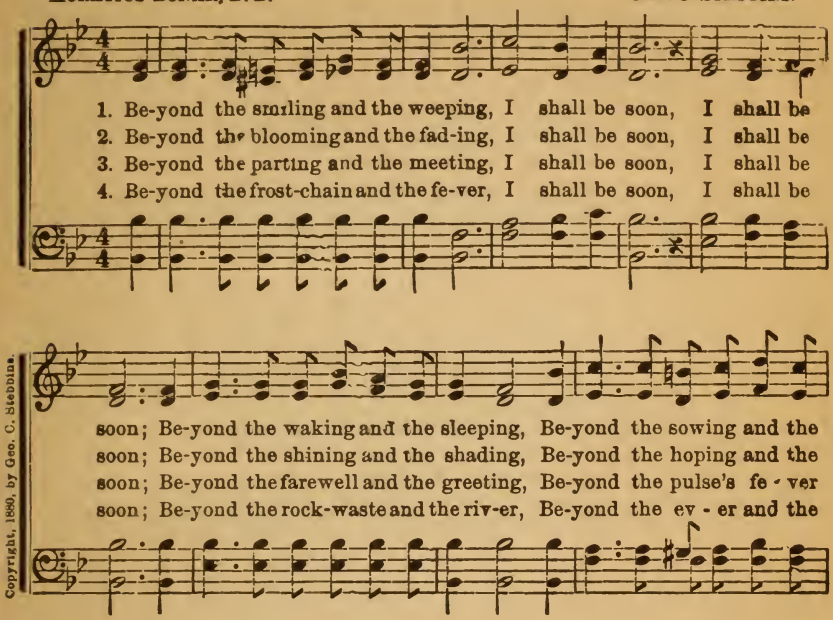
CHORUS



No. 378. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. 21: 4.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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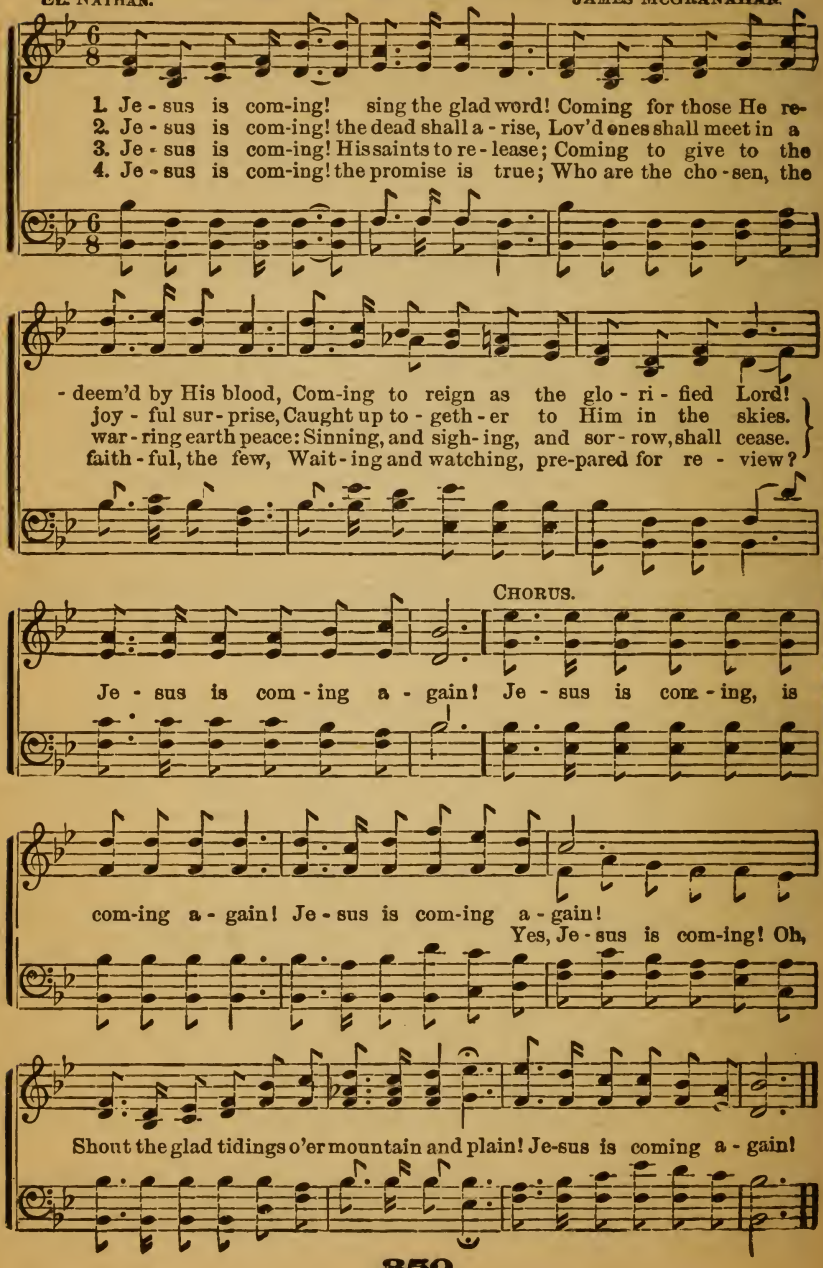
Refrain.



No. 379. Jesus is Coming.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven."—1 THESS 4: 16.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

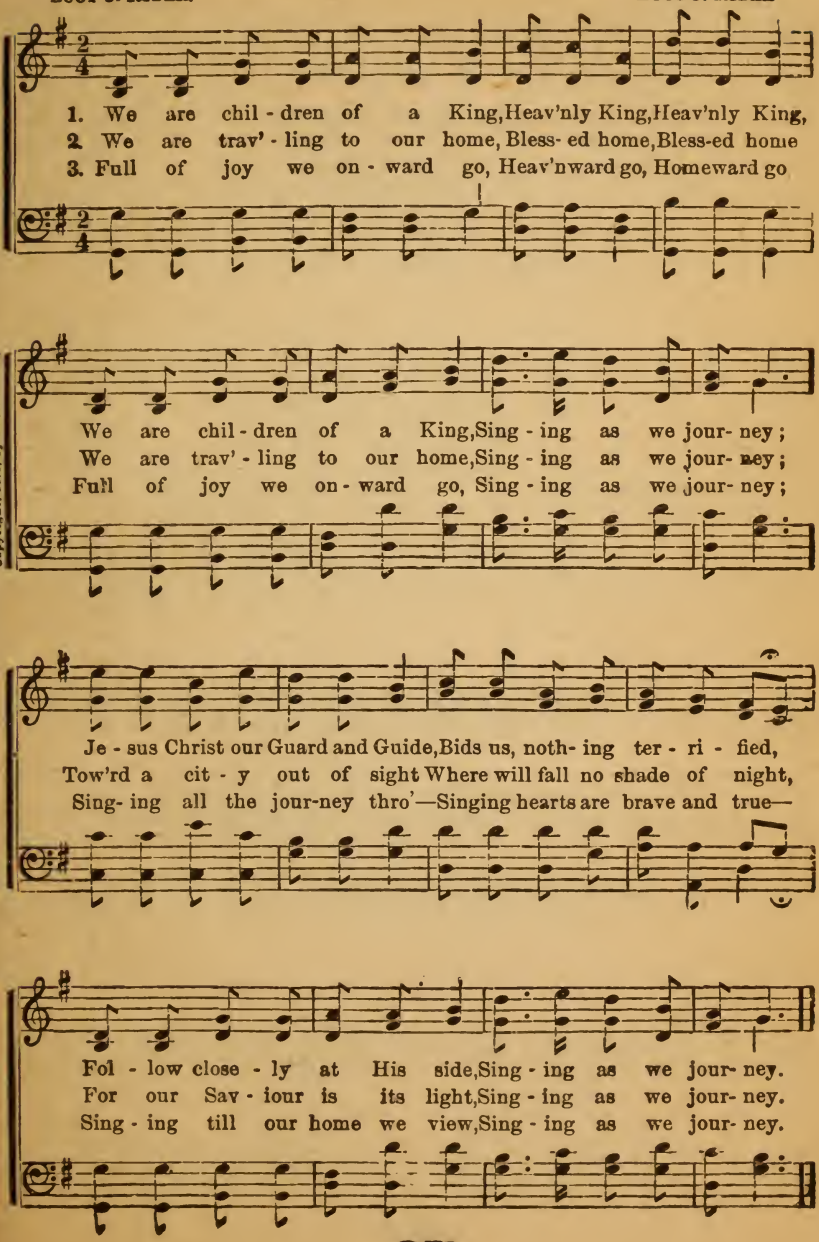


Copyright, 1880, by James McGranahan.

No. 380. Singing as we Journey.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

LUCY J. RIDER. LUCY J. RIDER



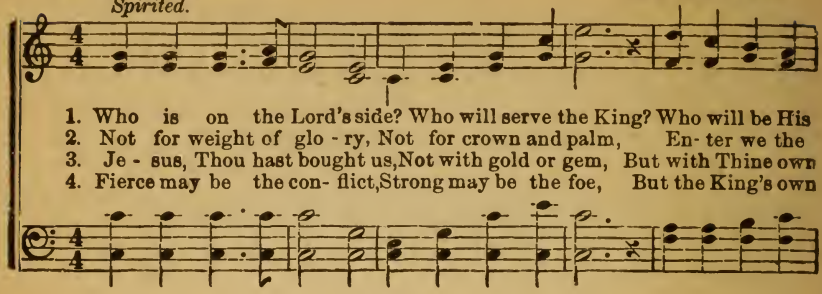
Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell.

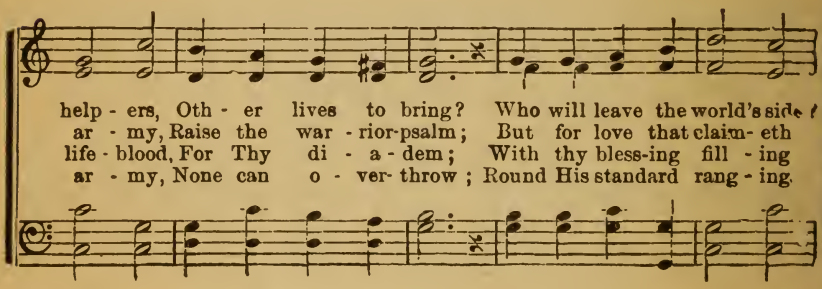
No. 381. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."—1 CHRON. 12: 18.

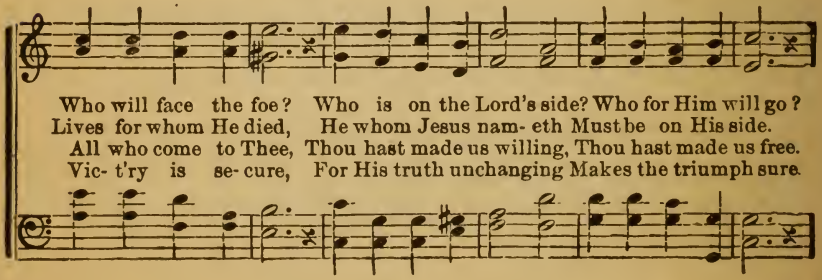
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.

Spirited.

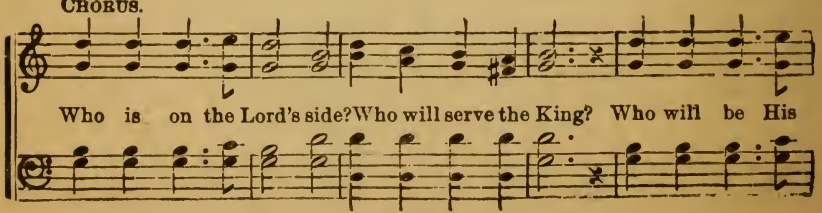


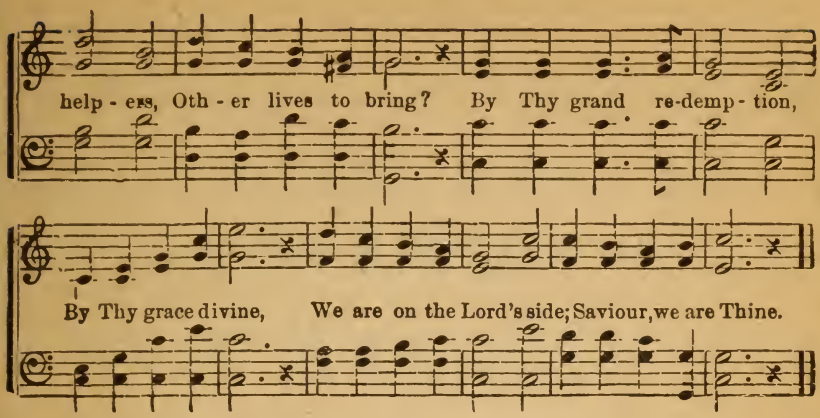


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CHORUS.

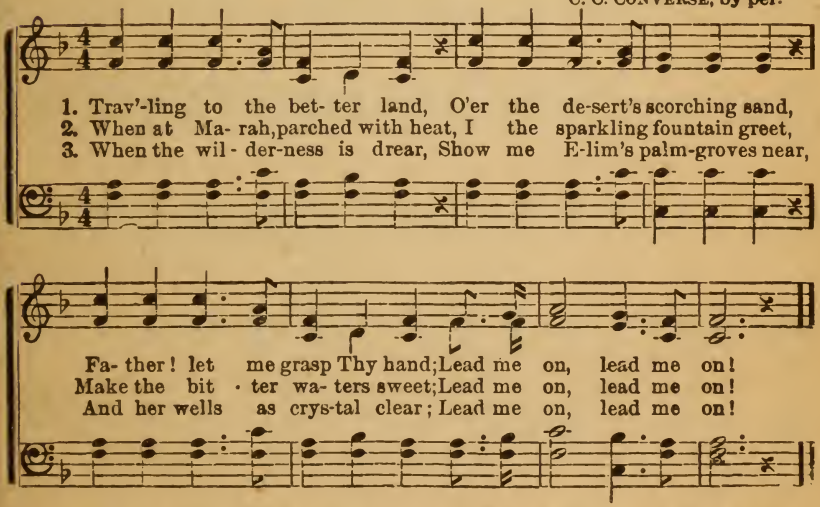




No. 382. Lead me on.

"For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

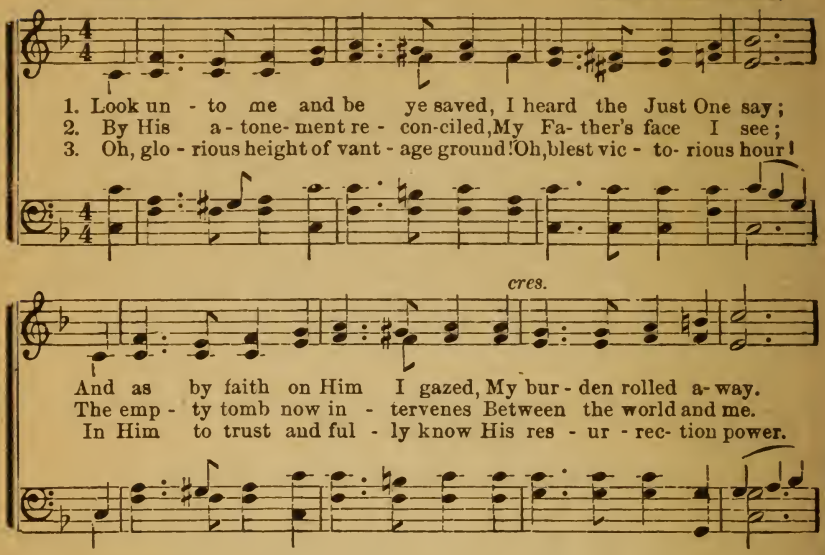
6 When I stand on Jordan's brink
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on

No. 383. I've Passed the Cross.

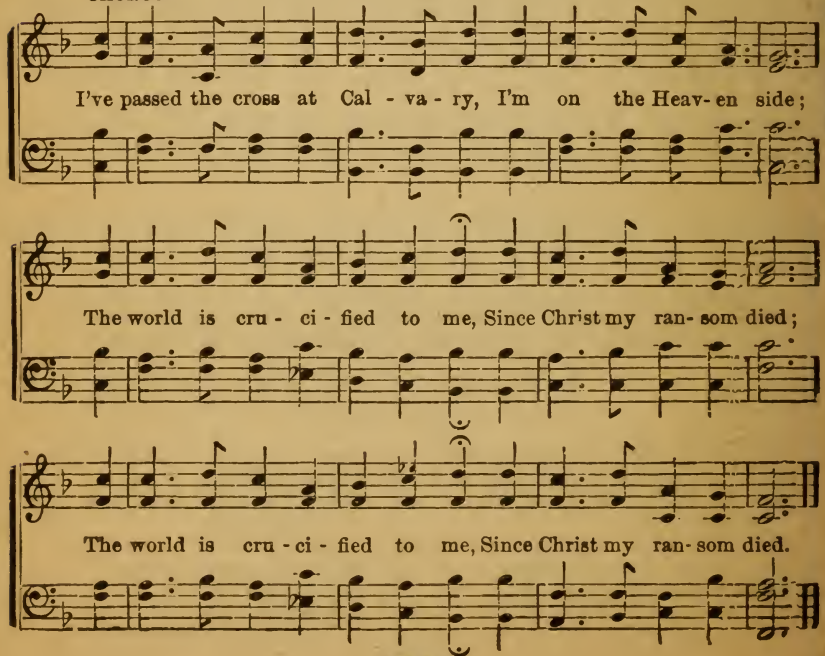
"Passed from death unto life."—JOHN 5: 24.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



Copyright, 1876, by James McGranahan.

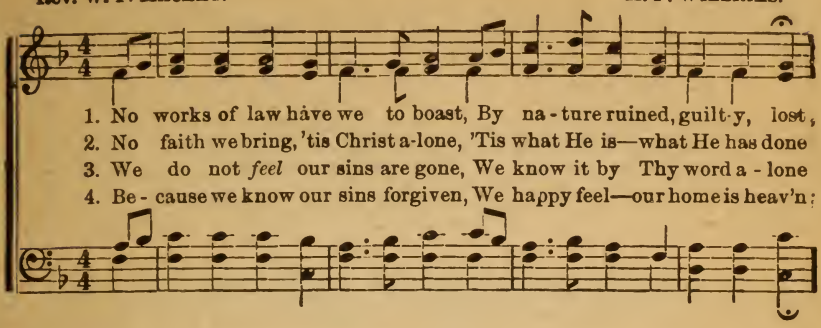
CHORUS.

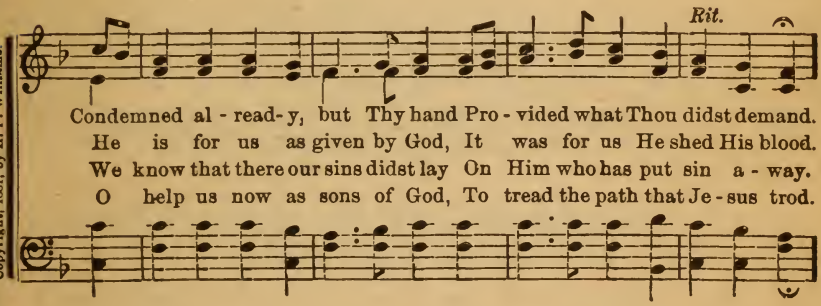


No. 384. We Take the Guilty Sinner's Name.

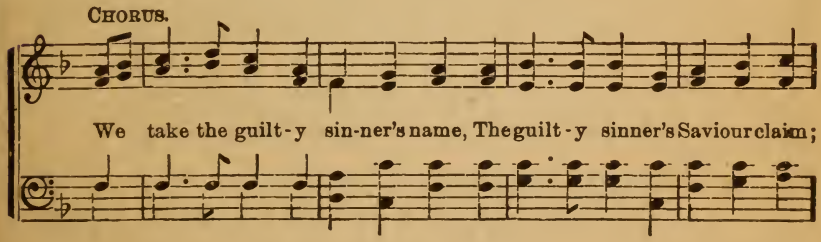
"These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."—1 JOHN 5: 13.

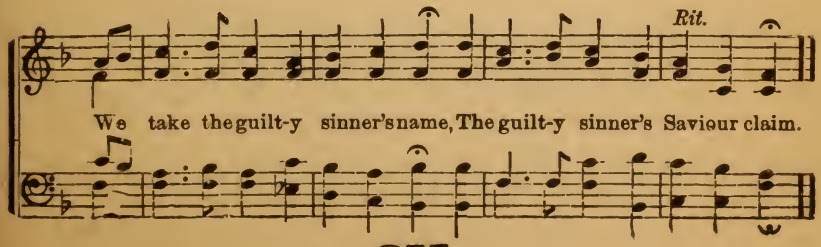
Rev. W. P. MACKAY. H. F. WILLIAMS.





Copyright, 1881, by H. F. Williams.





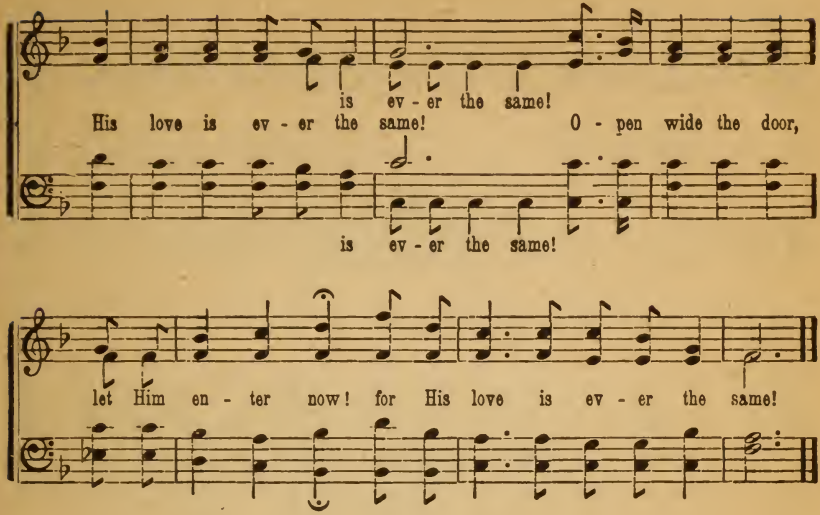
No. 385. He Came to Bethany.

"Then Jesus came to Bethany."—JOHN 12: 1.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



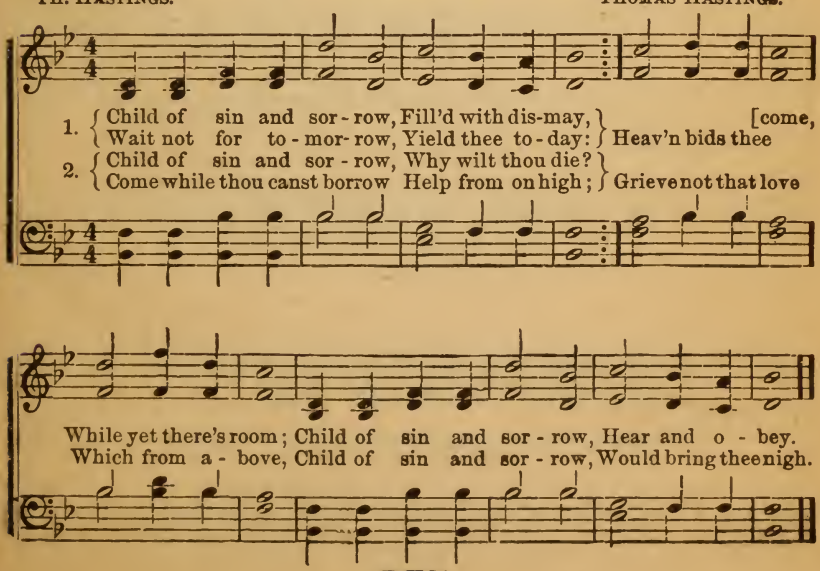
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No. 386. Child of Sin and Sorrow.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

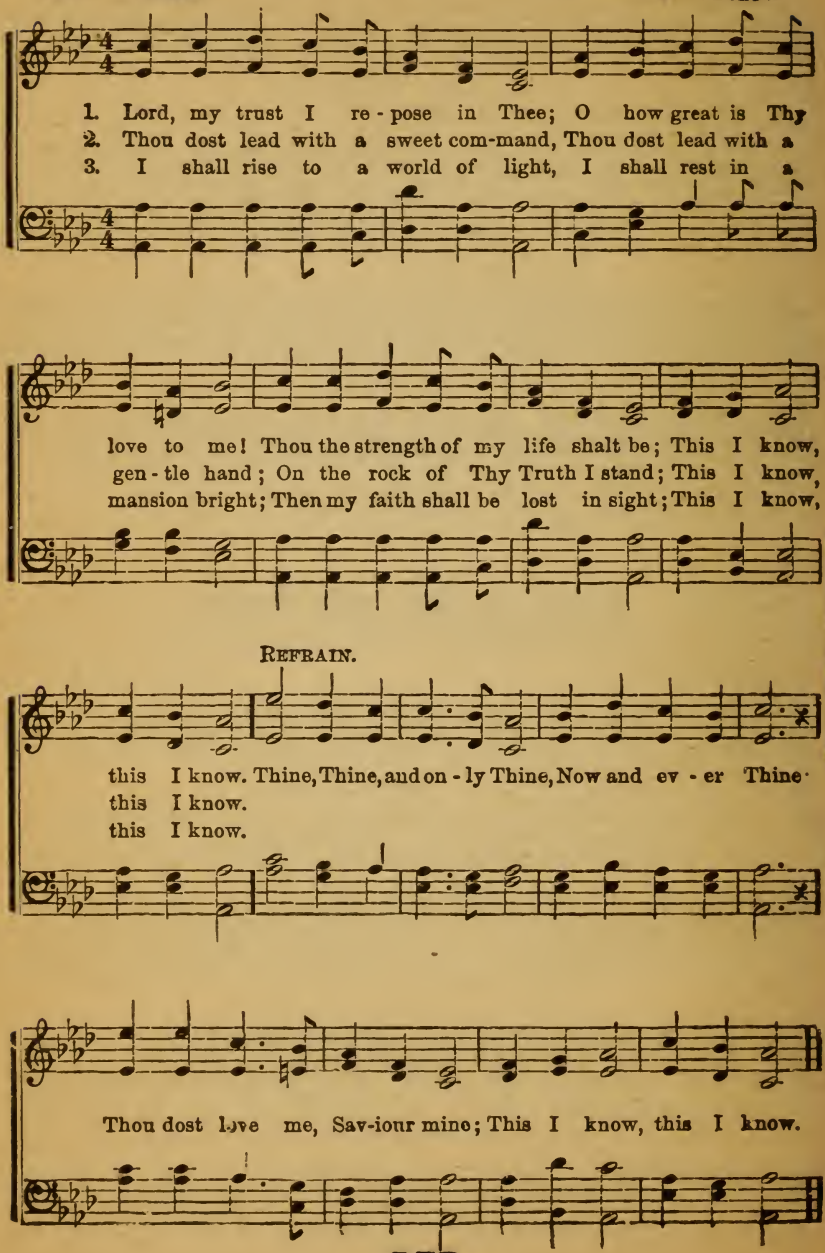
TH. HASTINGS. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 387. This I Know.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. 1 : 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE

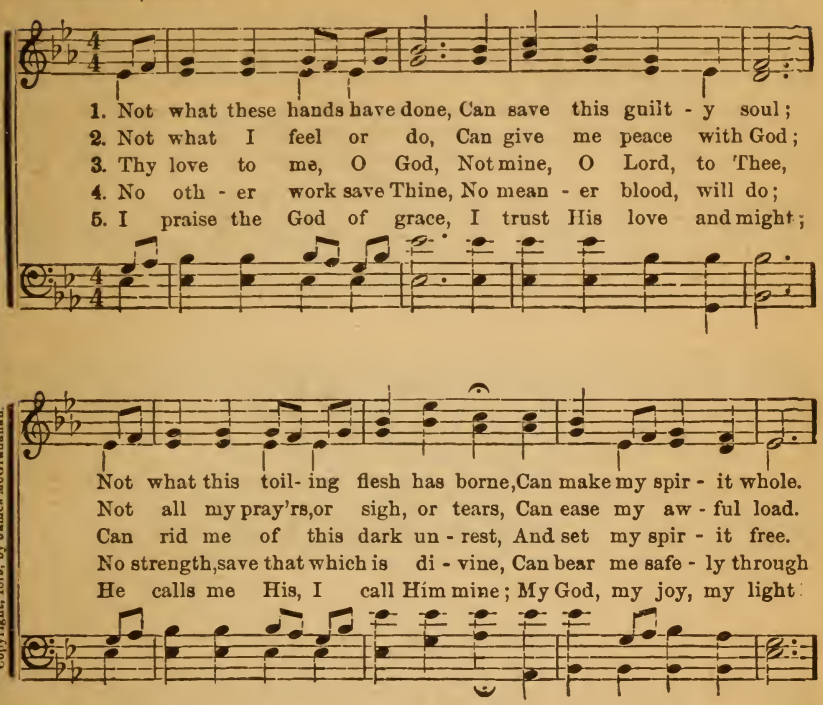


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No. 388. Not what these Hands have Done.

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. 1: 20.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. James McGranahan.

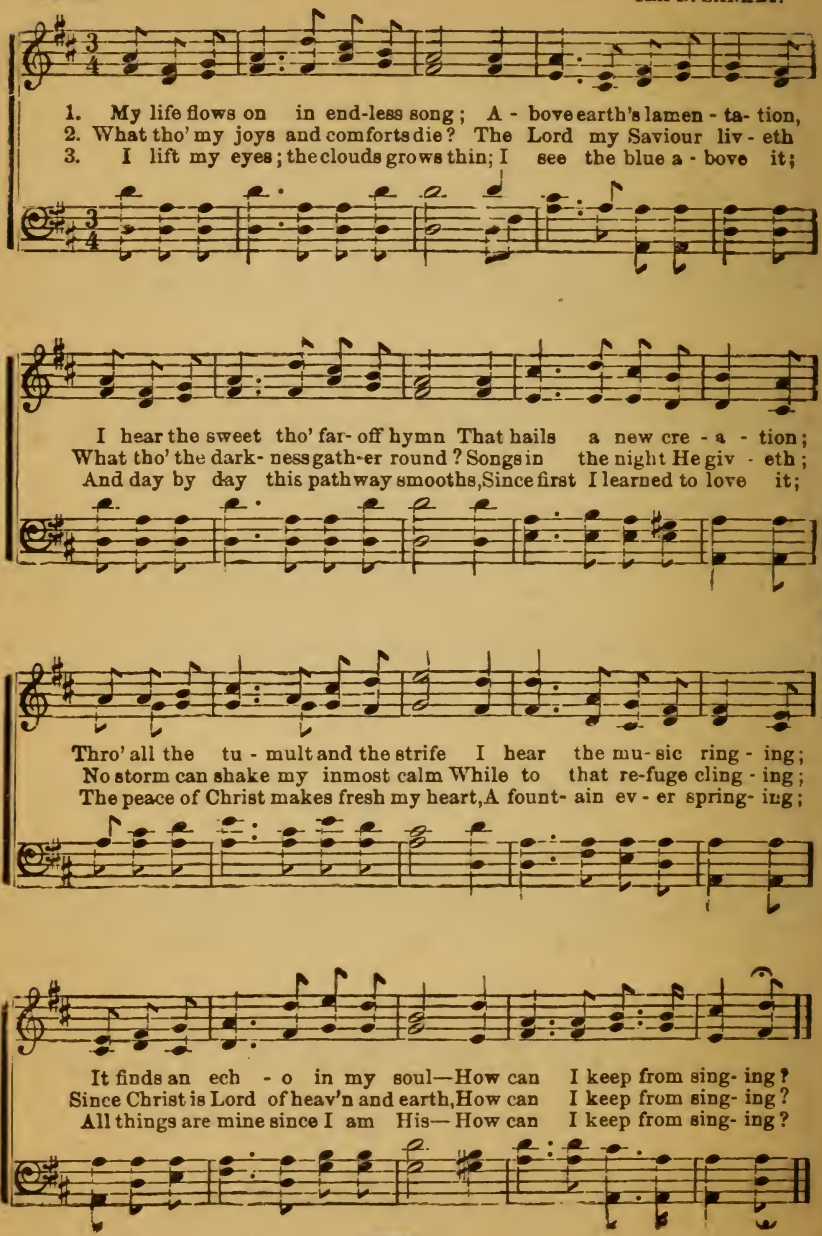


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No. 389. How can I Keep from Singing?

"I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being."—Ps. 146: 2.

ANON. IRA D. SANKEY.

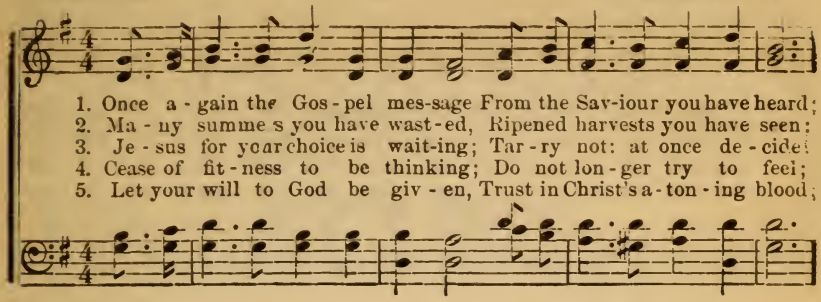


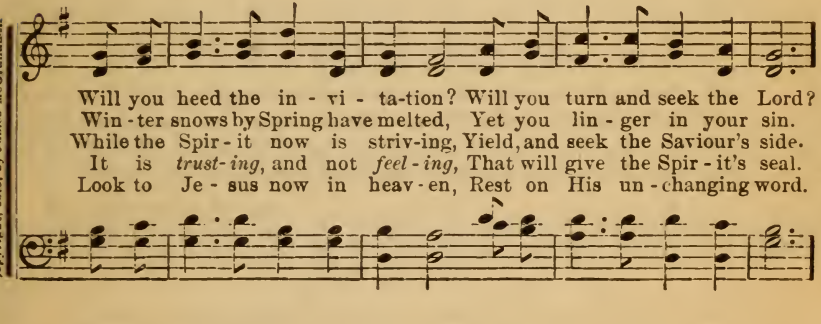
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No. 390. Come Believing!

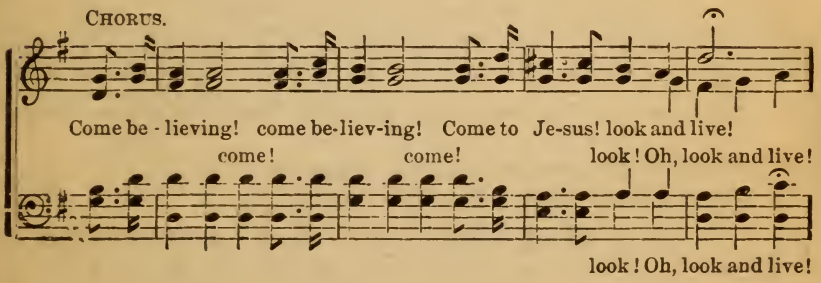
"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

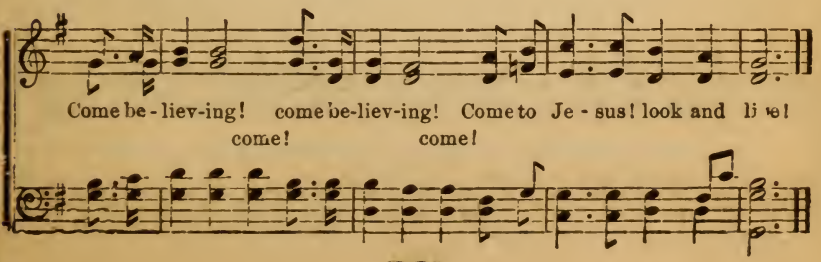
EL. NATHAN JAS. McGRANAHAN.





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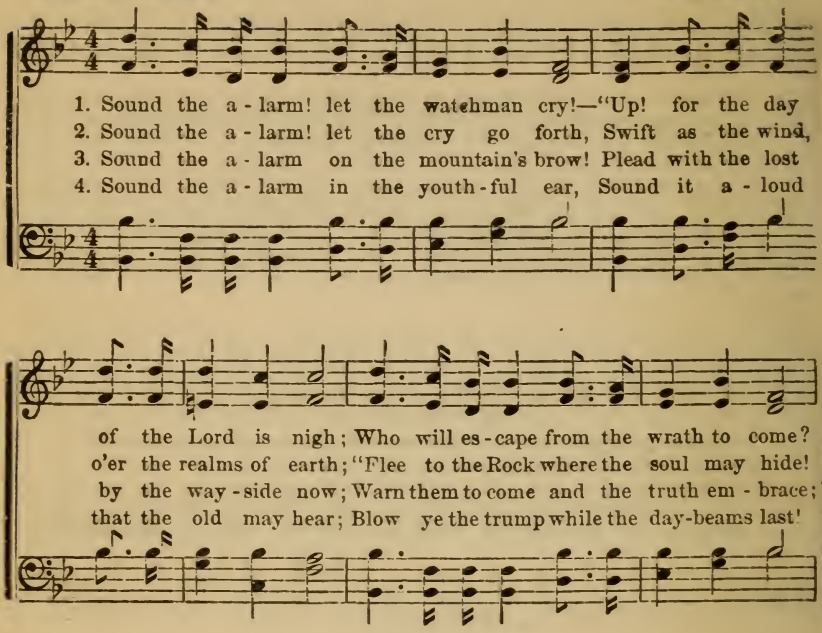




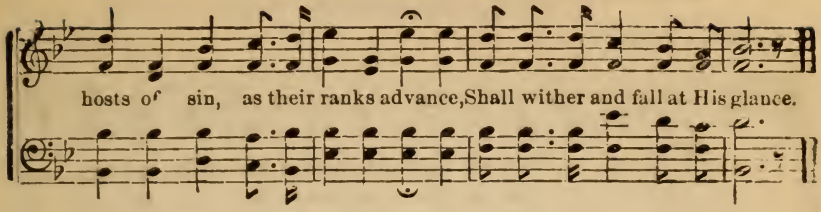
No. 391. Sound the Alarm!

"Sound an alarm!"—JOEL 2: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



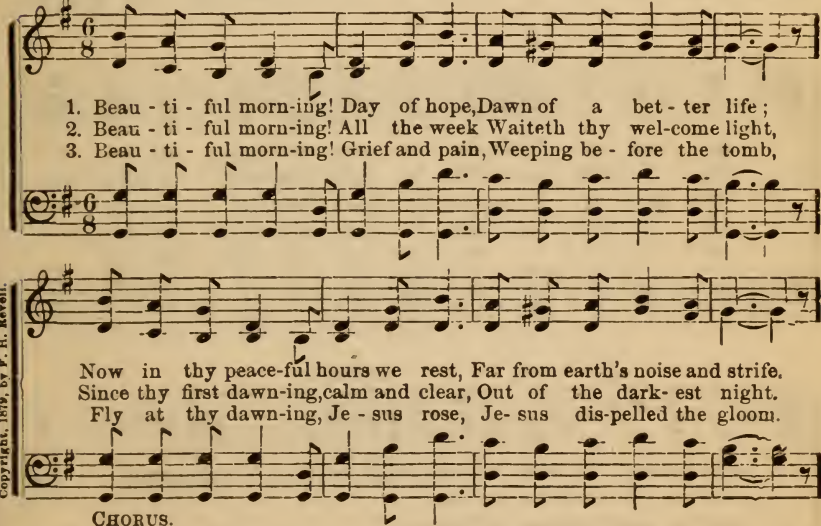
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No. 392. Beautiful Morning.

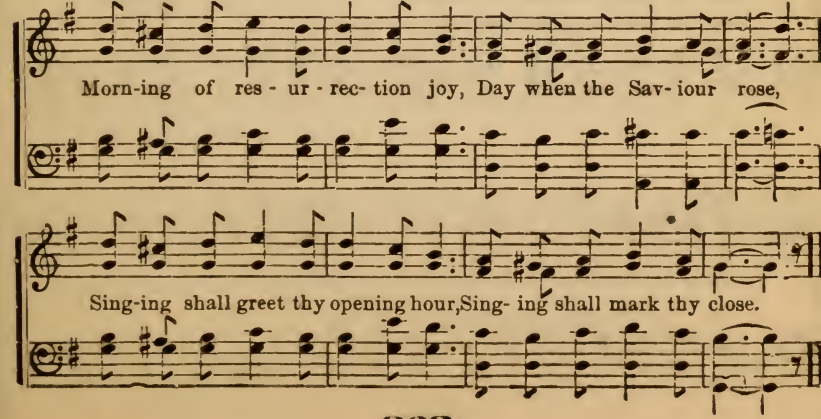
"He is not here but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

ANON. LUCY J. RIDER.



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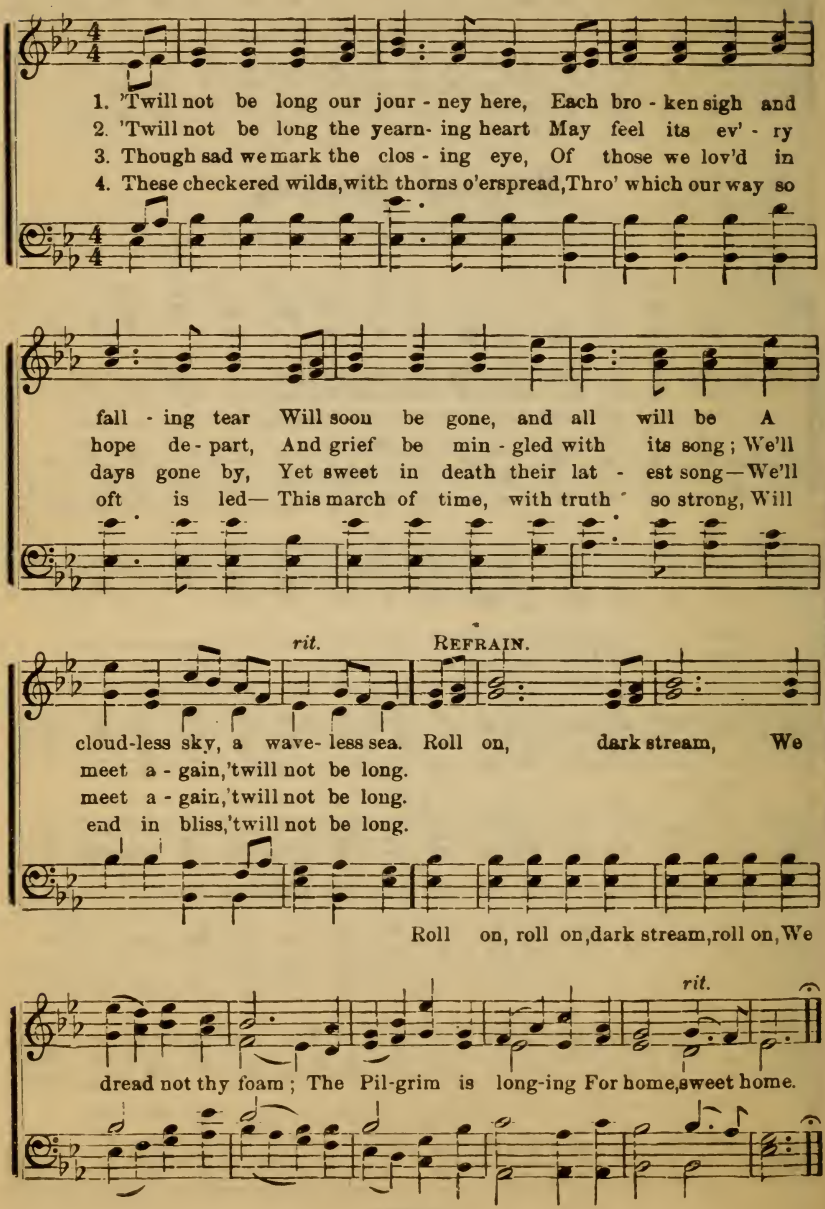
CHORUS.



No. 393. 'Twill not be Long.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

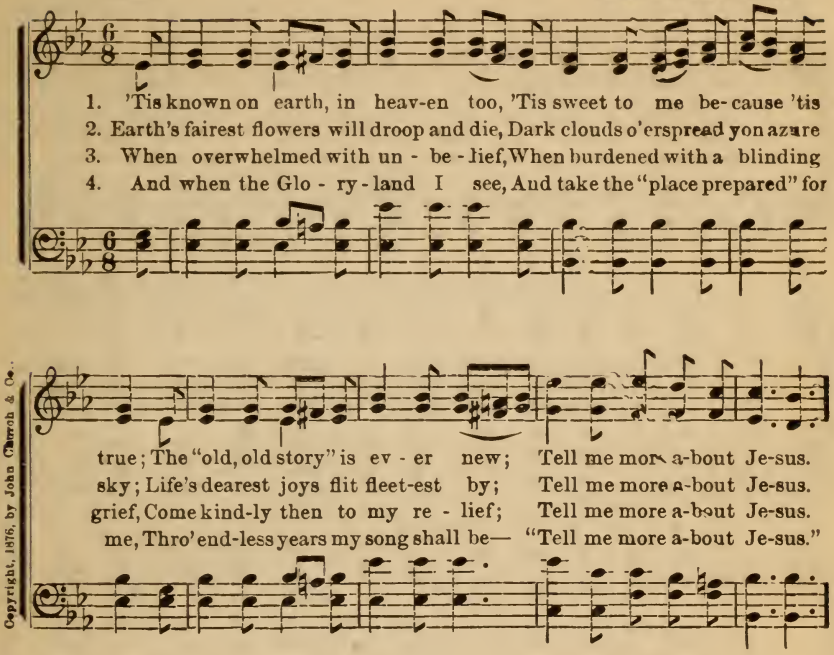


Copyrighted in "Silver Spray," 1869, by W. H. Doane.

No. 394. Tell me more about Jesus.

"That I may know Him."—PHIL. 3: 10.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

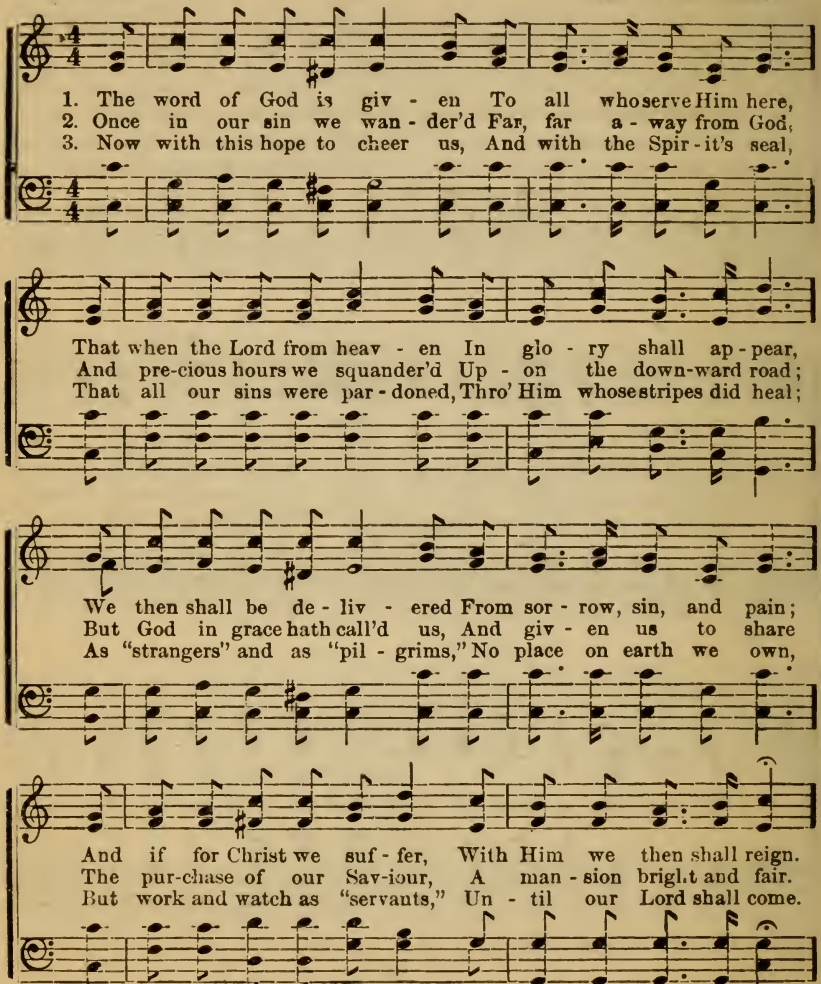


Copyright, 1876, by John Church & Co.

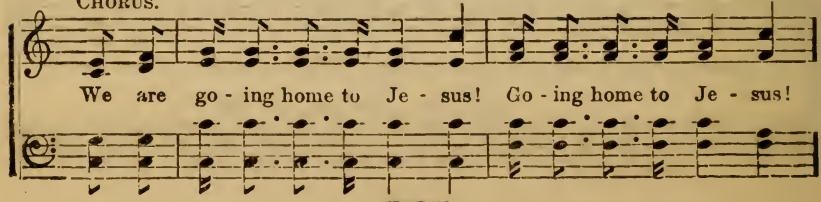
No. 335. We'll gather there in Glory by and by.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. 3: 4.

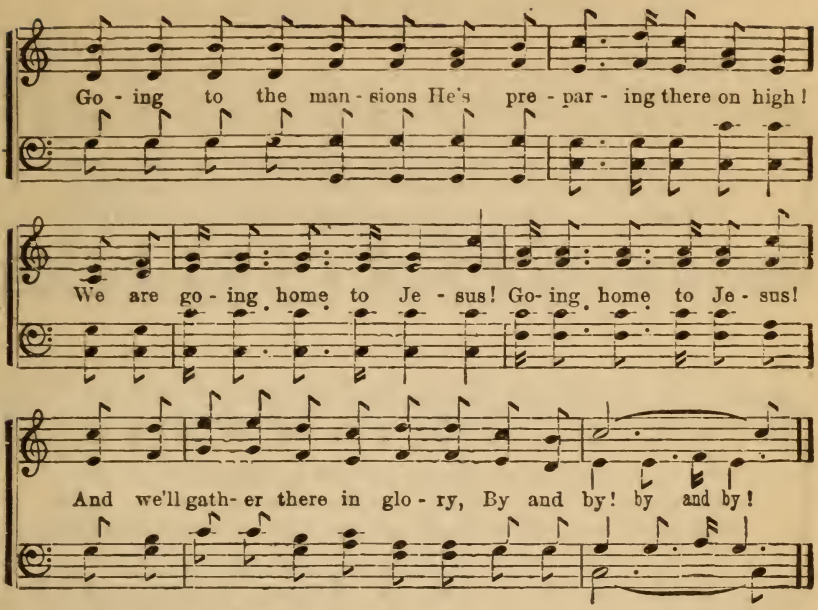
EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



CHORUS.



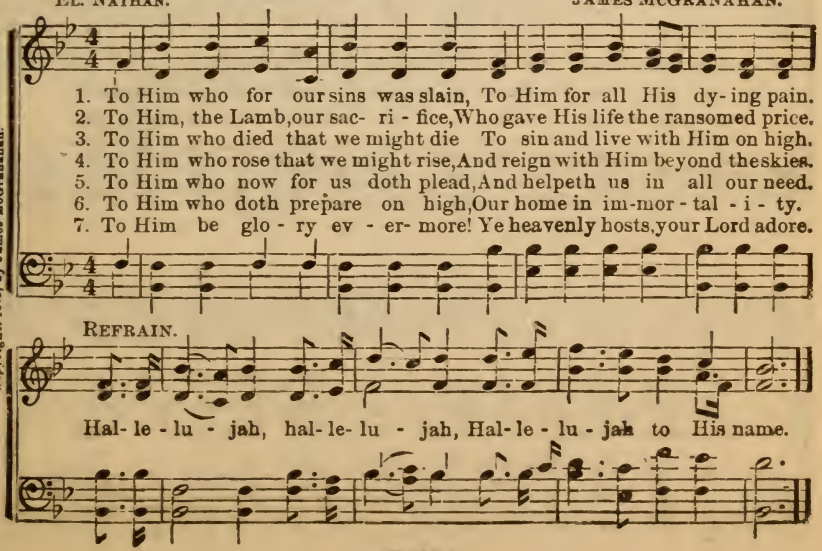
Copyright, 1874, by James McGranahan.



No. 396. To Him be Glory evermore.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."—REV. 5; 9.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



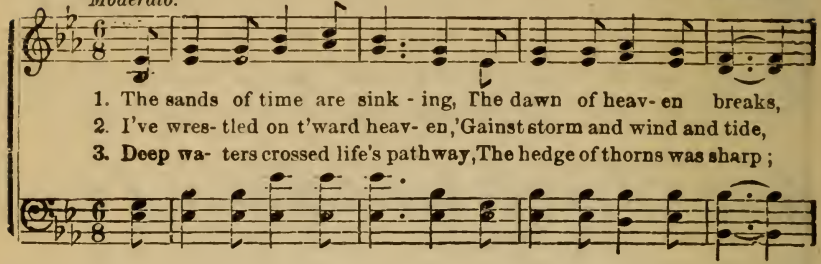
Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.

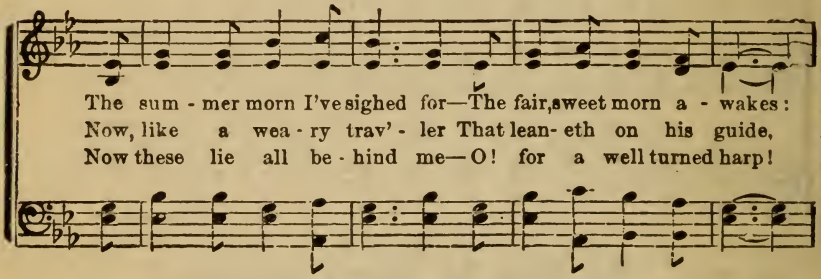
No. 397. The Sands of Time.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

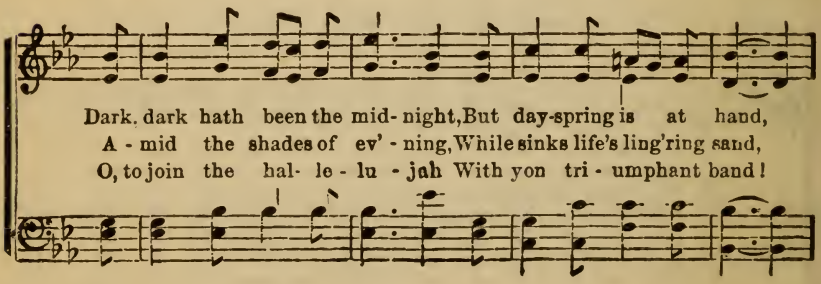
Mrs. A. R. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey.

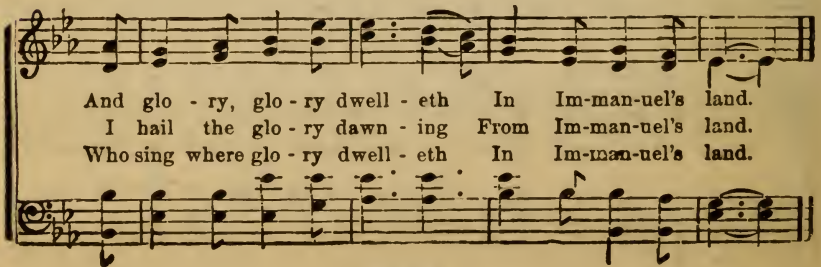
Moderato.





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No. 398. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. Sam. Medley. James McGranahan.

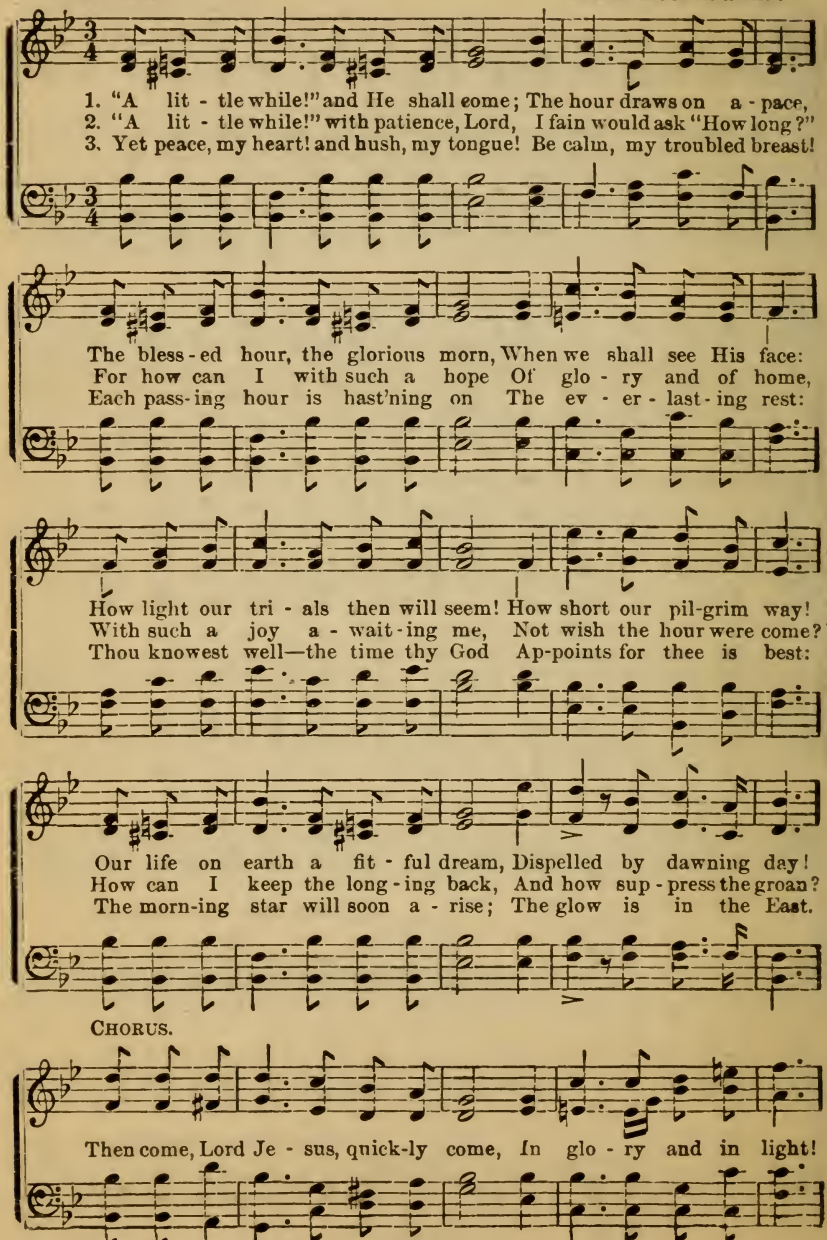


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No. 399. A Little While.

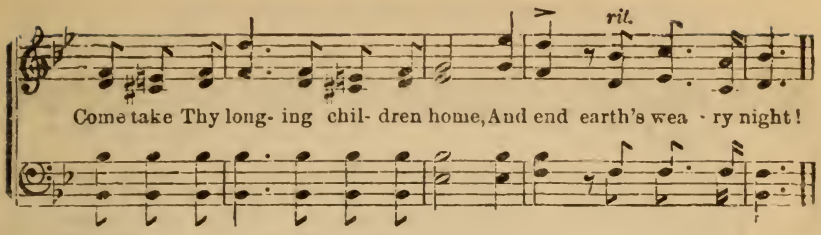
"Yet a little while; and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10. 37.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.



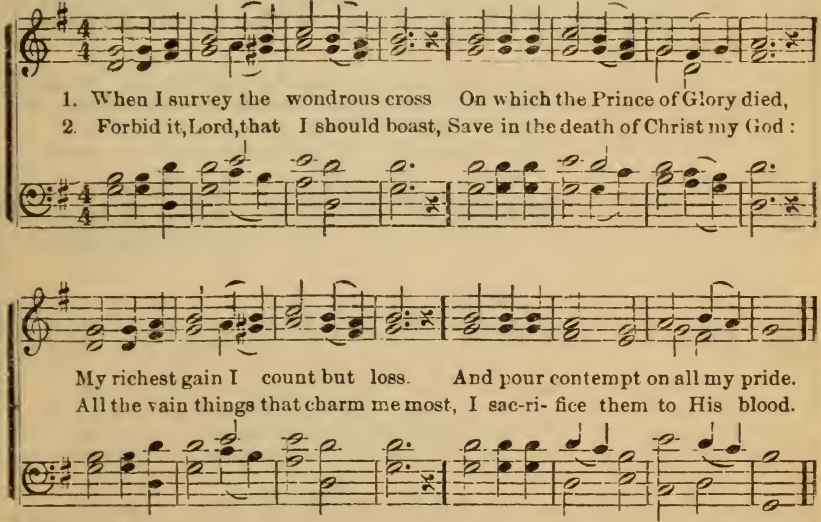
Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.

A Little While.—Concluded.



No. 400. Hamburg.

ISAAC WATTS. Ad. by LOWELL MASON.



3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—o—

No. 401.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, loving attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He
With garments dyed on Calvary.

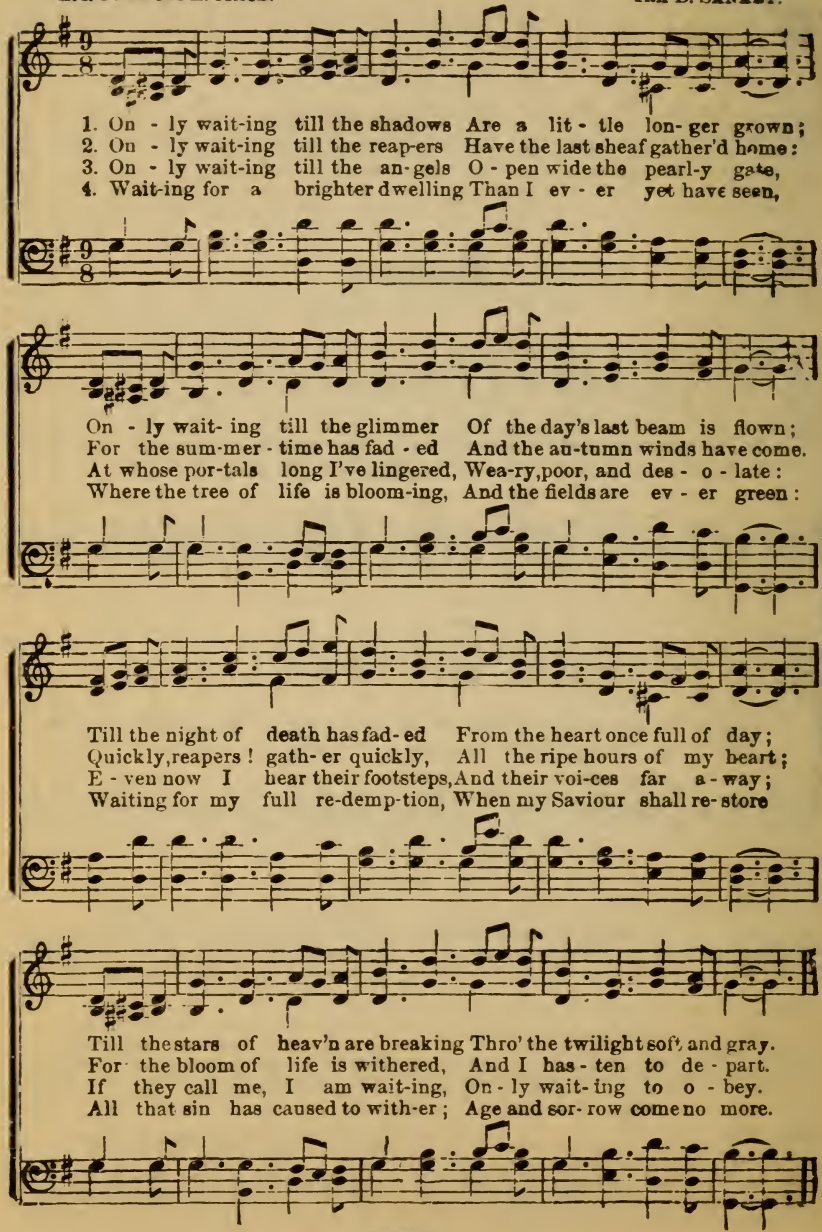
4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin;
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

J. Gilo

No. 402. Waiting.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1: 7.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE. IRA D. SANKEY.



Copyright, 1878, by Biglow & Main.

No. 403. Is your Lamp Burning?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16.

MRS. E. M. H. GATES. C. C. WILLIAMS.

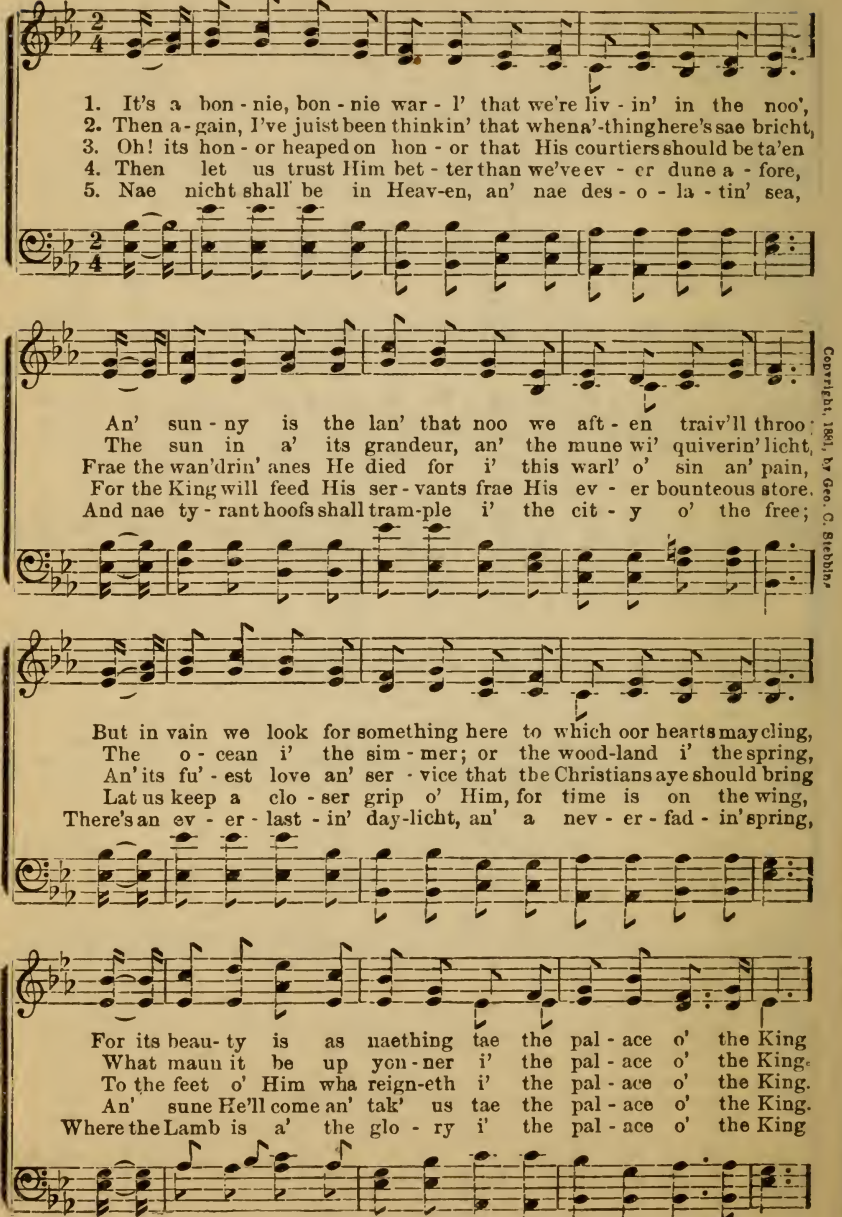


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No. 404. The Palace o' the King.

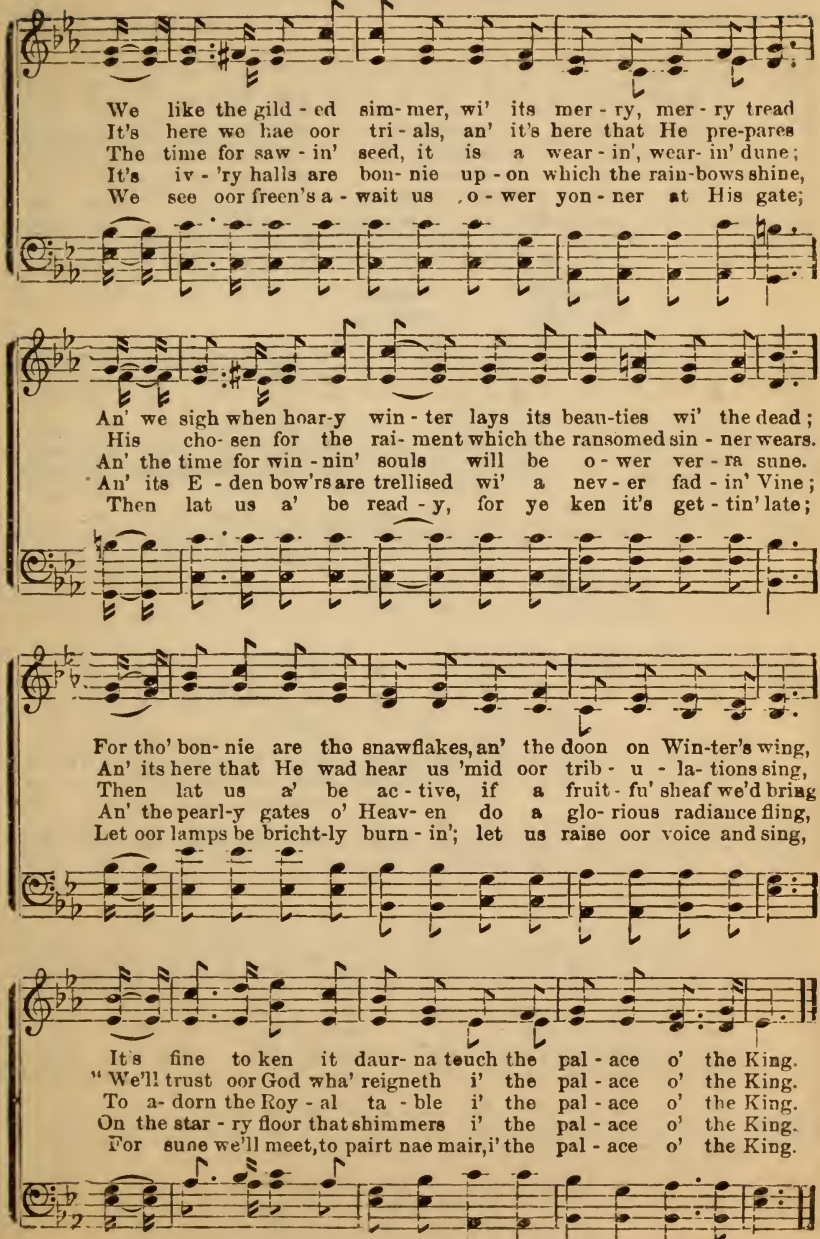
"In thy presence is fullness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

WILLIAM MITCHELL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

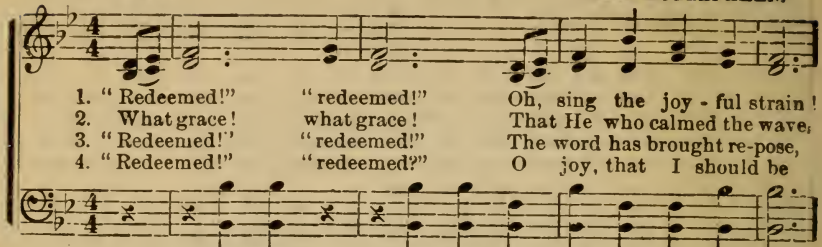
The Palace o' the King.—Concluded.

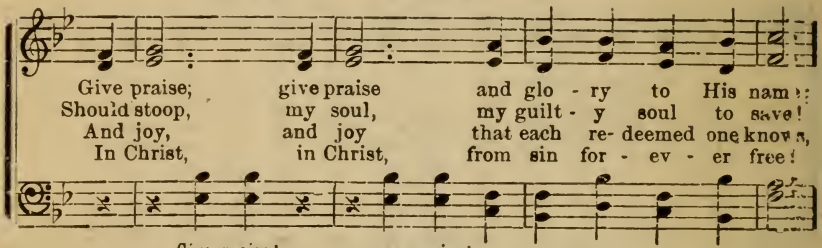


No. 405. Redeemed.

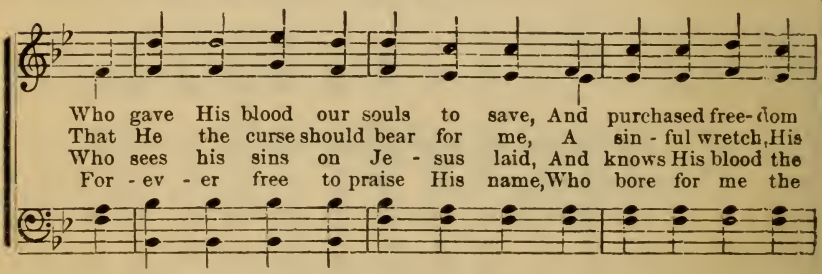
"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

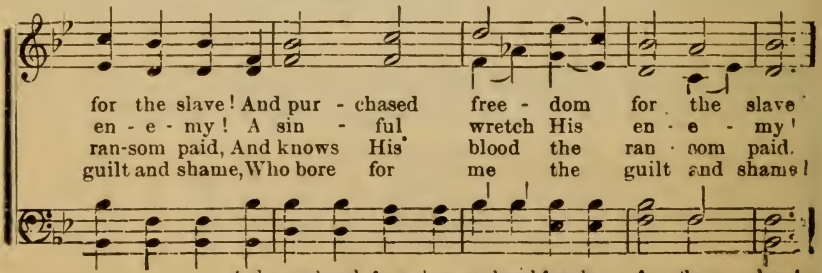
EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





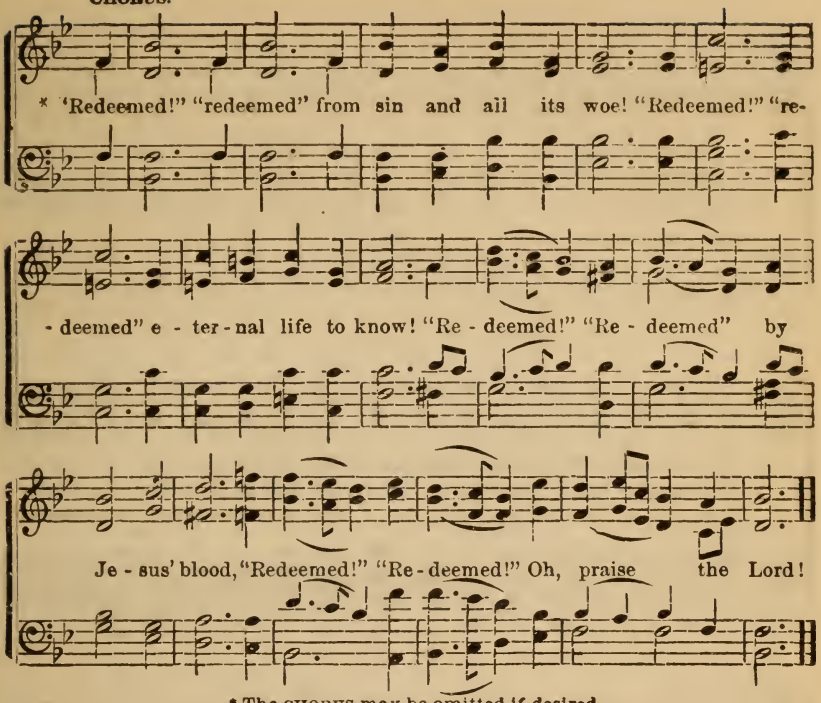
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Redeemed.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

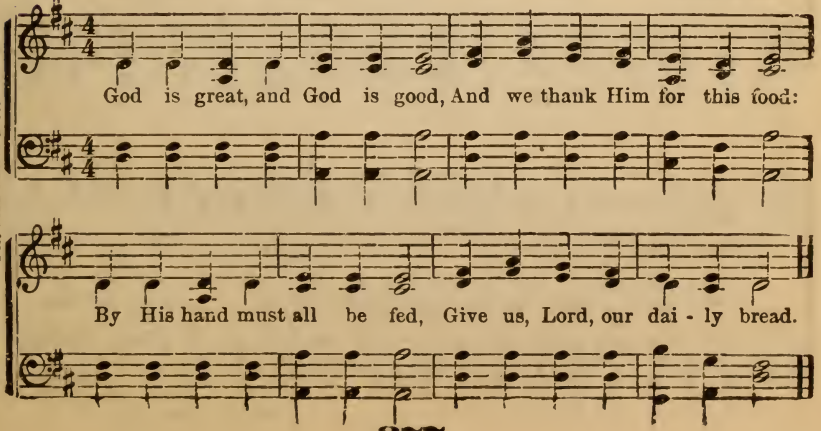


* The CHORUS may be omitted if desired.

No. 406. Grace before Meals.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."—Ps. 145: 15.

P. P. BLISS.



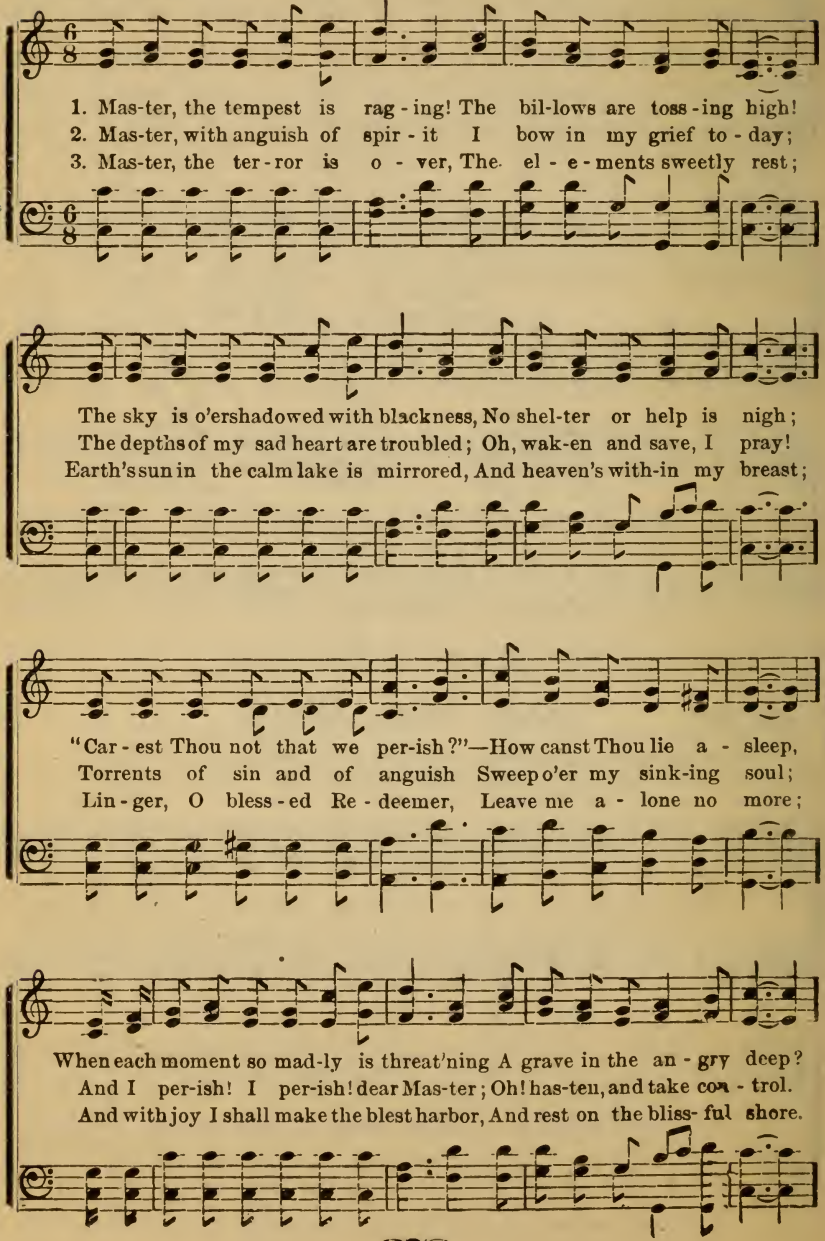
Per. John Church & Co.

No. 407.

Peace! Be Still!

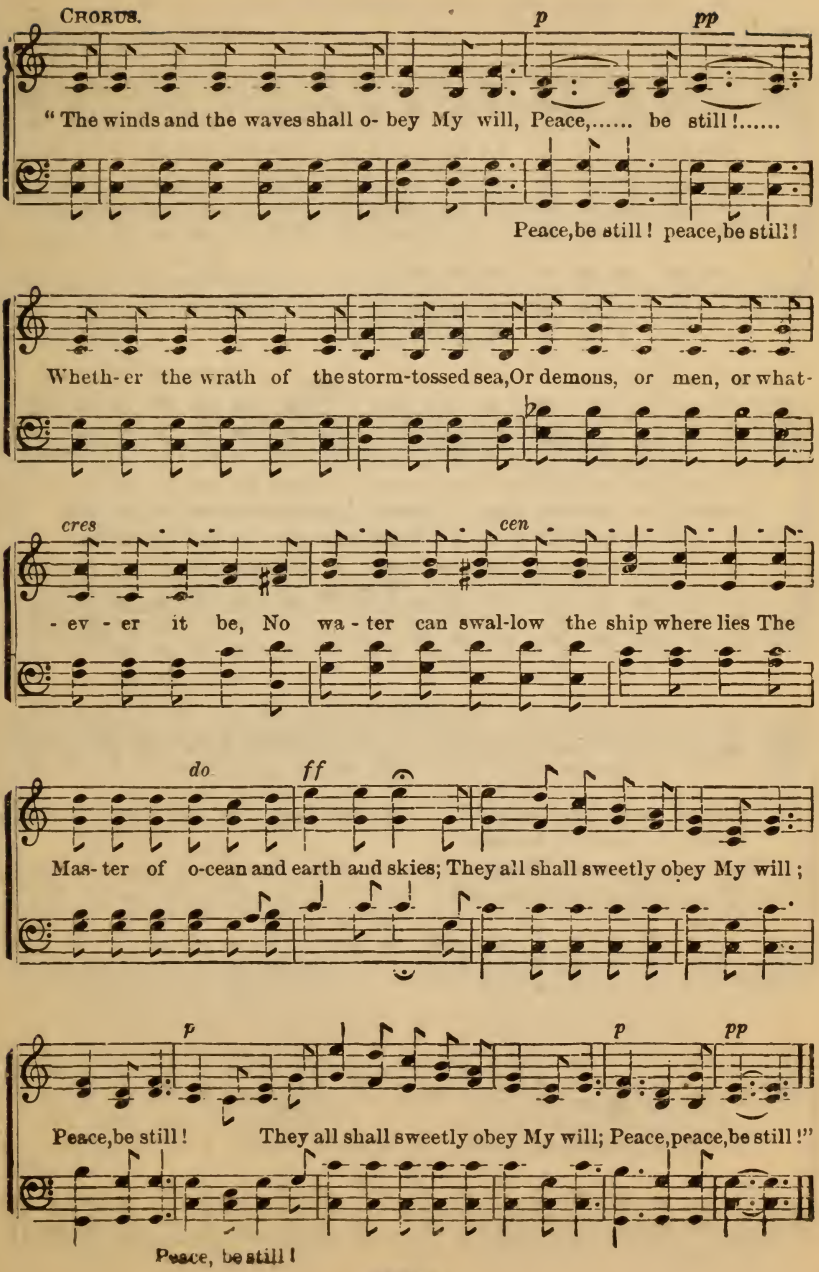
"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—MARK 4. 39.

Miss M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.



Copyright, 1874, by John Church & Co.

Peace! Be Still!—Concluded.



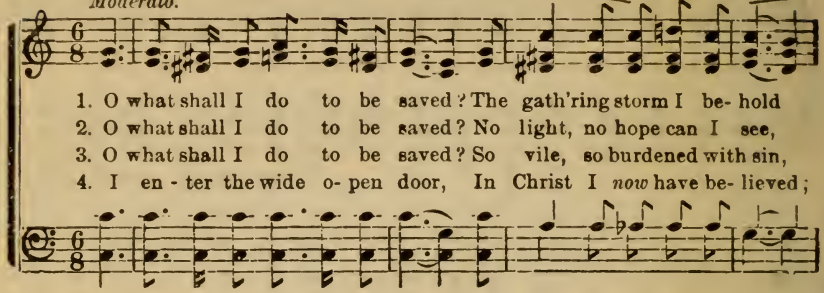
No. 408

I am the Door.

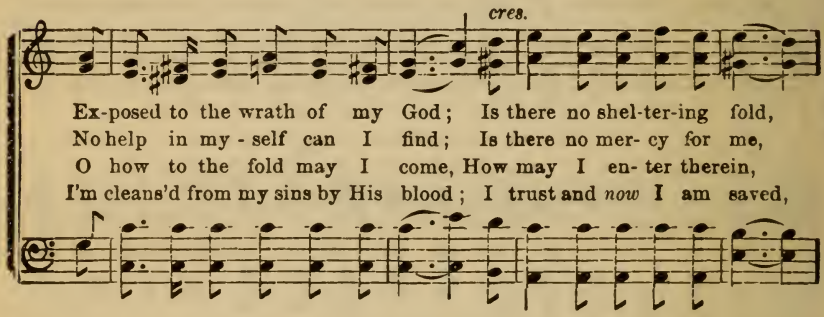
"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—JOHN 10: 9.

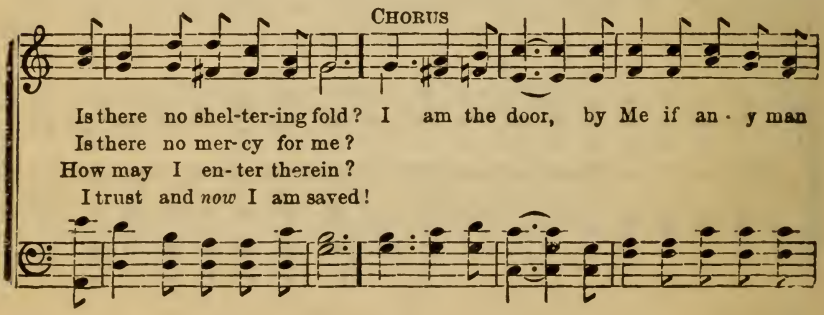
EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

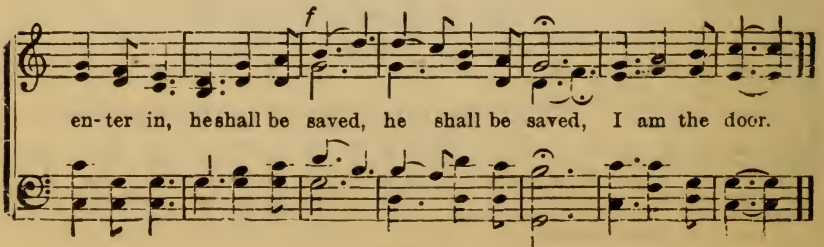
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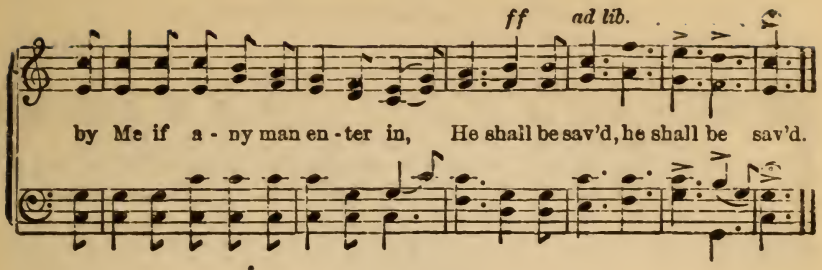


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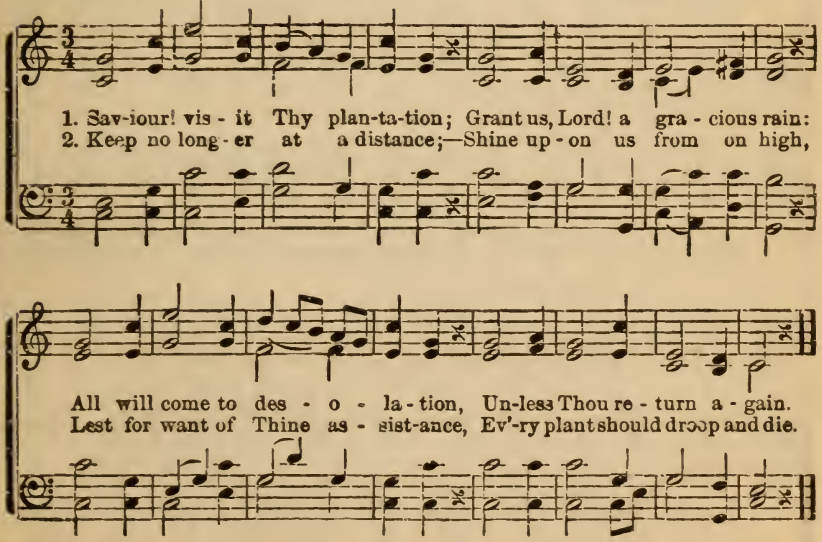






No. 409. Rathbun.

By John Newton. Ithamar Conkey.



3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

No. 410.

1 Jesus hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

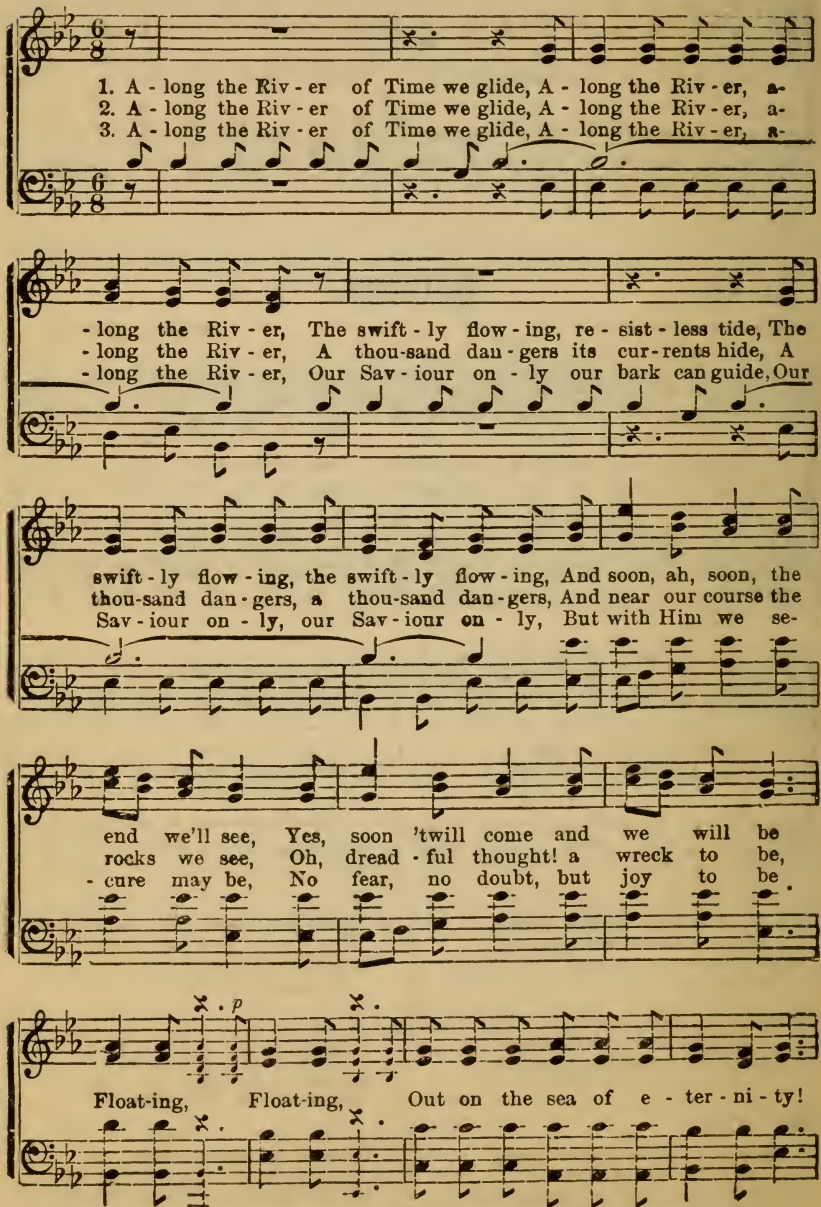
4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to bring our Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Rev. John Rawson.

No. 411. Along the River of Time.

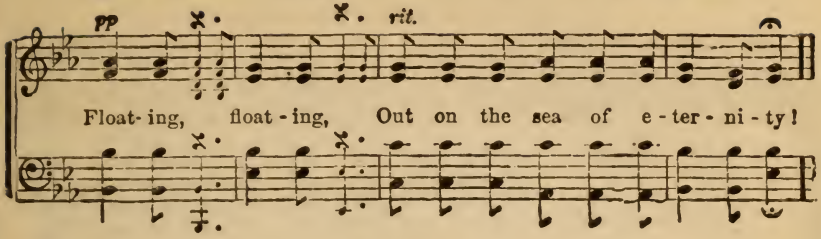
"Remember how short time is."—Ps 89: 47.

GEO. F ROOT. GEO. F ROOT



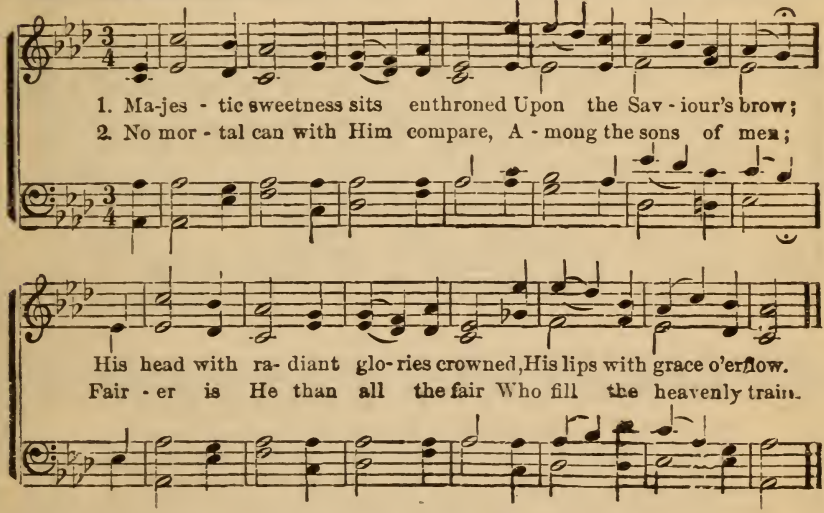
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If a single voice sings this, let it change from the Tenor lines to the Soprano.



No. 412. Belmont.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. From MOZART.



3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

No. 413. Tune—BRADBURY TRIO, p. 194. Key Eb.

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!

2 Jesus from His throne on high
Came into this world to die;
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.

3 Jesus loves me!—He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide!
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

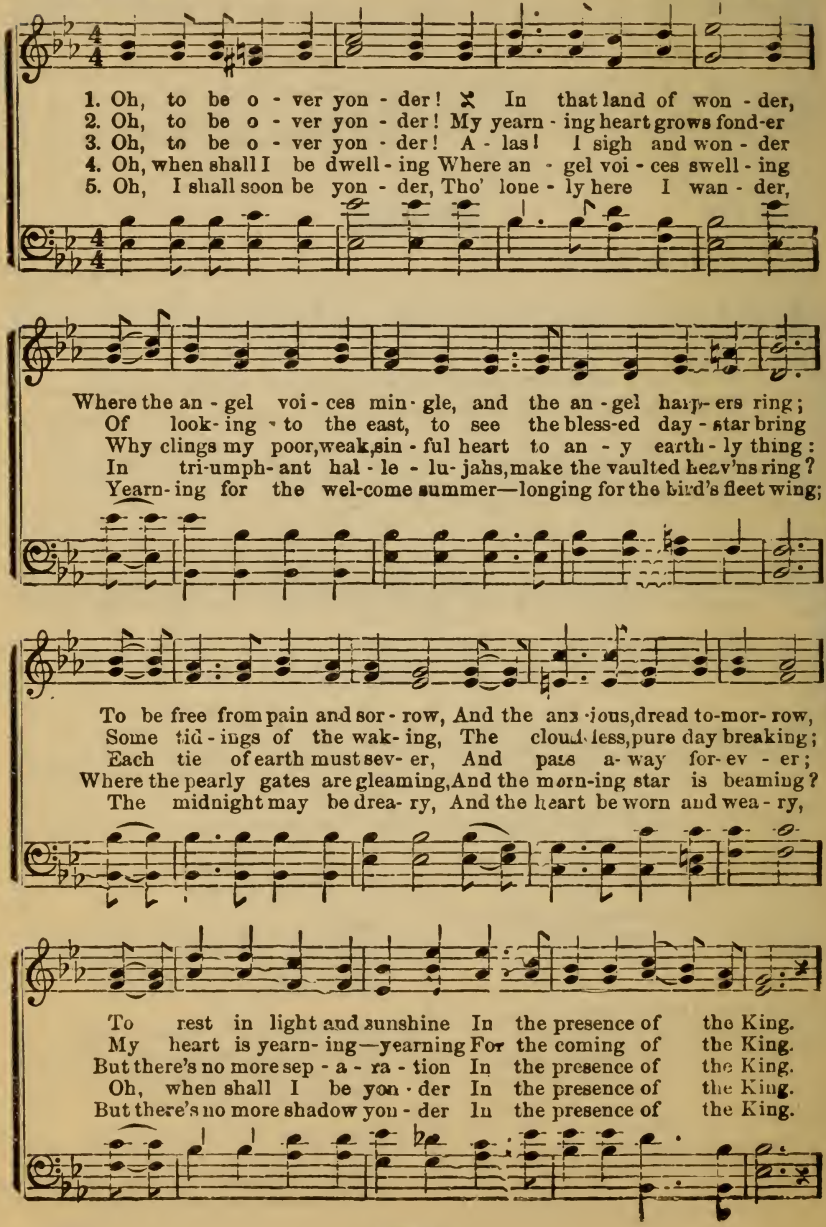
4 Jesus, take this heart of mine;
Make it pure and wholly Thine:
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

ANNA WARNER.

No. 414. Oh! to be over Yonder.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

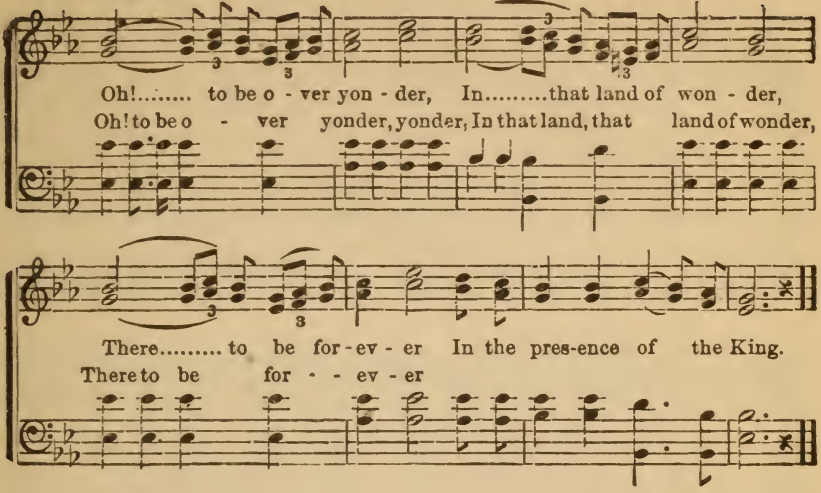
Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. GEO. C. STEBBINS



Copyright, 1861, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

Oh! to be over Yonder.—Concluded.

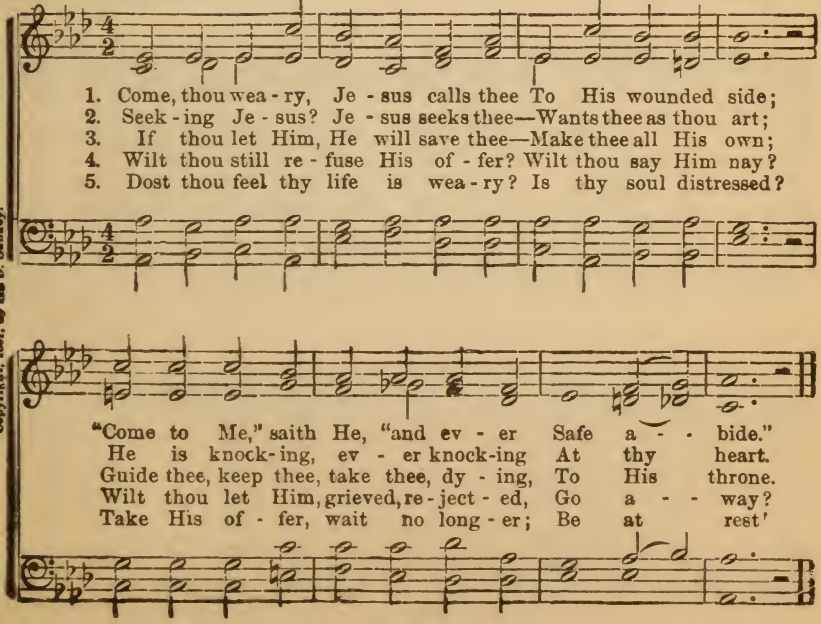
CHORUS.



No. 415. Come, thou Weary.

"I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. S. C. MORGAN. IRA D. SANKEY.

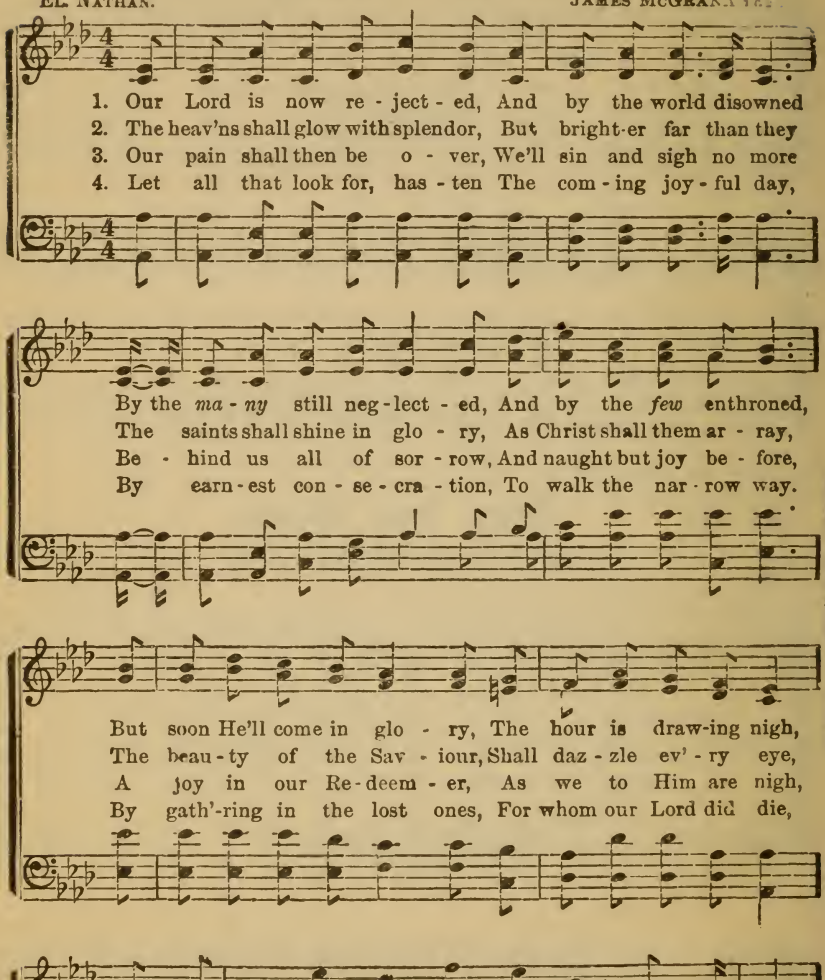


Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 416. The Crowning Day.

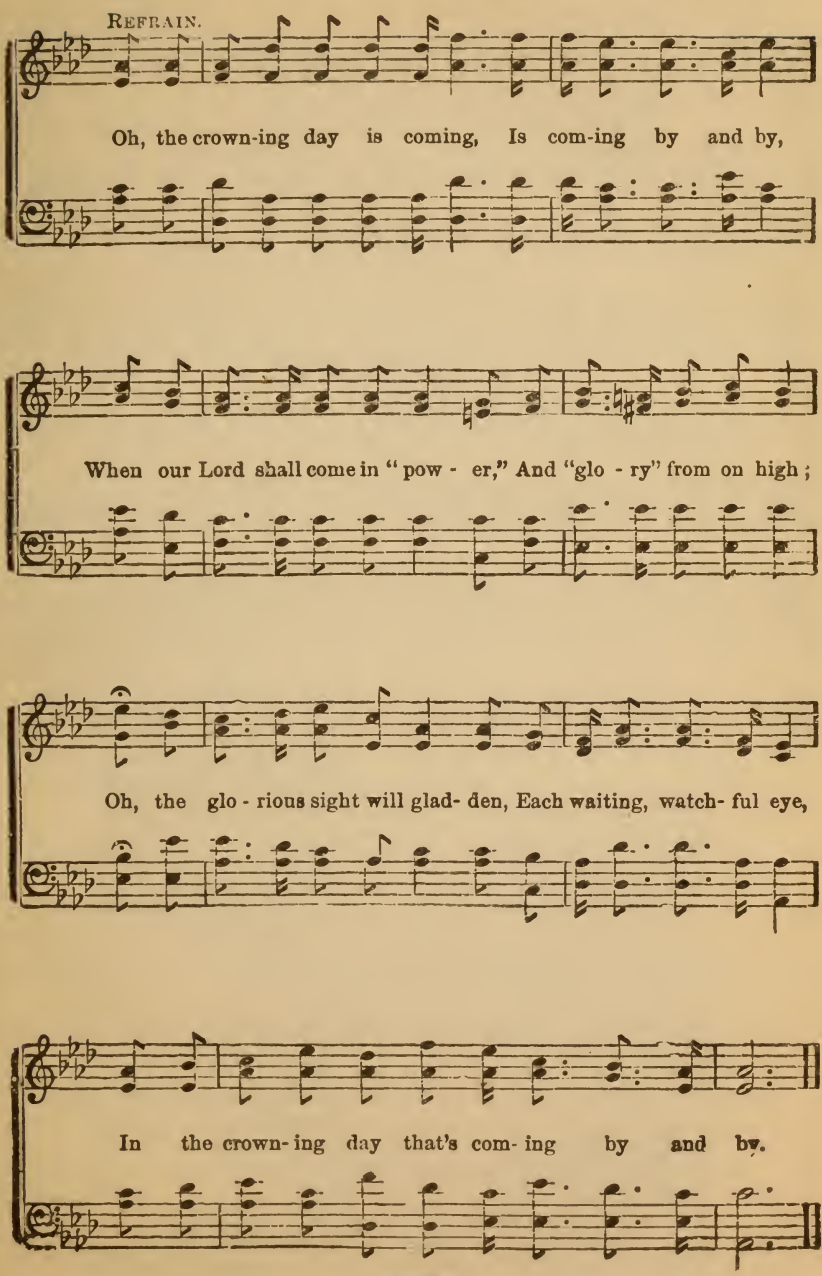
"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."—MATT. 24: 30.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



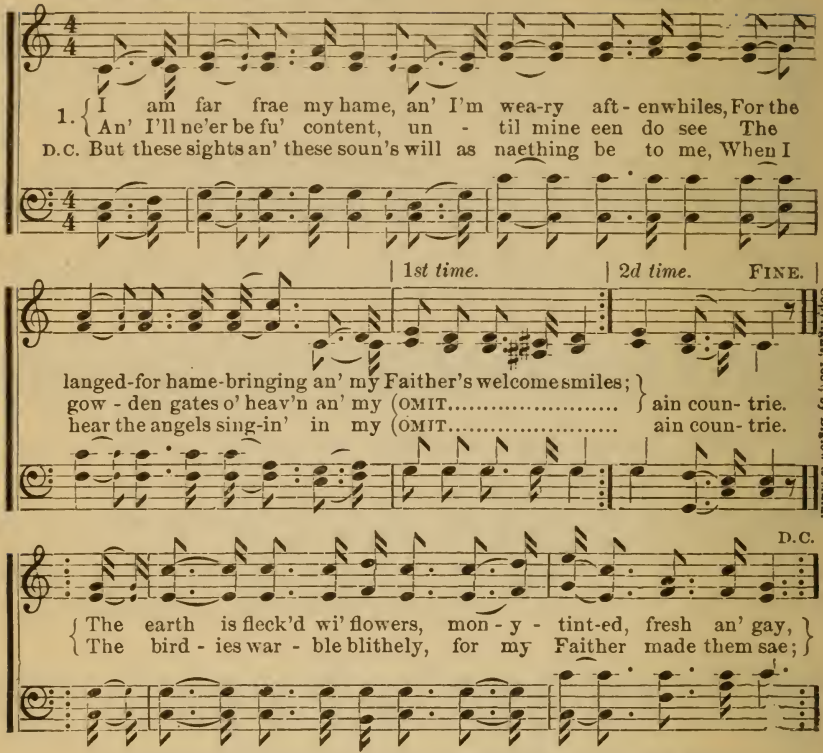
Copyright, by 1881, by James McGranahan.

The Crowning Day.—Concluded.



No. 417. My Ain Countrie.

Mrs. Mary Lee Demarest, 1861—1881. Scotch Song Arr.



Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main.

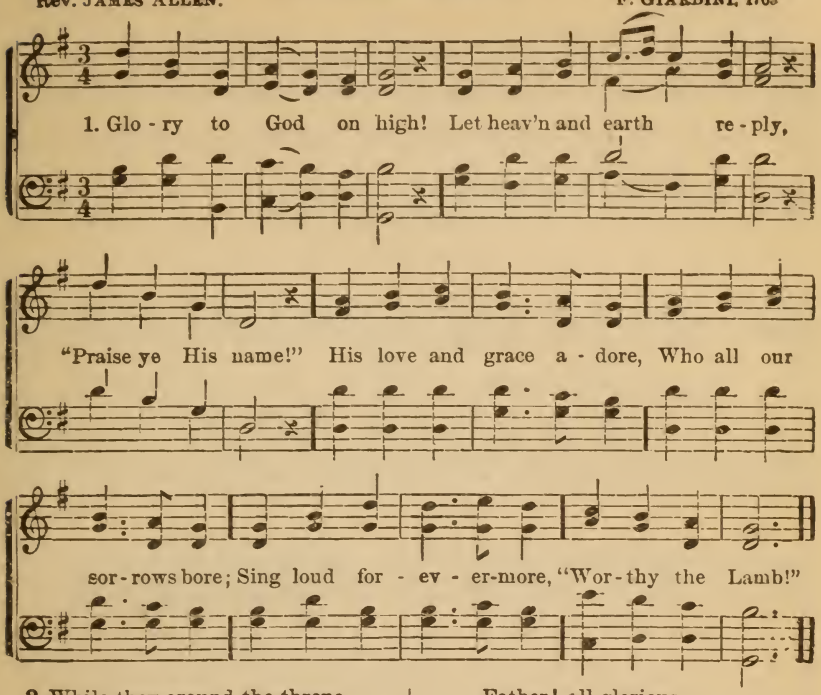
2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day; the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to mine ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blesséd bonnie place,
I only ken its Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He's faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 418. Italian Hymn.

Rev. JAMES ALLEN. F. GIARDINI, 1769



2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name:
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

—o—

No. 419.

1 Come, Thou almighty King.
Help us Thy name to sing.
Help us to praise.
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

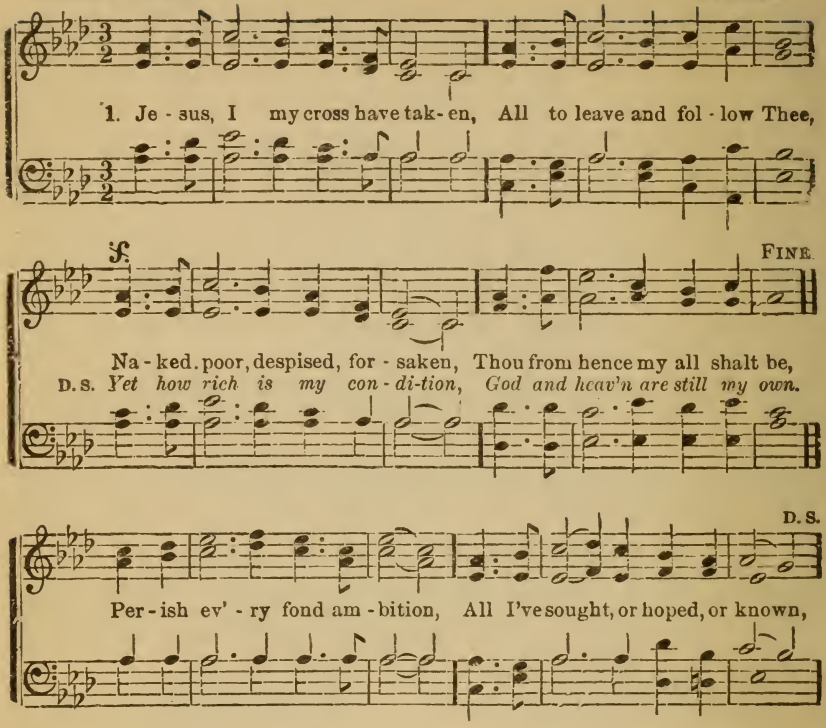
3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One-in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

CHARLES WESLEY

No. 420. Autumn.

HENRY F. LYTE — Spanish



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

—o—

No. 421.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over
But His heart is still the same,
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
In His everlasting name.
‖: Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany. :‖

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
‖: Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany :‖

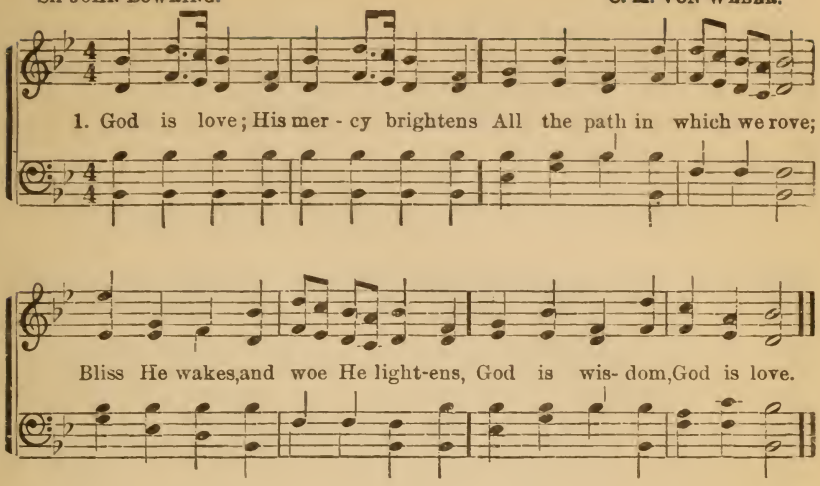
3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here
‖: Lord, when I am called to die
Let me think of Bethany :‖

4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove,
‖: Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

Sir EDWARD DENNY.

No. 422. Wilmot.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. C. M. VON WEBER.



2 Time and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

—o—

No. 423.

1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

Rev. ELIAS NASON.

—o—

No. 424.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you
Full of pity, love, and power.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.

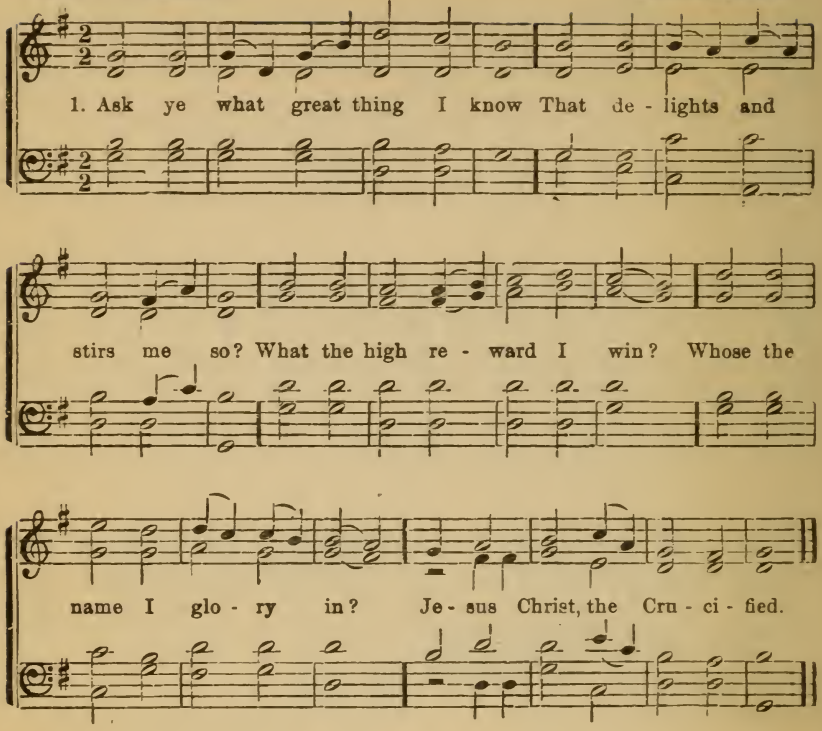
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him—
Hear Him cry before He dies.

Rev. JOSEPH HART

No. 425. Hendon.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell. C. H. A. Malan.



2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

No. 426.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be.":‖

2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be.":

3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief
‖: "As thy days thy strength shall be.":

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
‖:"As thy days thy strength shall be.":

Wm. F. Lloyd

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